

Reprints from “Jonathan D. Steinhoff’s Sometimes Blog”

VOLUME 1

NOVEMBER 8, 2009 – AUGUST 10, 2008

TEXT ONLY

EXPLANATION OF THE POSTING OF THESE VOLUMES

(Explanation included at the beginning of each posting of each volume of blogs)

The videos and photos contained in my actual blog postings at Blogspot <http://jonathands2u.blogspot.com/>, and the links to other sites included there, and the colors of the print and the size differentiations of the section headings, are all missing from this document and other related volumes. If you wish to actually read my posts you should use the above link to go to my blogsite, “Jonathan D. Steinhoff’s Sometimes Blog”.

This document, and other related volumes, exist for the sole purpose of being an unalterable timestamp record of the text only of what I have blogged, serving as proof that, as of the dates of the postings of these volumes on Archive.Org, the text within the volume has not been altered. I do not edit these postings once I post them at the Blogspot site (except perhaps within the first 15 minutes of posting to correct spelling or grammar), however, Blogspot’s malleable timestamp does not evidence this my adherence to the integrity of the indicated date of posting.

As Blogspot, the blogsite where these are actually posted (<http://jonathands2u.blogspot.com/>), has the drawback of using a malleable timestamp, I could post something predicting the outcome of the next day’s horse races, then return to the blog the day after the horse races and edit in the names of the winners, with the timestamp incorrectly implying that the information predicting the winners was posted the day before the horse races.

Thus, I have chosen to periodically post at Archive.Org these volumes containing the text of my blogs, as Archive.Org shows a timestamp that is not malleable. Therefore, it presents validation of the general timeframe within which my words were actually posted at Blogspot. As I only intend to *periodically* add new volumes here at Archive.Org, these Archive.Org timestamps do not serve to validate the moment of every posting. However, at the very least, validation of the general timeframe is provided here. Eventually all of my blogs will be included among these volumes, which is a considerable improvement, in terms of validating when I wrote what I wrote, over Blogspot’s timestamping malleability.

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Sunday, November 8, 2009

The Price Of Freedom, And The Free Of Pricedom

Once again, more stuff little and great, all worth reporting to someone or another!

In addition to my Weekly Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip, this time I made an additional, separate videoclip that involves this week's "Monk" episode, as it also involves not only an episode of "Medium" that aired the same night (a TV show that has begun regularly interconnecting with the Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip - see the last few Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip installments), but pertains primarily to one of my potential terrorist clues (described in my March 13, 2009 blog) as well, and only threads through me/my material in that connection.

You will also find stuff in this blog edition not connected to "Monk" - so in other words, a little bit of everything!

Weekly MONK/STEINHOFF VIDEOCLIP, 11.6.09

This time around I'm back to being able to provide in my weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip things verifiable, in terms of referencing things I unalterably timestamp-posted a while back, "Gosk Part 1" and "Gosk Part 2". As always, appreciating this Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip's significance requires seeing it in the context of (just about) every episode of "Monk" ever made containing things that connect to me/my material (most of which is similarly verifiable through unalterable timestamp postings). This context generates a perspective based on the necessary cumulative information.

video

Potential Terrorist Clues Left On The Doorstep Of Someone Secretly Super-Important In Relation To Steven Spielberg And Paul McCartney Corner

As you can see, I've come up with the perfect title for this section of my blog, sort of like, "Johnny's Corner", only with more words. I will use this section title in the future on those occasions when I choose to include something on this subject in my blog. For those particularly slow to figure things out, I am the "Someone" referred to in the section title.

video

My Potentially Imaginary "Friends"

On my way to work on Thursday, November 5th, in the same approximate spot as where I believe I spotted Jennifer Aniston several weeks ago, which I describe in my October 25, 2009 blog as something to be seen in a very specified context, I believe I may have spotted her BFF Courteney Cox Arquette (wearing sunglasses). I therefore looked to see if this related to that night's "Office" episode (as the previously described specified context implied it might), and sure enough, though not indicated ahead of time in any blurb on that episode that I saw, the episode had Michael backing out of his relationship with Pam's mother once he learns she is 58 years old. This can clearly be seen as a twist on the premise of Courteney's TV show, "Couger Town". Additionally, on Friday, November 6th, I thought I may have again seen Matthew Perry, this time in a sports car with the top down. If so, this relates to something I wrote regarding the last time I saw Matthew Perry (again, my 10.25.09 blog), which I also relate to as something that occurred in a specified context. At that time I wrote of my "Curb Your Enthusiasm" suggestion in which Larry David keeps running into "Friends" cast members individually by chance, while planning the "Seinfeld" reunion show. I have Perry complaining to David that he is battling his girlfriend to tint the windows of his sports car. This contrasts with the possible subsequent Perry siting in which his sports car has the top down (I never looked too directly at the possible Matthew Perry person, though I'm quite sure that whoever it was, unlike the possible Courteney Cox Arquette person, he was without sunglasses).

Take Out Some Insurance On Me, Baby (Sung To The Tune Of "Take Out Some Insurance On Me, Baby")

On Thursday, November 5th I commented on a HuffingtonPost article (as JonathanDS2U), with the suggestion that Wellpoint Insurance be dealt with harshly for Senator Bayh initially threatening to join Lieberman's pro-killibuster against healthcare stance. Bayh's wife is on Wellpoint's board, and I expressed my belief that Bayh only backed down because the obvious corruptness of the reason behind his taking this stance would ultimately cause it to backfire. On Friday, November 6th there was a big trailer in front of my apartment house, suggesting they were shooting a film. I asked someone there, and was informed they had been making a commercial for Hartford Insurance.

Bunch Of Knuckleheads

Back during the three-year period when I would every week email a sketch idea for SNL to people I once knew (Sean Daniel and Stuart Cornfeld), because every week little fragments (sometimes big fragments) from my idea would wind up on that week's show without fail, I perceived that the very first "Scared Straight" sketch originated from the idea I had sent in that week. I am referring to the SNL sketches where an inmate (Kenan Thompson) is brought in to a room where several delinquent teenagers are being detained after having been caught for some misdeed, so that he can lecture to them on the consequences of delinquent behavior, by painting a picture of prison life. I now present to you my Bowery Boys sketch comedy idea, emailed by me on May 5, 2008, several days before the first "Scared Straight" sketch occurred (I know the "Scared Straight" delinquent characters are technically not the Bowery Boys - however, if you recall, I did say fragments of my ideas):

The Bowery Boys are a few years older, and are they ever angry. They're in court, suing and counter-suing each other for defamation of character owing to things said back when they were a gang. So Slip dared to call Zatch a knucklehead? So Zatch dared to imply Whitey had a screw loose? Zatch may have expressed it in pantomime, using sign language when Whitey wasn't looking to indicate Whitey was crazy, "but yer honor, ain't it the same ting?" "Oh yeah, you lousy, why I oughta-" "You hear dat, yer honor, he's doing it again!" "I did not, I said 'you lousy', but I didn't finish the sentence. I coulda, but I am too refined." "Yeah, too refined." "Did you hear that, your honor? He was sarcastic about the idea of me being refined. I've never been so insulted." In the end, the judge decrees that each owes money to the others, but when totalled up, all break even except Slip, who comes out three dollars ahead. He calls them all jerks in his delight, and so is made to give up the three dollars as a result.

The November 7, 2009 SNL included another installment of "Scared Straight", complete with Kenan Thompson being caught at reciting movie plots that he tries to pass off as actual things he's personally encountered. This tends to remind me of an experience I had wherein, once the movie "The Front" came out, I could no longer tell one of my (up until then) oft-repeated stories.

Way back when, my mother was in the Communist Party with Zero Mostel before he was famous (when he was Sammy Mostel). My mother described to me how she had signed up with the Communist Party under the phony last name of "Brown", as everyone used phony names, for the Communist Party tended to never let people quit. In the movie, "The Front", Zero Mostel, playing a character named Hecky Brown, protects at all costs the name of the woman he was once in the Communist Party with, and eventually kills himself when he is destroyed for this. Mostel was in fact blacklisted as a Communist, and once when it was arranged that my family could meet him after attending a performance of "Fiddler On The Roof", Mostel said, "Ah, Rose ____ (her maiden name). My mother's friend, Phil Gordis (a star of my Dostoyevsky video), also corroborated their all being in the Communist Party together, back in the days when such a choice actually reflected a certain idealistic take on the concept of communism with a small "c" rather than a disposition toward Stalinism (interestingly, Phil also described knowing the person who introduced Trotsky to the person who used this access to assassinate Trotsky). Josh Mostel, Zero's son, once denied

to me that his father was a Communist, and said I should have my mother contact him if she insisted this was the case.

My big point here is that, once they made the movie, "The Front", it seemed that for me to repeat this story of mine was to appear to be reciting something connected to a movie plot. Similarly, the November 6th "Monk" included a story I've told from time to time that I don't believe I will any longer be able to (perhaps no great loss):

A long time ago, my family was good friends with the family of a Senior Editor of Consumer Reports Magazine, Bob Klein, who went on to become the Senior Editor of Money Magazine. While our two families were on a joint vacation together in Welfleet (Cape Cod), one day I went with the Kleins on some deep sea fishing outing. I got sea sick and had to go into a cabin on the boat, however, they left my line in the water, and when I returned to it there was a nice sized sea bass on the end. On shore, Bob Klein was about to sell the fish to someone on shore who made an offer (this was before he was made Senior Editor of Money). I had to be extremely firm in my refusal to do so, insisting that it was my private property even though I had gotten sea sick and was in a cabin on the boat at the moment the sea bass was making his decision to eat from my fishing hook.

An incident on the November 6th "Monk" has a kid absolutely refusing to sell a fish he caught, as he is proud of it, which strikes Monk as a somewhat silly position. It's unfortunate in a way, as I thought of my sea bass story as containing a special meaning regarding the subject of private property, especially as Bob went on to become Mr. Money (a societal bastion of the concept of private property). Yet I am pleased to give this story away, if I have indeed correctly surmised some of the cause and effect of the matter.

Posted by Steinhoff at 1:23 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Arquette, Bruce Willis, Kenan Thompson, Matthew Perry, Medium, Money Magazine, Monk, Zero Mostel

Tuesday, November 3, 2009

Not A Category Of Their Own

I have a special story to tell in response to (or in honor of, or with relation to) today's announcement that the Oscars will be co-hosted by Steve Martin and Alec Baldwin.

Of those who know enough about me to be able to buy that what I am about to describe is true, some will nevertheless consider it silly of me to take the Oscars seriously enough to feel compelled to relate this. And there will be others who consider this story to be of a far more serious nature than it actually is. Therefore, I just want to first state that this is for the people who know precisely how much seriousness to attach to this. I cannot be bothered with people who are off, even by a little bit, on the how-much-seriousness-to-attach factor.

Steve Martin and Alec Baldwin, in addition to being future Oscar co-hosts, were once in a "Saturday Night Live" sketch together, a sketch that never would have occurred if not for me. In a nutshell, I wrote to Paul McCartney (through an intermediary) on November 3, 2006 that, for a specific reason that I explained, it was important that Paul consider being in a comedy sketch based on my October 29, 2006 "Recipe For Fun".

As Paul McCartney is among those who know precisely how seriously I deserve to be taken, at least in certain matters, eight days later he made a surprise appearance on the November 11th "Saturday Night Live," in a sketch all about poison being in someone's drink. As everyone knows, poison in one's drink is nearly the same thing as a "recipe for fun" (though there are certain aspects of these two ideas that separate them). This was also the same sketch that Steve Martin and Alec Baldwin appeared in together, for Paul McCartney was not the only one making a surprise SNL appearance at that moment.

The following is a reprint of the November 3, 2006 email I wrote (sent precisely three years ago today) that made things happen (warning: this email may contain "too much information," as the expression goes):

Dear Paul,

While many do not know better, you don't (not know better). Therefore, you should be able to see from my "Recipe For Fun" video (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MQSp44anrg4>), which I sent to Sean Daniel on Sunday, Oct. 29th, the day before the John Kerry "botched" joke, that my specifically leaving out the Heinz, which I referred to as a comedy ingredient, led Kerry to leave out the word "us" as a comedy ingredient ("get us stuck in Iraq" vs. "get stuck in Iraq"). Kerry is married to the Heinz Ketchup Woman, so you see my point. Furthermore, you certainly must know how everyone, including the President (attached PDF a case in point), plays off of things I originate, as do you.

I am writing in order to put this ball in your court. Perhaps you should make a little three-minute sequel to "Recipe For Fun", just to make John Kerry feel better. This whole thing could result in his deciding not to run for president in '08, pretty historical. Let's not forget that he ran against Bush in '04, and deserves some kind of VIP treatment. Kerry said something wrong, so he probably isn't very happy with himself, and it looks as though this will be a cloud over him that's here to stay.

Jonathan

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:31 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Paul McCartney, Steve Martin and Alec Baldwin

Monday, November 2, 2009

I'll Buy That

Is there any better a time than now to tell the story of "Two Hours In The Life of George Washington"?

TWO HOURS IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Back in 1979-1981, when I was living in Denver, a few years before I bought the book about George Washington at the used book/map store in NYC near to where I worked (see my October 31st blog), and about 15 years before the President Clinton/Monica Lewinsky sex scandal (a tale perhaps forever silenced from David Letterman's lips in light of his own "sex scandal"), I tried to make a strange little movie called, "Two Hours In The Life of George Washington".

The idea was, it would be a 45-minute, real-time movie, except for a missing hour and 15 minutes left to the imagination when George Washington goes to the barn for a secret sex rendezvous with a woman who wasn't Martha. The rest of the movie, George and Martha would be sitting next to each other on a cheap, ripped upholstery couch, Martha knitting in a manner that occasionally caused George to quickly duck his head away. One sensed unexpressed tension. Perhaps Martha was even angry about something. And so 45 minutes would pass. I was perhaps influenced in part by my knowledge of a Warhol film where one watches someone sleeping for hours in real-time.

I called up Carl Zucker, who once sat in a two-person office area with me, back when we worked for Lennon's friend and NYC tour guide, Howard Smith. Carl had been Woody Allen's locations manager on "Interiors". Carl said he liked my idea, and thought that a place he knew in Tennessee might be appropriate. A little bit later Woody Allen made "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy," and based on the substantial degree to which I have been an influence on Woody Allen, I have to think his movie started with my movie. Or the movie I wanted to make, that is.

Digression

For a very long time Woody Allen's girlfriend was Mia Farrow, who lived in The Dakota in NYC, where John Lennon and Yoko Ono lived, a fact almost certainly of no relevance here. On the same day that Allen's public problems with Farrow first broke in the papers, I was sitting in my co-op living room talking with Allen's then-locations manager, Drew Dillard, who was considering it for Allen's next movie. Outside the window about a block away you could see a little restaurant called El Faro, and also the restaurant sign. You might want to zoom in. Or not. I mean, it was a reasonably nice restaurant sign. Dillard told me to expect to see Diane Keaton replacing Farrow. According to what I later read, even Keaton hadn't been told of this at that point in time. However, I digress. Let me travel back in time and label this paragraph accordingly.

Back To Our Story

For the George Washington part I called up Ken Hanson (Hansen?), with whom I also used to sit in a two-person office area, back when I worked for a company that distributed on the college circuit "Magical Mystery Tour," "The Beatles At Shea Stadium," and other movies. Ken's brother had been a good friend of Yoko Ono's before she met John Lennon, and according to Ken, John and Yoko once gave his brother a tape recorder and a camera. Ken had been the right hand of Peter Max, until someone spiked his drink with LSD and he didn't want to be around anymore, and so said goodbye to Peter Max. Ken went on to run a seven-story art gallery in the Wall Street area, where he displayed the original artwork that was used to advertise Ridley Scott's "Alien," as well as the original artwork that was used for the album covers of a group called, "Slave". Ken agreed to play George Washington.

I now needed to raise about \$25,000. This was the part that had doomed the project from the start. I really didn't expect to get an actual backer. And I was right. Nevertheless, I called up Harley Lewin (see my blog of October 11, 2009), a big rock lawyer I had worked for. He sounded interested (not interested enough). However, he did stay in for five phone calls or so. I think he must have thought I might eventually get other backers involved as well. I called up Harley a few years ago and mentioned "Two Hours In The Life Of George Washington". I wasn't still trying to raise money, I was calling for some other reason. He still sounded interested in that movie.

And that was as far as it went.

Perhaps some day the world will truly be ready for a president with a sex scandal and Lewin and Hanson and Zucker and me and so on. Or maybe not. I was perhaps more happy than anyone when the day did finally come where you didn't need a lot to put together a movie.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:41 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: George Washington, John Lennon, Woody Allen

OCTOBER 2009

Saturday, October 31, 2009 Apple Pie Squared

"Evaporating Ink", Chapter 20 I Think (Thought I'd Written It Down)

Once again I only have things to blog for those who already appreciate that I don't make things up - there is no particular proof, not this time. Those who saw my October 25th blog's posting of my October 23rd Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip prior to October 30th will know that it was in fact created prior to the October 30th "Monk". However, skeptics have available to them the conjecture that I had inside word on what one would find in the October 30th "Monk", and so I could conceivably have conjured up something October 25th that would connect. There is no connection here to anything of mine that was unalterably timestamp posted some time ago (this blogsite's timestamp posting is malleable), so, no proof. However, once again, I point out that there exists, among my various blogs and elsewhere, proof for any intelligent person that I am indeed the point from which quite a bit of no small significance springboards. And so I really don't feel I am making too great a demand here to ask that I be taken at my word.

Regifting

I have previously referred to how every time Regis is on Letterman they work in inside-references to a woman I once worked with who Regis once introduced himself to in a restaurant, references that connect to me and the few things I ever had to do with her. Apparently I was mistaken in believing that Regis' first appearance on Letterman following the Letterman headlines about Dave in relation to his co-workers would be super big, though one might understand why they would choose not to play up that significance to this Regis appearance. Although: a show that often refers to my material, "Smallville" (a TV show referred to in a number of previous blogs), did in fact, on the very same night (Oct. 30th) as this Regis appearance, contain a plotline about Lois and Clark being morning show hosts. Regis and Kelly were actually mentioned by name last night on "Smallville". This is not something that happens every day.

I am reluctant to detail specifically how they made their inside-reference to this former co-worker of mine during Regis' appearance on Letterman, but as one might expect, at least one familiar with my secret importance, this time around they made it very difficult for me to be so non-specific. They went to quite a great length, which makes my silence considerably more pronounced. And so, out of what is likely a misplaced belief that, when something makes the headlines as big as did the Letterman and co-workers episode, and then the all-important Regis appearance on Letterman (eventually) follows, and it drags me in the way they have, perhaps the social contract entitles the world to stare at me out of the corner of its eye until I come forward and explain what they did there.

One of the times that this woman left my company to go on maternity leave, back in the '80s, someone gave her a dark blue dress as a going-away gift. Everyone who was on Letterman last night, the night of Regis' appearance, with the singular EXCEPTION of Regis, wore an identical dark blue snuggly dress (or whatever it's called) that brought this same dark blue dress very much to (my) mind. However, back when she and I were co-workers, at one point when I pointed out that she was wearing the dark blue dress that a certain person had given her, she denied that she had ever been given it by him. This must certainly leave me not knowing what to believe, or not.

And this is where "Smallville" comes in. This woman had once given me to understand that a person whose name I came across in a book about George Washington (found in a used bookstore/map store half a block from where we worked, and so perhaps something planted in my path), someone of importance in the sphere of Washington, with the same last name as hers, was the brother of her ancestor. She described to me how her mother had wanted her to follow-up and research this brother of her ancestor in the New York Public Library. She even wore white

stockings to work sometimes. It was this ancestor of hers who first crossed the ocean from England to America (an action which I expect one is more likely to take when one's brother is hanging out with George Washington). I found this all quite fascinating, especially in light of my secret importance in relation to four of England's most important citizens (The Beatles).

When I offered her the book as my going-away gift for her maternity leave, she said it was too much. I was only able to persuade her to accept pages I tore out from the book that related to the brother of her ancestor, but not the entire book. What's a few pages? And so, I connect to what happened last night on Letterman regarding the blue dress gift, at least in my mind, an incident on last night's "Smallville": Oliver wishes to present a woman with a gift, however, she refuses it.

Weekly MONK/STEINHOFF VIDEOCLIP, 10.30.09

There are two things I would add regarding this week's Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip. Three, from a certain point of view, but I promise, two or three, it will not change the number of pages of this blog, even if I have to condense everything to achieve it:

* I have not included in the videoclip yet another reference by "Monk" to something that relates to inside-word pertaining to one of the potential terrorist clues I've previously blogged about (something relating to a Tim Robbins movie). I again choose not to go into further detail. I also noticed a car's license plate on my way home from work earlier that same day (well before the episode aired) that also tied in with an aspect of this same potential clue (the same aspect, in a certain sense), though there was nothing to suggest that whoever dispatched the car attached to this license plate had any kind of inside information on terrorist activity. Rather, it showed they had done a degree of follow-up regarding something to which I had only alluded.

* I have the feeling from certain things that occurred on "Monk" this week, and on the new "Monk" "tie-in" show, "Medium", and also from the trailer for next week's "Monk", that the Dockert character from my "Gosk" video is likely to come up in some inside-reference manner on the November 6th show(s).

video

Balcony Scene

After that stuff in my October 25th blog about Jennifer Aniston in relation to stuff she "laid at my doorstep" regarding people and their affairs with other people's parents, I was anticipating some follow-up when her good friend Courteney Cox Arquette appeared on Letterman this past week (it's the type of thing I've come to expect). All I saw was David Letterman climbing a ladder to the balcony so that he could give Ms. Arquette's mother some flowers for her birthday.

This is not something that can be construed as an affair with somebody's parent, try as we may. Perhaps things would have worked out differently had they placed Ms. Arquette's mother in the mezzanine (we can only imagine the possible scenario that might then have resulted, and personally, I am shocked just to think about it).

What's All This I Keep Hearing About Violins On Television

Not too long ago I was speaking with someone at work and found myself using the word "diddling". Suddenly feeling that I might be in danger of being reprimanded down the road for using a word synonymous with the "f" word (you don't know how careful some of us have to be), I quickly changed it to "diddling around" instead of just "diddling". Whew, nice save. There was probably no danger at any point anyway.

The next day occurred the usage by former Vice President Cheney of the word, "dithering", followed by much repetition and discussion by the media concerning his use of this word. If one is aware of the degree to which former President Bush has made inside-references to things that originated with me, one would perhaps appreciate why I now wish I hadn't come anywhere near "diddling". I am a million times more an Obama person than a Republican (though I cannot say that where I work there are no Republicans to be found diddling around).

I Know It Happened But I Won't Later Dept.

On the same night that Jon Stewart on "The Daily Show" (a show that has been known to be influenced by me in a big way) said something that could conceivably have brought to mind my video, "Bishop And Pawn Forfeit Rule", the Jimmy Fallon Show, with help from Tim Robbins' wife, Susan Sarandon, also, in a different manner, did something that brought to (my) mind that same video of mine. Stewart spoke of going back in time and killing Afghanistan before he could create the country Afghanistan, and Sarandon gave Jimmy Fallon a ping pong paddle so small that it turned his great ping pong expertise to naught. Both on the same night! That has to be worth at least four points.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:50 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Arquette, Monk, Ringo, Tim Robbins

Friday, October 30, 2009

Let's Do Documentary

I am posting this blog as a sort of open letter/open invitation to both Sean Daniel and Steven Spielberg. This is my way of offering them a chance to appear in "Steven Spielberg And The 'Mall Man' Factor" (this being at present a work-in-progress). I am inviting them to appear as my interviewees (or interviewers of me, I am totally flexible). This offer expires when the video is completed.

video

And finally, a Happy Dostoyevsky's Birthday to all!

Posted by Steinhoff at 12:10 AM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Sean Daniel, Steven Spielberg

Monday, October 26, 2009

For Whom The Road Tolls

Would today be complete without this? Would we be able to look back and feel that there was true closure on today without this report? You be the judge:

* Today, October 26th, is the day in "Back To The Future" when Alex goes back and forth in time. I consider this particular film an important mythology, in the Jungian sense that the human psyche needs its important mythologies.

* Today I believe I saw on my way to work the great actor, Malcolm McDowell, who met his ex-wife while co-starring with her in the pretty excellent movie, "Time After Time".

Does this mean I presume he should contact his ex-wife to contact her close friend Hillary Clinton to in turn act on the potential terrorist clues that have landed on my doorstep? No. But it would be nice from a certain point of view.

Incidentally, this is not the first time Mr. McDowell and I have crossed paths, though I doubt I have anything on this subject worth mentioning.

And finally, I would like to think that this blog does not render part of the past my previous blog, but rather, that all my blogs in some way coexist in time.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:56 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Malcolm McDowell

Sunday, October 25, 2009

I Get By With A Little Hard Day's Night

A Matter of Record(lessness)

This blog is going to be one in which the proof is available only to a few. It is nevertheless stuff worth my relating, for the benefit of those who already regard me as I truthful. Can I ask everyone else to read no further and just leave me alone? This stuff lends itself to becoming fodder for those who, for possibly ulterior motives, would assert that, as I can offer no proof of this stuff in this blog, therefore I must have never offered proof of anything, despite there being innumerable examples elsewhere of my including references to timestamped posted material (unlike this blog site, where the timestamp is malleable and therefore proves nothing) that permit one to see EVIDENCE of what I describe - of course, in those cases I audaciously require (am put in the position of requiring) that one has the ability to add two plus two in conjunction with the timestamped posted material.

There are also witnesses here and there to what I will be describing, however, what witnesses know to be true is not something I confuse with factual information that can be accessed by the public at large.

Weekly MONK/STEINHOFF VIDEOCLIP, 10.23.09

I see that there are a few aspects to this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip that might be worth elaborating on here, though not worth including in the actual videoclip (which is already word-heavy, and only in the video medium for lack of a medium better suited to balance video footage with printed word):

* Of relevance to the videoclip's reference to "Medium" - This TV show stars an Arquette (Patricia), and as has been pointed out before, a star in my 1998 video, "Gosk 2", is "in" with the Arquettes (I wouldn't even be surprised if he gets to call David Arquette "Dave"). There have previously been lots and lots of Arquette/Steinhoff stuff ("Medium" included). In fact, Jennifer Aniston, who comes up later in this blog edition, is considered to be a very close personal friend of David Arquette's wife, who is her "Friends" co-star Courteney Cox Arquette.

* Of relevance to the videoclip's reference to Ringo Starr - I have been a considerable influence on the work of this Beatle/ex-Beatle person. I also have a letter Ringo wrote to me on the 25th anniversary of The Beatles' historic February 9th, 1964 Ed Sullivan Show appearance, yet alongside my various and substantive contributions to Ringo's work, the letter, which some would say proves nothing, is scarcely even worth mentioning.

* Of relevance to the videoclip's moment from the "Monk" episode wherein the Natalie Teager character hands Monk a wipe (as it fits into the context I am conveying) - In addition to this moment fitting in with the context I am conveying in the videoclip, the actress' handing the wipe to Monk is recognizable as being performed in a manner very similar to when, in my 1993 "Mall Man" video (see archive.org), the Valerie character produces socks from her purse and hands them to Mall Man.

Again, yes, as I stated at the beginning of this blog (now I'm addressing those who skipped over that part), this time around evidence that I am being accurate/truthful is not generally available - evidence of the basis behind the videoclip's point (i.e., evidence that the specifics of the Ringo anecdote were not fabricated to fit this videoclip). Eyewitness evidence that the Ringo anecdote

existed well before this videoclip does exist for Ringo Starr, Jim Webb, Jim Webb's sister, Sean Daniel, Stuart Cornfeld, Chris Connelly, everyone to whom I told the anecdote over the years, everyone to whom anyone else may have passed along the anecdote, Dave Haber (editor, "WhatGoesOn" website, who responded to my 3.16.05 anecdote email, re "Got Ringo?"), a "Monk" writer, etc.

video

Old Flat-Top

Another visit to my blog from Jennifer Aniston, who drove by me on Thursday, October 22nd. In mentioning that occurrence, I must immediately hasten to point out a surprisingly large number of things that make it considerably more than a mere celebrity siting (maybe I should just create a Jennifer Aniston document at archive.org and send everyone there?):

* Jennifer Aniston's various TV and film work includes many Steinhoff references (some of which can be found in my YouTube posting, "Steinhoff and Aniston", or is it "Aniston and Steinhoff" - you'll find it). This began when I starred someone in my 1998 video, "Gosk 2", who is very Arquette involved (as we know, Aniston is one of the better known Arquette hangers-on). This Aniston "involvement" might also be related to the fact that one of my sister's oldest friends, Claire Josephson, is the sister of the ICM head who first brought the writers of "Friends" to LA, the rest being (a few people's) history.

* When I spot a famous person who is in some way connected to me, 99.9% of the time there are circumstances that clearly suggest they went out of their way to make themselves visible to me deliberately for a particular reason concerning myself.

* Matthew Perry of "Friends" drove by me yesterday, October 24th. On "Curb Your Enthusiasm" tonight they're going into higher gear on their "Seinfeld" reunion plotline. At one time, "Seinfeld" and "Friends" together comprised NBC's blockbuster Thursday night "Must See TV" comedy lineup. These are two shows that not only made frequent references to my material, they would each refer to the exact same portion of my material on the exact same night. Not to mention, during the entire last season of "Seinfeld", each episode made reference to songs on my "Acting As One" music cassette, which I dropped off at the office of Sean Daniel, then at Raleigh Studios, which was where they made "Seinfeld" at the time. Incidentally, I never found out whether Mr. Daniel ever received this music cassette (though a work-in-progress song I once forwarded to Sean Daniel to forward to Paul McCartney for me so we could collaborate, as I have often been a major McCartney influence, a song about breaking the spell, did lead to a song on McCartney's following CD about not breaking the spell. The rough demo, work-in-progress of my song, "Different", as well as my polished version, were prior to McCartney's album release included as part of the posting of my "Enough To Eclipse" CD at CDBaby.com).

So, all the way back from there to Jennifer Aniston in the here and now (or in the here and three days ago).

In seeing Ms. Aniston, I recalled that I had included her in my October 11th blog, tying her in with an "Office". I also recalled that when she drove by me a few years ago, I saw it as tipping me off to watch David Arquette's TV show that had an episode airing that night. The Arquette episode included a clear and deliberate "Graduate" reference. The Jennifer Aniston (I should be referring to her as Jen by now) movie, "Rumor Has It", was all about the true-life family on whom "The Graduate" was based (presumably). So I correctly read her tip-off (or the tip-off of whoever dispatched her). I watched the "Office" that night (Oct. 22nd) bearing this in mind - the episode was about the Pam character's outrage at the Michael character's sleeping with her mother. I recalled that there had been a "Friends" episode wherein Matthew Perry is outraged at David Schwimmer for kissing his mother. Relatedly, a central event in "The Graduate" occurs when Kathryn Ross is devastated to learn that Dustin Hoffman had an affair with her mother.

The next day, Friday, October 23rd, I may have seen Michael in the same general stretch where the day before I had seen Jennif.

I should also mention that her hair was shortish, and she had bangs (for some this will be a more important piece of information than anything I have ever blogged, or said - perhaps more important than anything anyone has ever blogged or said, or even twittered).

I shall conclude this section with my hope that it is not too late for "Curb Your Enthusiasm" to include my idea (though perhaps this is something that's been done before): As a running gag, throughout an episode, Larry keeps happening to run into different "Friends" actors (as themselves), who naturally are his acquaintances. This while he is trying to work out what the "Seinfeld" reunion should be about (tonight's subject, according to the blurb). Each "Friends" actor would relate to Larry some dilemma they're going through, something that resembles a plot-line (e.g., Matthew Perry describes how his girlfriend says he must never get the windows tinted on his sports car because it was a gift from the late Paul Newman but would that really be tampering with it and besides it is his car and she isn't Paul Newman's girlfriend she's his girlfriend, she's going to have to choose between him and the late Paul Newman, he can't go driving around without tinted windows, is it gonna be Paul or me, Paul or me, what does Larry think?).

The Headbone's Connected To The Shinbone

Last Sunday's (Oct. 18th) "The Simpsons" included references via extreme shorthand (spelled extremely off the radar) to the same Steinhoff-related material they have carved out as their niche (did I mention that Mark Kirkland, who lived down the hall from me at CalArts though we never knew each other but knew many people in common, is one of the main directors on "The Simpsons"?). Obviously guilt over their not including on that episode their usual opening montage that now incorporates a reference to that same Steinhoff-related material.

Terrorist Clue Hiatus

I have another old terrorist clue I was going to unbury here, however, out of deference for the fact that the Friday "Monk" episode chose to emphasize what can happen when a perpetrator is in on the detection of a clue (something we all realize), I will hold off a little. "Monk" has been showing a disposition to at least do some follow-up on the clues I've lately been unburying here, which suggests I might want to slow down, at least a little, on making the potential clues I've collected information that is available to all.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:55 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: swordfish

Sunday, October 18, 2009

There's No Place Like Land

This time around I shall feature a few subjects of phenomenal interest to many! In other words, the same old thing:

- * Everyone is talking about the balloon boy non-story, and I have a whole set of reasons to see this as yet another "major" news story that began as someone intertwining things with myself.

- * This week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip

- * Another Smallville videoclip

* Another one of my old potential terrorist clues, for one and all to have a crack at addressing; or corrupting:

(a) for the clear motive of seeking to avoid detection; and

(b) for the ulterior motive that, to acknowledge these clues are landing on my "doorstep" is to acknowledge that I truly am secretly super-important in relation to Spielberg, McCartney, etc., i.e., so big league that I very much show up on the radar of those wishing to strike fear towards the center of American pop culture.

* Another whisper out of the mouths of Saturday Night Live (including a bonus Chevy Chase addendum!).

You Only Think You Can Burst This Balloon

As I've indicated in previous blogs, I believe the Letterman headlines involving innuendos about Dave in relation to his co-workers traces back to the fact that, whenever the Regis appearances on Letterman occur (such appearances all being major Letterman events), they always make inside references to myself in relation to a woman who was a co-worker of mine, someone who Regis once introduced himself to in a restaurant. (As someone secretly super-important in relation to Spielberg, McCartney, etc., this is more par for the course for me than strangenesses). When this woman left the company we worked for, I gave her a Kinks cassette and a copy of my self-published book, "The Coin That Came In Second" (see Archive.Org) (copyright 1987 in my collection of books, "Inventing Air"). It was little surprise to me when, in consequence, the next Kinks album therefore featured a reference to my book's second story, "The Secretly Tumbling Spacecraft" in their song, "Loony Balloon". Naturally I drew a circle around this song of theirs at the time, which includes the repeated refrain, "Drift away, just drift away." On the Kinks album that followed the one containing "Loony Balloon", it proved to be that this was the song for everyone to circle, as that album contained another song with the identical, repeated refrain (though sung differently): "Sometimes I wish I could just drive away! Drift away! Drift away!" So on the one hand we have the new relevancy through the Letterman matter to me in relation to this woman in relation to this Kinks song. So then someone at work described experiencing a fan falling to pieces and flying through the air at a hot air balloon event in Arizona. This sounded much like a concern expressed by Natalie on the 9.25.09 Monk episode, "Mr. Monk and the Voodoo Curse", and as I do weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclips, it seemed noteworthy that I should be the one hearing about the hot air balloon incident. This prompted me to tell the person at work (who is the only person in proximity to me who adorns her cubicle with a McCartney photo) how, when I was attending CalArts during the time of McCartney's first non-Beatles U.S. tour (1976), a former friend confided in me that the password to go backstage was to tell them you're on the balloon crew (years later, this same former friend went to a party with Cher as his date, and Ringo Starr in attendance). So that was at the beginning of the week, prior to the balloon boy non-story.

Tony Shaloub, star of "Monk", last year became part of an IHI event for which I was responsible with regard to arranging its Southern California Kaiser Permanente broadcast (we were a major contributor to this event). This was well after every episode of "Monk" began featuring references to my material. And sometimes a person at work is apparently given something to say to me that turns out to be a reference to something upcoming on "Monk" in a day or two (this is not out of the ordinary in my experience - as far as I'm concerned, they could just as easily have a Mafia connection that accesses the inside word, it is nothing that makes me feel a special confidence in such people).

So I don't claim to know the specific cause and effect - was it the new relevance of the Kinks' balloon song that secretly prompted the co-worker's fan story (which included a balloon reference) that resembled something on a Monk episode, or was it when I brought the McCartney

balloon crew password into it? It is too odd, and too consistent with my experiences of being in such proximity to a front page story timing-wise, for me to assume that it just happened to happen.

Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip, 10.16.09
video

Smallville/Steinhoff Videoclip, 10.16.09

This one may need a few words to frame the context. First of all, the writers for "Smallville" also wrote "Mummy 3", which was produced by Sean Daniel. Sean Daniel (friend of Spielberg and McCartney), was the first person from whom I learned of the college I attended, CalArts, and is someone I consider among those involved in making references to me/my material in a WHOLE lot of entertainment industry product. That this is not the first time I've observed references to my material on "Smallville" is evidenced by my Smallville/Steinhoff videoclip posted with a timestamp at HeyAHey. Though there has been a bunch of Steinhoff stuff on "Smallville", sometimes in a very major way, some of which I've mentioned in my blogs, this here blogsite's timestamp is meaningless as it is malleable, while the HeyAHey's timestamp is not malleable, therefore it is not evaporating ink, proof-wise.

Also:

I previously mentioned I was accumulating various "Smallville" fragmented references to Steinhoff stuff for when I have enough to shout "bingo!" (or maybe just "bing!"). I am still accumulating these and am not using them in this videoclip, as this videoclip is of the self-contained, one TV episode/one Steinhoff work correlation variety, and does not require my "expanded context explanation" in the videoclip.

video

Secret Location

And now this blog's potential terrorist clue. On the first anniversary of 9/11/01, our eyes were trained on the national news, should the terrorists be planning a rendezvous with their activities of the previous year. Though the national news contained nothing generally perceived as a terrorist act, my approach has become one in which, as most major acts of terrorism have tied in with things regarding which I have a strong personal association (as I've described before, this is something I ascribe to my "doorstep" being targeted due to my secret super-importance), I look for something that isn't identifiable to the public at large. Sometimes I wish I had more time to study such things.

So I noticed on the first anniversary of 9/11 that a major national news item was a wildfire in Glendale, California, in the same area that served as a film location for me in 1998. I have used very few film locations throughout the years for my major works. My three main works have been "Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's 'Uncle's Dream'" (1990, 1992), "Gosk, Parts 1 and 2" (1994, 1998), and "Mall Man" (1993). "Gosk" had about four locations, and the other two videos had two each. This is a very limited set of places.

In February 1993, less than a week after I filmed "Mall Man" at the NYC World Financial Center, an overpass away from the World Trade Center, the first bombing of the World Trade Center occurred (the 9/11 attack has been seen as a successful follow-up to this first, unsuccessful attempt at mass destruction, though there was a degree of destruction).

In February 1992, I filmed my Dostoyevsky video in the NYC apartment of a (now deceased) old family friend, who my mother had known for over 50 years. There was no clear terrorist connection to what happened to this film location. However, something extremely odd did happen: though this person had occupied this apartment for at least 30 years, and though it is essential that, if one uses a film location that one must return to for further shooting for continuity

(it was the primary location), nevertheless this person felt prompted to suddenly sell their apartment after I put in a day's shooting with eight people (I only needed use of the apartment one other day). A month later he had sold the apartment to famed film director Sidney Lumet. So could someone have been pulling strings behind the scenes, someone somehow tied to those responsible for the other assaults on my few film locations?

And finally, the aforementioned wildfire in Glendale at a major "Gosk" film location on the first anniversary of 9/11.

I would therefore suggest that, if someone could trace who was truly responsible in any of these instances, all identical instances in terms of targeting my film locations in ways that struck me personally, one might thusly solve a much larger puzzle.

Saturday Night Whispers

As there exists the context of "Saturday Night Live" frequently making references to me/my material, I associate the Kristen Wiig sketch, in which the character repeatedly expressed experiencing orgasms from warm wind or cold wind (as well as other things, though the other things were not referenced repeatedly), with the title of my October 11th blog, "Water, Hot Water, Wet Paint, Etc." Using the words "water, hot water" is not dissimilar from using the words, "warm wind, cold wind". Air and water are associated, ask your science teacher. Or insist I am being triggered in a random way, whichever you prefer.

Chevy Chase Addendum

In my October 11th blog's videoclip reference to (original SNL cast member) Chevy Chase's usage of my "Mall Man" material on the TV show, "Community", I should also perhaps have mentioned several Chevy Chase connections to me. When I lived in NYC from 1983 to 1993, among the 10 families occupying the co-op I lived in was someone who was Chevy's best friend when he attended Bard. Once I gave him a message he said he would get to Chevy, and the next day I was alone on an elevator with SNL's Mike Myers. Additionally, film producer and Ben Stiller business partner, Stuart Cornfeld, who I knew when I worked on an AFI film shoot in 1975, produced Chevy's "National Lampoon's European Vacation". The 1975 AFI film shoot featured a TV being smashed, a big thing, or at least a loud thing. So in 1993, on the same day that Stuart returned a phonecall, that night on Chevy's talk show they smashed a TV. TV's are smashed far less frequently than most people think. And in the mid-to-late '80s I spoke on the phone with producer Sean Daniel, who was at the time not only Vice President of Universal, but also credited in the Chevy Chase movie, "Spies Like Us", for driving a truck. I had called to applaud Sean's excellence in truck driving. Oh yes, and finally, the person who sold pot regularly to a friend in NYC during the late '70s also sold to Chevy's brother. My friend also had an in that permitted him to hang out on the "Blues Brothers" shoot, a movie (like "Animal House") for which Sean Daniel was extremely responsible.

Posted by Steinhoff at 1:49 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Fire, Monk, Smallville, SNL

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Thursday, October 15, 2009

Evaporating Ink

Letterman Glances To His Left

Contextualize is going to be my word from now on. People always talk about context, yet half the time the context in which they look at things has more to do with a convenient perspective, and less to do with a perspective where they have to put in time and/or energy to properly take into account what a particular matter warrants. Humor is often derived from underscoring the absurdity of the kinds of conclusions such an inclination can result in. Humor can be a momentary mutual forgiveness that sometimes we just don't have that kind of time or energy.

And now on to specifics: Something just happened regarding something I stated in my immediately preceding blog of Sunday, October 11, 2009, and although I shall be lifting my own phrase from its context, you are encouraged to read it in the context I provided in that blog.

Under a (wordy) heading contained in that blog, "Letterman, Regis, And Why Steinhoff, Jonathan Suspects Something Though It Makes Him Sound Crazy (Including Another Potential Terrorist Clue)", wherein I described my surmised that I am part of the secret subtext to Letterman's very recent front-page adventure, I included this sentence:

"This same woman had on her wall at work, as the only non-business image, a photo I had taken (of a lobster truck, as she had described to me being sick on New Year's Eve but having been provided a lobster dinner by her husband)."

And now, framed by the context just provided (I believe you would actually have to read that entire section of my Oct. 11th blog to appreciate this), I give you David Letterman from his Wednesday, October 14, 2009 show - just three days later: video

Unfortunately, as I've pointed out before, the timestamp on these blogs is malleable, I could edit something tomorrow that I wrote today and it would still retain today as the timestamp - therefore, there would only be proof that my Oct. 11th blog was actually written on Oct. 11th to those who saw the blog around the time that I published it. That is particularly unfortunate for those who haven't figured out, from the proof that I have occasionally been provided, and in turn shown, on various occasions, that I truly have been given secret importance, and there is true veracity in my words. It is also unfortunate when one considers that I have enemies, acting to serve ulterior motives or feelings of maliciousness, who would like to generate the idea that I lack integrity/veracity, and possess no secret importance. I believe I am up against big organized efforts, big money, big global power, and therefore there additionally are those whose impression of me is something to which certain people have deliberately misled them.

As it is quite clear to me that, at least for the moment, I have the ear of someone close enough to Letterman as to provide him with material for his October 14th monologue (likely Letterman himself), I should perhaps take this opportunity to show him/them an example of how co-workers are not always a million miles away from being the worst people in the world. Nor do I expect that part of my situation to be immune.

I have described before how, as a secretly super-important person in relation to people as important as Spielberg and McCartney, my "doorstep" has been chosen by those who would wish to "get to" those at the center of Western pop culture, through me, as a depository for terrorist clues. There have been fewer major terrorist events of our time that didn't somehow contain something to associate with me/my work/my situation, than major terrorist events of our time that have. And it is with benefit of the knowledge of that context that I have been scrutinizing many terrorist occurrences.

It being unmistakable to me that the perpetrators of these occurrences are connected to people who have always found the way to infiltrate my situation, so it has been that I have always encountered co-workers who have been involved in actions that connect. However, without the knowledge that previous occurrences have established this context to what I encounter, what I will now describe, as yet another example, will certainly seem something based on flimsy reasoning:

The July 21, 2005 Synchronized Attack On London Underground Stations
When the July 21, 2005 London attacks occurred, the names of four London underground (subway) stations became part of the story. And those hungry to play amateur detective, knowing that you never know what you know until you begin with a theory, began looking at the names of

those underground stations in case they said something when put together. In other words, four words/names were handed to us: what's that spell (if anything)? Maybe nothing, maybe something, maybe enough of something to lead to endless, meaningless conjecture.... or not....

We had stations named Oval, Shepherd's Bush, Warren and Hackney. In the lexicon of matters pertaining to global terrorism, Oval is a word that "plays the game" - unless you feel like insisting that it only makes you think of the shape of eggs, in which case this is going to be a long day. Sound, common logic would now produce the thought: if this word is contextualizing the other words, or at least to be read in the context of the other words, it would become obvious why Shepherd's Bush would be words of significance. To illustrate this very basic point of logic, if I were to say, "Don't cry for me," and someone replied, "Who am I, Susanna?", I would have no trouble deducing that the other person had used my phrase to contextualize their response, therefore, their response contained a reference to the song, "Oh Susanna". The one fits with the other, the one establishes the context for the other. Oval, in the context of global terrorism, suggests, possibly, the White House's Oval Office (there isn't really any other oval that would come to mind in the context of global terrorism, perhaps one other at the most). And Oval contextualizes Shepherd's Bush, as Bush was then the American President. But where does that leave Warren and Hackney? It would be easy to consider, as a possibility, that the word Warren contains the relevant word, War, if it was implied that it should suggest something in this lexicon. We also notice that the terrorists, in this theory, are restricted to using already-existing names of underground stations, and so must make do with what they have. Warren is not a word that would have lent itself to contextualizing the other three words, however, once two of the four words set the context, Warren is to be considered in their context. Just as the name Susanna would not really even begin to suggest "Oh Susanna" were it spoken in the absence of the phrase, "Don't cry for me." This interpretation of the word Warren, and by association the words Oval and Shepherd's Bush, is weakened if Hackney is too big a fly in the ointment, too clearly not a card amongst other cards of the same deck. To put it another way, Hackney kind of shoots the whole theory to h e double hockey sticks.

The attack occurred on July 21, 2005. On July 19, 2005 I finished my last day of an approximately two-week temp job (at a company I had once had a permanent job with for six years before I quit in 2000 to try day-trading). One of the approximately ten projects I worked on during that approximately two-week job that ended July 19, 2005 was for a client named Jerry Hackney. Hackney had therefore become a word somewhat foremost in my thoughts. Hackney was also the missing puzzle piece two days later, if one follows the preceding paragraph.

Now, try to express all that I've just described, and require others to read numerous pages as part of the bargain. And now try dealing with someone who pretends that their way of putting two plus two together is to imagine that I'm some non-entity trying to blame Jerry Hackney for committing terrorist acts.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:48 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: David Letterman

Sunday, October 11, 2009

Water, Hot Water, Wet Paint, Etc.

Death Is Like A Carwash

I am pleased to announce that I recently published my new movie idea, "Death Is Like A Carwash" at Archive.Org. I should caution, however, that I do not actually know that death is like a carwash, and therefore, those particularly fond of carwashes risk being seriously disappointed should they choose to end their life out of a belief in this apparent assertion on my part.

Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip, 10.9.09

First, what is NOT in this week's Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip: As was the case as described in my 9.27.09 blog accompanying "Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip, 9.25.09" (they skipped a week, no show

10.2.09, so no Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip for 10.2.09), potential terrorist clues have again resulted in Monk including reference to same without delay. This week's came from what I described in my Oct. 4th blog (Item 6), and this extremely expedited response on their part again indicates to me their appreciation of the gravity/potential gravity, which I in turn greatly appreciate. Suffice to say (who all this is "suffice" to may actually leave out almost everyone), they showed they had followed-up to the degree of uncovering inside word regarding the IQ-Lithgow's sister thing. No, the inside word wasn't contained in the part of the Monk episode where someone was stalking, or killing. That's all I choose to divulge. But it does not make me look bad. No, really. Seriously. And that's all you will get out of me. As it is, what is sufficient is already almost too much.

Second, what IS in this week's Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip:
video

Letterman, Regis, And Why Steinhoff, Jonathan Suspects Something Though It Makes Him Sound Crazy (Including Another Potential Terrorist Clue)
Prologue-Type Stuff

As you will find by looking in on my 8.30.09 blog ("Boston Crane Shot" section), my 6.7.09 blog ("Delano's Speed And Tinted Window Limit"), and my 5.10.09 blog, I assert, without any doubt whatsoever, that the few things (all non-illicit) that passed between myself and a woman I once worked with at the same NYC company for six years, a woman who Regis Philbin once introduced himself to in an NYC restaurant, are part of specific inside-references that have occurred EVERY TIME that Regis has appeared on Letterman for approximately the past ten years (not to mention some of Regis' Ripa's Letterman appearances). Those who watch Letterman know how specially important Regis' appearances on his show are (this is not a subjective assessment). I attribute their involving me, at least in part, to my secret great importance in relation to people such as Paul McCartney. There is also evidence that Spielberg has been at some end of the "doings" pertaining to this woman and myself (I cannot emphasize enough the fact that they seriously made very much out of virtually nothing, and my addressing it all as noteworthy should not be regarded as confirmation that their actions have a substantive origin in a relationship worth going on about, though naturally there is a part of me that enjoys it all).

More Prologue-Type Stuff

There is a strange coincidence in that this same woman first met her husband while working for the same company as my father, a company an hour outside of NYC, my father acknowledging that he knew her husband (though not acknowledging that he remembers her). I have sometimes wondered whether she wasn't secretly instrumental in my having been hired (thru a job agency) by the company we both worked for in the first place (I was there ten years). It had previously occurred that a NYC job agency placed me in an office suite in NYC next to my sister's. I do not mean the building next to my sister's, I mean an office suite next to my sister's. It seems obvious someone set up that job that put me so near to my sister (in that instance I was a temp for Harley Lewin, famed rock lawyer who handled the Jimi Hendrix Estate, a Rod Stewart matter, a Billy Preston matter, had a fist fight with rock promoter Bill Graham described in Rolling Stone Magazine, etc.).

Stuff Probably More In The Epilogue Category

* This same woman (not my sister, please try to keep up) was depicted in a painting as the mother of the Alicia Silverstone character in the Amy Heckerling movie, "Clueless" (produced by Scott Rudin, who worked in the same building we were in). I had encountered Amy Heckerling years before, in 1975, when we both worked on an AFI film shoot.

* This same woman had on her wall at work, as the only non-business image, a photo I had taken (of a lobster truck, as she had described to me being sick on New Year's Eve but having been provided a lobster dinner by her husband). In the movie "Clueless" there is a whole

emotional thing relating to whether it's about who took a photo versus what a photo depicts, and all of the emotional confusion this generates.

* There's also a bunch of other Heckerling and Silverstone and even Batman stuff I'm not describing as well (who has time for these endless details that help elucidate important things?).

* The painting in "Clueless" depicting this woman, I learned thru investigating, was by an artist named Rinaldi.

* The day immediately following one of Regis' appearances on Letterman, there occurred what became a major national news story: the abduction of children at a Jewish Community Center in Southern California. Specifically, Rinaldi Street.

* I concluded at the time that Letterman and Regis may inadvertently have the worst people in the whole world somehow in their loop, as do all of us super-important and secretly super-important people (we're a magnet for certain types), but it seems most unlikely that it is any of their own doing.

* Now everyone's breath has been baited in anticipation of the fateful moment when Regis shows up on Letterman to touch on the tabloids' front-page subject of Letterman and his non-business relationships with his co-workers.

* Could this whole Letterman thing trace back to the Letterman-Regis-Steinhoff, Jonathan stuff? Hmm, but it looks like someone is going to jail, that's cooking with a human life. Yeah, but so was (in my view) the stuff that interconnected with the Jewish Community Center abduction. Here is where one needs theories, and I begin with the premise that it's all some kind of a pre-planned thing, with someone pulling the short straw, etc. It comes too close to the Letterman-Regis-Steinhoff, Jonathan co-worker business. One theory would be that, just as we know a person can die for his country, so a person can go to jail as part of a plan to end the endless Letterman sex jokes about Clinton, which were messing with our perception of the former president, thusly fueling the Republicans and thereby messing with the survival of the planet. Let's also remember that Stephanie Birkitt, the girlfriend of the blackmail villain whose diary was exploited as part of his blackmail scheme, shared the stage with Letterman quite a bit, when the pretense of deep-rooted animosity was just part of their shtick (she would pretend that his requests of her were tedious enough to warrant insolence and insults). This blackmail business can't also be a show? I have seen a LOT of front page show biz (and other) stuff regarding things that secretly began with major interconnecting to me. I have been making this point from the beginning. I'm sure Lennon knew how hard it can be.

"The Office", "Community", "Marley and Me" and Me video

I make no mention in this videoclip regarding NBC Thursday night sitcoms that an NBC Thursday night sitcom that was canceled this year, "My Name Is Earl", was created by me. Otherwise, I will let the videoclip speak for itself.

Drew Barrymore and More

As Saturday Night Live often makes inside-references/usage of things regarding me/my material, a few things I saw last night on that show strike me as also belonging in that category, but only if seen in the context of SNL's history of doing such Steinhoff-related things:

* In a comment in relation to an article on Huffington Post this past week, as JonathanDS2U, I wrote something about scattershooting (about how the "convention" of making derisive remarks about pot smokers is a scattershot attack on a large number of people entitled to choose pot as their form of inebriation). On SNL last night, Drew Barrymore played a character who was described as chalking her cuestick in a scattershot manner.

* In another comment I made to a Huffington Post article, I wrote that, though the Taliban was cutting off people's hands for voting in the Afghan election, this is the type of thing that gets forgotten about in time as people look back on the election results, failing to factor in how this would have distorted the election's outcome. On SNL last night, in the Larry King parody, Kristen Wiig played a character who said that, in time, the only thing people remember about a news story is the wiener factor, failing to factor in things that were important in the discussions that took place when the news stories were first on the table.

* There was a sketch where a man was carried away by birds. Though this also occurs in my book, "The Coin That Came In Second" (which led to the creation of the Spielberg movie, "Jurassic Park"), I didn't clearly see anything else on last night's show that also connected to this work, which is generally how I judge there to be a deliberate reference. True, in the HBO premiere of "Marley and Me" (see second videoclip in this blog) they drive a car quite similar to one I used to drive (1985 Ford Escort), when my personalized plate read, "2 Coin"; and true, there was a sketch last night in which Drew Barrymore plays the author of a book; and true, Drew Barrymore starred in Spielberg's "ET"; and true, emphasis on the behavior of animals became relevant to the second videoclip in today's blog. None of these things are really enough, however, and I therefore mention them only to avoid omitting something intended by someone or another for inclusion here.

* I am quite certain that Cameron Diaz, close friend of Drew Barrymore, drove by me on my way to work Thursday. Although I do live in Burbank, 99% of my "celebrity sitings" have this degree of immediate relevance, and so are to be scrutinized as likely being deliberately designed to exist in such a specified context. Additionally, my June 25th and June 28th blogs both feature videoclips that include Cameron Diaz involved in things relating to me.

* Drew Barrymore's previous appearance on SNL included references to me/my material in nearly every sketch.

The Small Ones That Got Away

And finally, I'm building up a collection of more references on "Smallville" to my "Mall Man" video, and will put them together when I have enough to shout "bingo!", or maybe just "bing!"

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:54 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Barrymore, Death Is Like A Carwash, Diaz, Letterman, Lithgow, Monk, NBC, Regis, Rinaldi

Sunday, October 4, 2009

HOW SWEET

TERRORIST CLUES

I have more terrorist stuff if anyone (such as President Obama - see my last few blogs) is listening, this time from 2002, and will go into sufficient enough detail that it should be a cinch for someone to investigate - this being part of the reason for my reluctance to provide it in so public a forum (the heads-up this will give to the living clues and others). However, as I stated before, by the time someone in law enforcement figures out that my information is worthy of being taken seriously because of the fact that I truly am a secret super VIP ala Spielberg and McCartney, enough so that terrorists would choose my "doorstep" to leave things on as part of an effort to "get to" (in the psychological sense, terror being a psychological state) those at the center of American "culture", the entire world could end three times over and still have time leftover to stand on line at the DMV (one familiar with the DMV should actually be able to visualize the entire world there, on line ahead of you). I cannot wait any longer. As always, this information requires you to put things together, incorporating a context based on knowledge, not ignorant presumption. This isn't algebra, it is simple arithmetic. As such, the "numbers" taken individually do not point to the existence of a larger, sum total picture. And yes, I am aware that some of

these facts have few witnesses, in some instances only one - myself. Yet by now I must certainly have earned enough credibility that such "flimsy" evidence (myself as the only witness) warrants investigation nevertheless:

1. On May 21, 2002 I sent an email* to actor John Lithgow (about to star on Broadway in "Sweet Smell of Success"), referencing his sister, SJ, who had been part of my "crowd" back in 1969 when I was in the ninth grade (her boyfriend was my best friend - Bruce Conover, who is now Senior Producer at CNN, and at one time the primary liaison for journalists embedded with American military in Iraq). Someone else who was part of the larger "hippie-ish" crowd I was in during the ninth grade was a girl named Terry Barton (the first girl I ever slow-danced with!!!).

2. On June 8, 2002 a different Terry Barton (yet from her name sure to evoke in me a recollection of ninth grade) was responsible for the biggest fire in Colorado's history. According to the news stories, the fire resulted accidentally from when "she was burning a letter from her estranged husband".

3. In an episode of the NBC TV show, "Friends" (I have referred to some of my connections to this show from time to time in previous blogs and on YouTube), "The One with the Candy Hearts", which first aired February 9, 1995, the girls "burn all the objects that are connected to the guys they have dated. But that turns out to become an arson."

4. July 4, 2002 was the first 4th of July following 9/11/01, and as such, everyone in the U.S. was extra-alert to the possibility that this would be enough to trigger another attack. Knowing that my "doorstep" counted with such types, I was extra-extra-extra-alert (but not so alert as to imagine things). On the evening of July 3, 2002 (as I recall I was at a fast food rest-stop somewhere east of LA and west of Phoenix), I saw the only thing during that three-day weekend that I considered worth noting, though it was nothing I considered very much worth noting at the time (as so often happens when important things occur): a license plate that included the word, "Nile". As the expression goes, the Nile is not just a river in (the Middle Eastern country) Egypt, though in this instance, I made a faint mental note of it for a reason beyond it's Egyptian significance: Niles was the name of the co-star on the NBC TV show, "Frasier", and David Angell, a creator, writer and producer of that same TV show, was the one and only celebrity killed by being a passenger on one of the planes on 9/11/01 (and we are nothing if not a celebrity-oriented society). I am reasonably sure the "Nile" license plate was either from Arizona, Nevada or California.

5. On July 4, 2002, we got our focus for the extra-alert the news media had put us on: An Egyptian killed several people in LAX. The anecdotal part of the news story we were given to chew on about this terrorist:

"Neighbors said Hadayet lived quietly, but became incensed when an upstairs neighbor hung large American and Marine Corps flags from a balcony above his front door after Sept. 11. 'He complained about it to the apartment manager. He thought it was being thrown in his face,' said another neighbor, Steve Thompson. The upstairs neighbor declined to comment."

6. On January 15, 2002 the NBC TV show "Frasier" aired the episode, "Mother Load, Part 2" for the first time, in which the following occurred:

"After Cam Winston dropped a huge American flag over Frasier's entire apartment window, Frasier takes his grievance to the condo board meeting."

*Dear Mr. Lithgow:

As you know, I knew your sister SJ in Princeton in the 9th grade when Bruce Conover, her boyfriend, was my best friend. Interestingly, a very long time ago when I saw the movie "IQ", which is set in Princeton and which includes Einstein as a character, I noticed something that reminded me of something that SJ knows about. Then, a while back when I went to see a taping of your show "Third Rock From The Sun", they had a guy who looked distinctly like Einstein

putting people through the metal detector. Finally, a short time ago I went to see "Star Wars II". Again they had that thing that SJ knows about. As the title of your television show brings to mind someone trying to explain how to find a planet, as one would give directions, and as that very thing became a significant issue in "Star Wars II", I am demanding from you a free Star Wars lunchbox. [Incidentally, I very much enjoyed in the "Third Rock" series finale the reference to my written but as-yet unfilmed, "Kalorping for Gosk, Part III" . Also incidentally, while I was a film student at CalArts, Alexander "Sandy" MacKendrick (then Film School Dean/teacher) had us study a movie he directed, "The Sweet Smell Of Success". At one point I took a leave of absence to work for Village Voice columnist, Howard Smith, John Lennon's friend, in the Brill Building (where "Sweet Smell" was filmed). It was during this time that Lennon released a song that included the words, "Sweet as the smell of success".]

Sincerely,
Jonathan D. Steinhoff, Burbank

Footnote to John Lennon reference in above email:

I omitted the fact that Lennon not only inside-references on "Walls and Bridges" the Sandy Mackendrick/Burt Lancaster movie, "Sweet Smell of Success", but Lancaster's "Rainmaker" as well, thus confirming context, e.g., if I said, "Couples are odd when one is a grumpy old man", one perceives a clear Jack Lemmon/Walter Mathau reference, but to just only say "couples are odd when" or to only say "grumpy old man", one would not necessarily be contextualizing in the mind of those with only basic knowledge of Lemmon/Mathau, and thus no Lemmon/Mathau reference would be apparent.

As I've stated before, I do not believe any of the people directly connected to the clues I've encountered are to be linked to anything, I believe they are pawns, with information.

NOT LIVE FROM BROOKLYN, IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT

As I've pointed out many times before, Saturday Night Live often finds use for my stuff:

video

My "An Irishman Visits Ralph Kramden's Brooklyn" was posted on YouTube and on Archive.org September 1, 2009.

JOLIE PART

The context of my being face-to-face with Angelie Jolie (Brad Pitt wife) from cars yesterday on Sunset Boulevard a few blocks from the "Surrogates" movie billboard in which Jolie is shown from the middle up: my previous, September 30, 2009 blog regarding Jennifer Aniston (ex-wife of Brad Pitt), which in turn regarded my September 27th blog regarding Jen-friend Courteney Cox Arquette and Steinhoff "Gosk" star and Arquette friend, Robbie Cavolina. Jolie was stopped opposite me as I drove by, thus offering me an opportunity for a degree of scrutiny (for lack of a better word), and if it was not her, this woman unquestionably was meant to appear to be her (this is a less obscure concept for those who live in the real world).

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:39 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Angelina Jolie, David Angell, Frasier, Jennifer Aniston, SNL

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SEPTEMBER 2009

Wednesday, September 30, 2009

I'm Just A Love Machine

A few things surely to seem of no great consequence, especially if one feels no inclination to apply context:

1. Announcing my new little video, "A Stiff Drink", viewable on YouTube.
2. I believe I spotted Jennifer Aniston again a few days ago, which, if so, would only have significance if seen in relation to my believing I saw her good friend, Courteney Cox Arquette, a few days before that, and also a star of my "Gosk 2" video, who once introduced me to David Arquette's assistant, and who once was going to have Rosanna Arquette (McCartney friend) starring in a movie he was once planning.
3. I failed to note, in my blog of Sunday, September 27th, that the Bruce Willis role on Letterman in relation to Kevin Smith's appearance on Fallon, which were both in relation to me in relation to Smallville and Monk, the latter of which was also in relation to my potential 9/11 clue, never would have occurred if President Obama hadn't appeared on Letterman Monday, September 21st - from TV Guide:

Posted by Steinhoff at 6:52 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Bruce Willis, Jennifer Aniston

Monday, September 28, 2009

Important! New! Dimension! To! The! Origin! Of! "Rigby"!, "Writer"!, "Submarine"! Unearthed!

This just in....

They've just found an essay Paul McCartney wrote when he was AGE TEN that brought special attention upon him - he received a book token from the Lord Mayor of Liverpool for it! I wish to draw very! special attention to a phrase excerpted from that essay in the article about its discovery:

"He then compares that coronation with the new Queen's by writing that 'no rioting nor killing will take place because present day royalty rules with affection rather than force'".

In my "Statement of Blog Purpose", which accompanies all of my blogs, I describe something I wrote when I was AGE TEN that brought special attention upon me (in my second blog, "A Few Words About My 'Statement of Blog Purpose'", 8.10.08, I elaborate on this - see below excerpt), with people talking about it!, the teacher hanging it on the wall!!!, etc.!!!, partly because it was 15 pages (back then this was the rough equivalent of an adult writing a thousand pages, in the same way that dog years are different from people years - perhaps twittering will return specialness to the idea of a kid writing a bunch of words for one piece).

My big point here is this:

I had come to notice how one of the things the older McCartney handled (reworked without losing the point) in my "Endless Voyage" story was the all-important part where the world governments planned to act "dispassionately" (the exact word I used in the 8.10.08 blog) in sending half the human race to live beneath the sea to resolve the overpopulation problem of what to do with all the people. When he wrote Eleanor Rigby, McCartney turned this into the opposite of

dispassionate government power. It was an agonizing over what to do with all the lonely people from someone who had himself quite nearly attained the status of royalty (McCartney). He had transformed my cynical portrayal of dispassionate powers-that-be into.... an expression of the exact idea contained in the essay he wrote at the same age of ten, royalty ruling with "affection" rather than "force". While this was not an unknown concept, powers-that-be having/not having feeling for their people, I had come to see this particular aspect of the handling by McCartney of my idea at ten as significant. Now, today, we see McCartney at ten, and now we see part of the process by which McCartney came to be influenced by this former ten-year old. And no, it is not purely the similarities that led to this conclusion "of mine" regarding the origin of those Beatles songs!!!!!!

EXCERPT FROM MY 8.10.08 BLOG, "A FEW WORDS ABOUT MY STATEMENT OF BLOG PURPOSE":

My 1965 story, "Endless Voyage", is about how the world governments, faced with the dire threat of overpopulation, devise a scientific solution: a pill that permits people to breathe underwater. Those who take it can never breathe air again. And so, dispassionately, the human race would be divided in half, and the question of what to do with all the people resolved, by sending half to live beneath the sea, to become a group of strangers to the other half of the human race. All we had was a photograph, with the instruction to write a two-page story. I wrote a 15-page story, which was treated like a thousand pages. "Eleanor Rigby", "Yellow Submarine" and "Paperback Writer" resulted from this story. "Yellow Submarine" was the flipside of the 45 rpm record containing "Eleanor Rigby". Donovan would later describe how these two songs were worked on by Paul McCartney simultaneously. "Eleanor Rigby", which raises the question of what to do with all the lonely people and where they all belong, contains a theme that can be found in the very creation of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band". When Lennon felt he had to justify that "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" was not code for LSD, he described the entire song as having originated from a single image, not a photograph, but a drawing that his son Julian made for school. An entire song from a single image.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:43 AM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Beatles, Eleanor Rigby, Paperback Writer, Paul McCartney, Yellow Submarine

Sunday, September 27, 2009

Try To Focus On The Blurry Line Of The Eyechart

Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip, 9.25.09

We all know there are times in life when, for specific reasons, the weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip must be seen in an expanded context (see "Monk Uncastles" on YouTube). And as was illustrated thru my 8-8-09 Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, and also in my 6-28-09 and 8-22-09 blogs, this can include other shows "joining in". Thus, the expanded context of the weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip can include immediately previous Monk episodes, as well as other shows airing the same night:

video

Though there may seem to be a wider assortment of sources than usual for this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, expanding the context was not of my choosing, but was essentially handed to me through what occurred. Furthermore, all shows (and most people) involved have referred to me/my material numerous times before (additionally, Bruce Willis is discussed in my 3/31/09 blog when the subject was a possible terrorist clue playing off of something Willis). Prior to Smallville's move this season to Friday, the same night as Monk, it used to be on Thursday nights at the same time as a show I created, My Name Is Earl. I then would occasionally find on both shows references to the same moment contained in my material, simultaneously included on the same night.

In this weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip I also put forward the belief that there was a very short interval between when I blogged something and when it surfaced in a show, and on this subject I would wish to say one or two things. At one time it was only the show Smallville that ever caused me to surmise so short an interval between my "cause" and a show's "effect" (not counting Saturday Night LIVE, which is in their element when they draw upon something brand new regarding me/my material). In the instance regarding Smallville doing this, they were responding to the Iranian president's backdrop drawing from something regarding me/my material. I should therefore point out that this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip generally has a lot to do with Monk in relation to Smallville in relation to me/my material. My specific reference to a fast "turnaround time" reflected in this Monk/Steinhoff videoclip has to do with my 9/13/09 blog, which is all about a potentially major clue regarding 9/11/01. I had hoped to someday present the clue more secretly to a government agency, but before they would take it seriously, it would require their believing that I would show up on major terrorists' radar as someone extremely VIP, motivating the terrorists to leave the clue "on my doorstep". And so in the absence of a proper opportunity to handle this clue with the secrecy it may warrant, I released the clue to the world so that someone might do something (I deserve high praise just for not screaming about this sort of stuff, considering the earth-devastating possibilities - I would scream if I thought it wouldn't destroy all chances of being taken seriously). Was the potential clue powerful enough to cause Monk to dispense with normal product-to-market timeframes? As to the 9/25/09 Monk's reference to my 9/22 wastebasket blog, that would scarcely seem to require great expertise in the art of acting on short notice, at least to those of us who are familiar with how fast an idea can come, and the mechanics of actualizing an idea of that variety.

Monk/Beatles Videoclip (without The Beatles)

My September 20th blog referred to some Monk stuff from September 11th and the immediately previous show to that, August 28th, that put together a reference to a specific scene from the Beatles movie, "Help!" in relation to a reference to my comedy sketch idea, "Teddy Tinyfingers". This time around I bring a more complete picture:

video

For those who have heard of The Beatles, to the point of actually going to see one their movies, the reference is less obscure than it otherwise would be.

Seeing Is Worth Considering Believing

And finally, was that Courteney Cox Arquette I saw while driving to work on Friday, September 25th, the day that Medium, the show of Patricia Arquette, Courteney's sister-in-law, had its season premiere? And was that Robbie Cavolina I saw while driving home from work on Friday, September 25th, star of my 1998 Gosk 2 video, who once introduced me to the assistant to David Arquette, Courteney's husband? And who once was going to star Rosanna Arquette (McCartney friend) in a movie about Anita O'Day but made an Anita O'Day documentary instead? I don't know, it was difficult to tell, I was driving. Yet in each instance I first thought that it was them who I was seeing, and only afterward did I see the connection. And for that reason alone I consider it more worth mentioning than not mentioning.

Posted by Steinhoff at 2:52 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: 9/11, Beatles, Bruce Willis, Fallon, Kevin Smith, Letterman, Monk, Smallville

Tuesday, September 22, 2009

Garbage Much Too Good To Ever Throw Away

The Kind of Thing People Write Footnotes About

The new interest on somebody's part regarding my sketch idea, "Teddy Tinyfingers", as manifest from the most recent Monk/Steinhoff videoclip (see my previous blog) may have perhaps made sufficiently relevant the time Brooke Shields' fingerless image appeared on a TV Guide cover

(Sept. 19, 1987), all because of me and a section from my wastebasket collage. And so I've created (and posted yesterday) a little presentation, "A Guide To Brooke Shields", viewable at archive.org and at YouTube. If they say right, it was personal between Brooke Shields and me, then why, in the mid-'90s, when I returned to NYC to help my father pack up the co-op for his move to Houston, and my neighbor came in telling me to go a few buildings down the street, Madonna was having a party, so I went, but couldn't get in, and so there is Brooke Shields also not getting in, on this quiet edge of the West Village street with just a few people around, did I say nothing to Brooke Shields? True, when Madonna came out, and Brooke Shields, standing next to me, had a conversation with her, it may have appeared to Madonna that I was with her, from the way Madonna acted, but that's her story (by which I mean, what is her story?). By the way, David Rabe, the son-in-law of the neighbor who told me to go there (Sandra Church, widow of the late Bill Clayburgh), wrote a movie Sean Penn starred in, "Casualties of War", which was in the works when Madonna and then-husband Sean Penn came into the same restaurant I was in, very much noticing me. I have been something of an influence on Madonna and Sean Penn as well, quite significantly at times.

Footnote

Returning for a moment to the July 18, 2009 statement I made in response to the July 14, 2009 "review" of "Teddy Tinyfingers", a response and "review" referred to in my Monk/Steinhoff videoclip of several days ago: I mentioned in that July 18th posted response at archive.org that I knew from the digit counter that the "reviewer" had not even read the sketch idea. I will explain. It so happens that I had posted on HuffingtonPost a comment (July 14, 2009, 2:48pm) wherein I included the archive.org web address of the very same "Teddy Tinyfingers". And so, curious as to whether posting this web address would generate traffic to the sketch idea posting, I checked the digit counter for it at archive.org before and after. I found that it did not. However, it did suddenly occur, and this was the only time this has occurred since I have ever posted anything at archive.org, that it was later on that very same day that the "review" showed up at the "Teddy Tinyfingers" archive.org web address.

As to the idea that digit counters on the web are not to be trusted, I've pointed out before that this would be not unlike tampering with Diebold election machine results. Indications of web address traffic have a most serious impact on things. Why would anyone undertake to alter information about the number of people who visit my postings of work on the web? What could they accomplish by doing that? And so why should this cross my mind.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:27 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Brooke Shields, Madonna, Monk

Sunday, September 20, 2009

Neither Here But Not Neither There

Knowing that there are people out there diligently connecting the dots, joining together in holy fact the multitudinous fragments of information that belong together, I will try to let this week's videoclips stand alone, without prefacing with further explanation. Surely these videoclips can withstand the hit-and-run soundbite seekers who won't be bothered with the hours of laborious research each moment of the videoclips requires. Plus, as part of my ongoing dream to create things that are self-contained, I've already permeated these videoclips not just with video to watch but with words to read, all within the videoclip. A real multi-media hodgepodge.

Let them stand alone. For example, with the Clapton clip, I don't need to be reminding anyone that the referenced Harrison song is on an album containing a set of things that started with me, beginning with the album title (or for that matter, that there are no small number of significant OTHER things regarding significant OTHER Beatles that also started with me). I don't need to bring up, that a TV show referenced in that Clapton clip, "The Office", has done things Steinhoff-related a number of times in the past, or that Stuart Cornfeld, the producer of Office's Jenna Fischer's movie, "Blades of Glory", has come up now and then in my blogs. Or that the former

NBC lead-in show to "The Office", "My Name Is Earl", was first created by me/then sent in 2002 to Sean Daniel, producer of "Earl" star Jason Lee's first big movie, "Mallrats", titled after my "Mall Man".

This information, as well as the innumerable other pieces of relevant information, are already there in past blogs and elsewhere (here and there) for the motivated to fuse, and for the rest to ignore/or whatever. I would prefer that the enlightening, substantiating details weren't so scattered around - but I'm only here to report, not to make anyone add 2+2 multiplied by the square root of every third variable.

Clapton Videoclip
video

Bill Maher Videoclip
video

This Week's Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip
(this videoclip was revised and reposted 9.20.09 3pm from 9.20.09 am posted version, correcting both "9.4.09 Monk" episode references to "8.28.09 Monk" episode references - no episode aired 9.4.09)
video
Posted by Steinhoff at 10:07 AM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Clapton, Maher, Monk

Thursday, September 17, 2009

Beyond Say-ing

Can anyone who knows how secretly important I am seriously ignore the possibility that Kenya West's (subsequently super-soundbited) debating of who should have won an MTV Music Awards was apropos of my blog earlier that day (my previous blog, Sept. 13th)? Wherein I specifically referred to the ending of my "Teddy Tinyfingers" sketch idea, the part where the concept of winning is the focus? Where I refer to how this winning reference at the end of my sketch idea was several days later picked up by President Obama his first week in office, "giving the media their soundbite" (quoted from my blog of Sept. 13th)?

Bravo, Kanye, for giving the media their soundbite (which I believe subtly serves to embarrass the Republicans for not even beginning to accept Obama as the a legitimate victor of the last election). And bravo, the strange magic by which President Obama became part of it - presumably by being "inadvertently" quoted off the record as referring to Kenya as a "jackass". Some of us adults have learned that certain things that supposedly happen "inadvertently" may or may not actually be all that incredibly inadvertent.

A September 6th article about Lennon for the most part focused on John Lennon's ongoing professional relationship with a reporter who crafted articles about him over the years. This was one of the first times that I can remember, in the entire history of The Beatles (I've followed them a bit), in which anyone has really put the focus on Lennon in relation to a reporter (not counting Lennon discussing the interview that contained his controversial statement that The Beatles were super-popular; or the interview style of the song, "With A Little Help From My Friends"; or the Village Voice columnist Howard Smith - for whom I worked in 1974 - and Lennon publicizing their friendship, Howard being Lennon's guide when he and Yoko moved to NYC in 1972). I actually felt baited (I held my tongue at the time) by this September 6th article, to tie it in with my July 5th blogged comments about Paul McCartney working things out with reporters:

It is additionally relevant here to make mention that is has become my surmisal that there are certain articles about McCartney wherein he has played a major part in the putting together of the

article, beyond just being the reporter's subject: this includes exact release time of the article, insertion of certain key elements without it being left to chance as to whether the reporter would prefer that such elements be included, article titles, etc. I'm sure no one sees anything intrinsically wrong with a person of his stature taking steps to avoid being left wide open to everyone to whom he grants an interview.

I believe it could have happened with Obama's interview in which he was quoted "inadvertently" in relation to Kenya.

I also would add that, earlier in the day of Obama's recent speech before Congress, I emailed someone at work about the approaching room reservation "season". Obama likewise transplanted the word "season" that day, in his speech. I know neither of us are the first to transplant this word, but I note that this happened on the same day. I pre-anticipated the possibility of Obama incorporating my words into this speech, as he has done before. I also pre-anticipated that there would be something big at the MTV award show tying in with me, as this is something I have observed regarding their award shows many times before. Allow me also to draw your attention to the fact that one of my two dozen co-workers remains friends with Obama, having lived down the street from him in Chicago a certain number of years back.

Exactly how could my previous blog have contained something that would lead to a possible indirect involvement by the President of the United States? Re-read it. One word at a time. At a single bound.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:27 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Kanye, Lennon, McCartney, Obama

Sunday, September 13, 2009

It's Been A Hard Eight Years

Stuff here regarding Pet Shop Boys, 9/11, Monk, and Ridley Scott!!!! (one exclamation mark each, each exclamation mark interchangeable)

As always, the things worth reporting this time around put me in a chain-gang with numerous other things. That's my eloquent way of reiterating that, unless one connects the statements here to other dots, the statements get into trouble when seen all by themselves. For example, with this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, I refer to my comedy sketch, "In Orders We Trust", posted verifiably at archive.org on August 11, 2009, and unverifiably (as there is no timestamp from the site) at my Angelfire website on May 15, 2006 (it was also sent in an email May 15, 2006, but who's counting). One who has not checked my other Monk/Steinhoff videoclips (some viewable in my previous blogs, some at YouTube where I'm ZoomSteinhoff), wherein I usually get to point to postings of my work that were verifiably made years before the episode, might skeptically (or seemingly skeptically, if they knew better but have ulterior motives in this power situation) argue that the August 11th posting might conceivably have had benefit of inside word on what the episode would contain. Those who have seen the other Monk/Steinhoff postings, on the other hand, would sort of have to give me more credit than that, would they not.

So on with the show.

Sit

My Autumn 1993 collection of my graphic artwork, "Go Eyes, Go!" (most created pre-1993), though (as I've stated before) comprised of works that are not in any way slick/indicative of a refined technique, nevertheless has been a significant influence on a number of significant works by a number of significant people. I have long held that Pet Shop Boys not only named themselves after a work it contains, "Say Please", but also named their CD "Please" after it as well. Having seen them perform their new song "Yes" on late night television this past week, which also included a video as part of the backdrop during the performance, I now add both the

song and its video backdrop to the category of Pet Shop Boys work upon which "Say Please" has been a significant influence. I include "Say Please" here so that you also can have the opportunity (without having to bother to click a link) to name your band, CDs and songs after things it contains:

The resolution in this rendering makes it difficult to tell, but a bottle in front of the woman with the dog-like nose reads, "Dog Food" (I suggest using the "Go Eyes, Go!" link to read these magically insulting words that may be responsible for provoking her tears). The quality of the print in the hard copy goes further, and reads, "Dog Food for dogs in....", and the original has another word or two after that (I did this in the early '80s, don't remember). Maybe I'll go to the trouble of "locating" it someday and finding out. (Thought I was going to say, "retrieving it" or digging it up", didn't you? Well, you don't know me as well as you thought.)

9/11 Clue Never Investigated Because Then They'd Have To Admit I Was Enough Of An Entity In Relation To Spielberg, McCartney, Etc. For The Terrorists To Choose My Doorstep To Leave It On

Here are the cover of my aforementioned, "Go Eyes, Go!" (Autumn 1993) and the title page that immediately follows:

What makes me regard these as part of a clue (as indicated in the heading of this section) are the cumulative implications of the following:

* Since 1993, "Go Eyes, Go!" was being sold on consignment in a store in NYC called Printed Matter. Eight years later, approximately half-a-year before 9/11, they asked for and received from me my current address to return those copies that were unsold, yet didn't actually send them back until Sept. 2001. They were mailed several days before 9/11 and reached me several days after 9/11.

* The image on the cover, deliberately simple/abbreviated, a rectangle that is near the sun, easily lends itself to the interpretation that it is a very tall building, as in a child's drawing showing a house with simple geometric lines, referenced/defined by the sun above. The arrow towards the top of the rectangle suggests a diagram of some kind in relation to the top portion of the tall building. The following title page, which features myself in Superman attire, puts the image into a more literal context of involving the sun, the arrow therefore being aimed at the sky, and, though this may be stretching it, we all know the phrase they used at the start of each Superman TV episode, "Able to leap tall buildings....". Show me someone who utters the words, "tall buildings", and I'll show you ten people who immediately hear that whole phrase in their head.

* The importance of "Go Eyes, Go!", though clearly not widely known, is enormous, containing works that have greatly influenced works by Spielberg, McCartney, Starr, and others. Therefore, it is narrow-minded to assume that an occurrence important to the history of that work couldn't have been significant on anyone's "radar".

* Other major terrorist acts of our time have also come with clues left on my doorstep (still uninvestigated), including the first bombing of the World Trade Center in February 1993.

I do not believe even for a third of a second that the NYC store, Printed Matter, had any kind of knowing involvement in a terrorist act. I think it is a well known concept that people are often made unknowing accomplices in things, pawns set in motion without any kind of idea what the larger picture is. As an example, I even believe it possible that someone working for Printed Matter could be led to believe that her distorting information regarding her end of what happened would be a "white lie" serving the interests of someone such as Paul McCartney, but shh, don't tell anyone why we want you to tell this "white lie". I have held back from being too explicit about clues that have come my way, to avoid sending a clear alert to those who might bury such clues. It has been quite some time. How long am I to wait for an investigation, an investigation that will only seem worthwhile to the powers that be once it is understood that I am an entity of sufficient note as to show up on the radar of those geared towards messing with those at the top in the first place - i.e., why would big league terrorists (or a mole on the inside) even bother with "involving" me by leaving clues on my doorstep, and so why investigate anything from my doorstep that I reported as being part of a larger puzzle?

Ridley Me This

Here is a videoclip reflecting my latest extremely significant influence on extremely famous director Ridley Scott, whose "Body of Lies" just came to a television premium channel and was just seen by me for the first time (other Scott-related blogs of mine were posted on June 14, 2009, March 15, 2009, and September 21, 2008):

video

Weekly Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip

Before I post this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, there is one thing that, well, I won't say it fell off the radar last time, it's just that it didn't fit, and, you know, everything has to fit, not symmetrically necessarily, that would be neurotic, but, well, anyway. Those well familiar with the Beatles movie, "Help!" (I include not only those who are merely well familiar with this movie, but also those who are actually extremely well familiar with it) couldn't help noticing that the previous Monk episode (August 28th) borrowed a comedy bit from that source. Of course I refer to the co-scientist in "Help!" reporting into his hidden mic, "Now I'm moving my left foot, now I'm moving my right foot." When this is met with a recrimination from his co-scientist, he mutters, "He'll thank me for this in the end." And sure enough, this week's (9/11/09) Monk episode gives Monk the line, "You'll thank me for this in the end." I have previously observed Monk episodes making inside-references to a Ringo Starr anecdote I used to tell, after someone who was a friend of mine while I was attending CalArts reported it to me (my then-friend was there when it happened). In this August 28th and September 11th Monk instance, we have references from "Help!" to one of the two co-scientists who was involved in trying to shrink Ringo's finger to remove the ring. This makes significant the fact that, also in the September 11th Monk episode, Randy tries to see if his hand is small enough to fit through a hole in a glass window (injuring both hands on the jagged glass in the process as he wanted to test it with each hand). I now therefore consider these, in their cumulative context (and alongside innumerable other references to my material on Monk), as being a deliberate reference to my January 2009 "Teddy Tinyfingers" comedy sketch (to which I've made numerous previous references in earlier blogs, including mention of President Obama using the ending of the sketch at the end of his first week in office, giving the media their soundbite for the week).

As indicated in the following new Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, one may also want to visit my "In Orders We Trust" posting at my Angelfire website, and/or at its posting at archive.org, and/or my August 22nd blog wherein I announce that I had begun on making a video of it (progressing nicely!) and/or one of my many blog references to Stuart Cornfeld (such as the videoclip posted with my August 13, 2008 blog). And finally, this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip!

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:35 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: 9/11, Monk, Pet Shop Boys, Ridley Scott

Friday, September 4, 2009

Not-So-Funny Mirror

I'm noticing many whispers beyond the range of ordinary hearing in things said recently on Letterman and Conan. I believe in the past few months I've been able to prove my point from time to time regarding my influence on these shows, and so believe these less-demonstrable observations are worthy of consideration.

To describe something I find to be a problem with the specific content of these particular whispers, I will describe a movie scene to which I periodically refer, something from Amy Heckerling's movie, "Johnny Dangerously". Johnny is in the prison cafeteria, where one prisoner whispers something to the prisoner next to him, who then "passes it along" to the next prisoner, and so on, until it reaches Johnny, the person for whom the original message was intended. Yet though we hear the message continually get more and more distorted as it is "passed along", when Johnny receives "it", somehow he understands what the original message was verbatim, because he is absurdly streetwise to the precise degree and manner in which messages passed along are prone to be distorted. These whispers I hear, innocent in and of themselves, contain built into them, perhaps unconsciously, an easy potential for a kid to accidentally stick his finger into a light socket, or to put it another way, they would make the kid feel inclined to stick my finger into a light socket were he to receive the distorted version that might easily emerge somewhere down the line following my response. I will include the distorted version I foresee of each of these whispers as well, to show specifically what I min.

In my June 18, 2009 blog, I mention that my video, "Adventure At The Pasadena Batman Estate", has been no small influence on various things that have come out of the "entertainment industry" (for lack of a handier phrase). One influence I had that I specifically referred to was the Tony Awards. I was thinking of the 2005 Tony Awards opening, in which Billy Crystal joined the host, Hugh Jackman, onstage. I was also thinking of the following evening when Billy Crystal made a surprise appearance on the Letterman show and continued/resumed making an inside-reference to this video of mine. I mention these things now because, on last night's Letterman, Billy Crystal went into an anecdote about encountering people outside the security gate of his estate. I could not help but connect his anecdote in some way to my video, in that Crystal is among those who have previously referred to my video, which has much to do with something happening in front of the security gate of an estate.

Potential Distortion Set-Up By Crystal: His anecdote included an overly-persistent woman after money repeatedly ringing his intercom. The implication that one is to be associated with this creepy person, whose actions also impaired, at least momentarily, Crystal's relationship with his grandchildren, paints a Crystal-clear target on one's insignia. And what is more overly-persistent than a person who insists on something that is not common knowledge, which regards someone with more money than he? Heavens!

Of all the innumerable instances of people in "show biz" interconnecting with me/my material, only one did so in relation to a contest (unless something's slipped my mind - I sift through quite a number of things done in relation to me/my material by people to make this statement). That

person was the great comedian Norm Macdonald, who had some contest or another in relation to some sitcom or another that he starred in. So who was the main guest on Conan the night Conan announced the winner of his big "I Want To Blow Up Your Car" contest? You guessed it.

Potential Distortion Set-Up By Macdonald/O'Brien: By giving me to feel that Macdonald and O'Brien may well have gone to a considerable length for my benefit, this being a huge contest, and then announcing that Macdonald will be performing stand-up in nearby Irvine later this month, I'm put on the spot. If I don't go to see Macdonald, I'm treating this important, inside-reference like it means nothing to me. If I do go, I'm on the spot anyway, I'm some person standing outside the security gate of someone's estate. Maybe if I mention all this in a blog I can remain in neutral territory, though this must all seem amazingly obscure at best to those who don't remember Macdonald's sitcom, or the sitcom contest, or don't know the degree to which my secret importance has permeated big things in the past. At worst, I'm the nutjob again. Such is the price they like to make me pay. Well, at least by writing this blog I can feel an absence of guilt from my not planning to see Macdonald.

In my previous blog of September 2nd, I referred to the moment Sean Lennon and I encountered one another as extremely important for both of us. Naturally, this is a patently insane-sounding idea to those not familiar with my serious importance in relation to Sean Lennon's father, John Lennon, or in relation to Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, The Beatles, The Stones, etc. for that matter. And were my statement to bring to the minds of the ignorant the idea of an uppity peasant to see the encounter that way, I would certainly be getting off easy. However, my motivation in writing my blogs is neither to twitter away my life, nor is it to conform what I say in order to fit pre-expectations/presumptions regarding who I am, what I have done, and what my experiences have been. I occupy an extremely special place in this world, a one in a billion space, whether it is generally known or not, and the world itself is in an extremely perilous place, in certain ways reliant upon those of us who occupy such spaces, and I will not dilute and obscure the important truth about myself out of some adolescent desire to avoid ridicule and maintain a normal status among fools. But to continue. Last night, the day after my blog posting about how my encountering Sean Lennon was extremely important for both of us, Conan O'Brien joked to Sandra Bullock (yet another person in show biz on whose work I have been an influence), that it must be a big deal for her (Sandra) to get to meet him (Conan), as it is a big deal to meet someone whom one idolizes. I realize this isn't the first time anyone has ever joked in this manner in relation to celebrity, nor do I doubt that Conan has himself used this joke from time to time. However, that he said this the very next day following my blog, combined with the fact that I am a frequent influence on what Conan says/does, leads me to interpret his remark as being deliberately related. Additionally, Conan's conversation with Sandra Bullock touched on timeouts for children, and also, on microwave oven repairmen. It so happens that my most recent weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclips that have appeared with my blogs include references to timeouts for children, and to a refrigerator repairman.

Potential Distortion Set-Up By Bullock/O'Brien: Can't a woman's conversation naturally segue from talk about her husband's profession of being some kind of super-mechanic, and can't a mother talk about her children, without some nutjob jumping up and down that it's all secretly about him? Isn't this exactly the kind of person a Lennon should be insulated from, especially if the nutjob is operating under some delusion about importance in relation to the son of a Beatle? All valid, even important concerns, if the basic situation is skewed in a way that suggests the less you know about me the better, as opposed to the more you know about me, the more you would see that I base my position on a wealth of facts, however unlikely those facts can seem outside their proper context. Sean Lennon was very recently involved in creating a variation on that famous photograph from the last photo session his father was in, specifically, the photo showing a naked John Lennon with a clothed Yoko Ono, taken the day before he was killed, which made the cover of Rolling Stone posthumously. It could therefore be that someone who knows might wish to goad me into divulging what I know about the original situation on which that original John Lennon/Yoko Ono pose was based.

Well, I'm done for the moment with what will surely be seen by some as a paranoid rant. I mean, who has ever been legitimate in his concern that he had somehow grown to become such a threat to the interests of the super-powerful that efforts were being made to undermine one's believability through organized goading and distortion.

And finally, a comment I posted on HuffingtonPost yesterday seems to me like something I may want to occasionally re-read, not because I expect I will each time believe unequivocally in its points, but because I believe there might be substantive things "alongside" its points that are concisely expressed (I often value a point for possessing this quality):

"I just love the process by which public opinion gets molded. It's like there's some weird funny mirror factory somewhere, and then the public gets to think it's sort of seeing itself instead of seeing some massive, vast, unknown thing, and then the Internet hits or ratings appear to be up there regarding some so-called perspective, probably people manipulating the real numbers because of there being so much power there in terms of money and influence than there is with Diebold election machines, and that's how we think we're finding out who we are and how we feel.

"Even if Obama's numbers go down, or go up, so what, if somebody sneezing makes the numbers dramatically shift the other way? Stop looking at what everybody else appears to be thinking, they started fabricating that image a long time ago."

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:10 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Lake House, Paul McCartney

Wednesday, September 2, 2009

Go Wish You Was English

Just here briefly to announce the posting of my newest video, "An Irishman Visits Ralph Kramden's Brooklyn". I believe it has something important to offer beyond humor, although it was done as a comedy piece. I may go even further, and suggest that the Irish folksinger in me that one experiences might contain some connection to my encountering, not too long ago, the son of a man of great prominence who was also of Irish descent (if you go back far enough, which you never do), Sean Lennon, son of John Lennon. I believe our encounter was during an important moment in both the life of Sean Lennon and in my life, specifically, the moment when we encountered one another directly. My Irish video can also be viewed at Archive.Org.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:23 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Ireland, Ralph Kramden, Sean Lennon

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AUGUST 2009

Sunday, August 30, 2009

A Moment of Pregnant Pause Silence

Whispers In The Darkness of Ted Kennedy's Passing

I will start off by mentioning a connection I will not make: Paul McCartney and Lorne Michaels, being two of the main "characters" in my March 2007 "Frozen" video, and not being two people one frequently associates as being in relation to one another, together rendered their portrayal of baseball fans on August 26th, the day after Senator Ted Kennedy died. Though both McCartney and Michaels frequently tip their hats in my direction, and though Kennedy - is - politics - is - Michaels, I will not see this as being designed to make one such as myself think of Kennedy in relation to the raising-the-dead focus of my "Frozen" video. However, the possibility that this is McCartney's and Michaels' joint intention is not something I can completely overlook. Experience and intelligence can pre-condition us to consider seeing certain things in our own way, or to consider seeing certain things invisible to the majority, which is something I will be expounding on more extensively at some point during my fifth incarnation as a giraffe (unless that psychic fortune teller was lying to me).

Boston Crane Shot

In my August 1st blog I posted a videoclip that put into context Regis Philbin's and David Letterman's discussion regarding "Boston Legal" (my videoclip demonstrated to those bothering to read the evidence that this discussion grew out of something contained in my July 30th blog). On August 26th, in celebration of Philbin's birthday on August 25th, Philbin and Letterman ended Letterman's show by following up on that "Boston Legal" discussion:

video

I seem to be several days late for Regis' birthday, but I wish him a happy birthday just the same. If it had been up to me I would have posted this clip a day before his birthday.

Alone With Monk De Palma

And finally, exactly what kind of week would it be without my weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip?

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:38 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: James Spader

Saturday, August 22, 2009

Graffiti Is In The Eyes Of The Typesetter

If These Gods Could Talk

To begin, I am pleased to announce that I have begun work on my next new video, "In Orders We Trust," which will be a very limited animation. The May 2006 script was initially emailed to two big producers I once knew, Stuart Cornfeld and Sean Daniel, back when Saturday Night Live would always include fragments from my ideas on that week's show thru my emailing to Stuart and Sean. That time around I was surprised when no fragments from my latest showed up on that week's show, but later someone wrote a book ("Gods Behaving Badly") based on it, after which Stuart Cornfeld (thru Red Hour, the company he runs with Ben Stiller) purchased the rights to that book for development as a TV show. I posted my script on my Angelfire website, and recently at archive.org. Imagine if they had actually given me credit for once.

Many Are Cold But Few Are Frozen

Now to go on about myself via describing what I perceive to be another reference on TV to my "Frozen" video. As seems to be the case with every piece of information I speak to, it is necessary to refer to a set of things in order to make my point:

* In my August 8th blog I was astute enough (someone's gotta say it) to observe that the August 7th "Monk" seemed to include, among its many references to my material, my video, "Frozen". In addition to the cumulative references to my material on "Monk", which I regard as a context-defining factor, I felt this way specifically because of my video's mixing together of things from different eras in American entertainment as if they all belonged to one era, which also occurred in that episode of "Monk". (By the way, I did not mean for that blog to suggest that no one had ever before handled different eras that way.) I found it important in that this is the last season of "Monk," the end of the character essentially, which can be seen as containing a general relevance to my "Frozen" video for its sustenance by extraordinary means (cryogenics) of its "characters" (two of The Beatles).

* Something I previously overlooked regarding the August 14th "Monk" episode in relation to my "Frozen" video: Monk tells someone he should stop playing his flute, he is no Louis Armstrong at the Filmore West. Those familiar with my "Frozen" video and my observation regarding the August 7th "Monk" (see previous bullet item) would agree that this August 14th Monk remark is of the same fabric.

* In the weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip included with my August 8th blog, I noted the occurrence of something I encounter from time to time, one show acting in conjunction with another show in relation to me/my work. It specifically pointed to an instance of this regarding the show "Real Time With Bill Maher" in relation to "Monk" in relation to myself.

* The August 21st "Real Time With Bill Maher" seemed to clearly act in conjunction with the "Monk" episode airing that same day, August 21st, by Maher doing an editorial on his show about apologizing (published by Maher earlier that day or the day before on Huffington Post as well), and the idea of Monk apologizing/not apologizing being a repeated element in that day's "Monk" episode. This did not relate to me, but it tends to reaffirm my assertion of two weeks before that Maher's show had acted in conjunction with "Monk".

* I believe I also spotted a reference to my "Frozen" video on Maher's August 21st show, though it would seem a questionable observation to those who do not see it in the context I have tried to present here. Specifically, Maher said, "Remember the terror alerts, remember when it was like, oh my God, it's yellow today, bring a sweater. I, we never knew what to do." In "Frozen," Ringo responds to George's description of his experience being cryogenically frozen by writing a note to self, "Bring a sweater." In both cases the punchline is, "bring a sweater". Again, I would not make this observation if not for the entire context I see of recent references to "Frozen" on "Monk" and recent actions by Bill Maher (also: my July 11th blog includes mention of an additional Maher/Steinhoff occurrence, which I was able to prove).

This Week's Monk/Steinhoff Videoclip
And finally, this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip:

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 6:49 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Medusa

Saturday, August 15, 2009

It's A Jungle Out There Sometimes

Seans and Lennons

I've finally found a way to express an important concept that I've been working on for some time, the manner of expressing it that is, though it certainly seems quite possible that someone already arrived at this ahead of me. Nevertheless, I'll plant my flag on it until I learn for certain that my discovery is unoriginal:

When one encounters a forest within a forest within a forest within a forest within a forest, one may take one step back to avoid not seeing a forest for the trees, but whether or not this accomplishes the intended purpose is not self-evident.

I will immediately put this encapsulating of a crystallization to good use, by using it as an excuse for not formulating an immediate opinion regarding an experience I had yesterday: I went to see a performance by Sean Ono Lennon at The Anthology in San Diego.

The moment I walked through the door of this small though important dinner and show venue, Sean was standing but several feet from me. I was powerfully prepared for this historic moment in both of our lives, if not the lives of millions: I took out a pen and asked him if he could autograph my green Post-It (more of an olive green than one can see here):

One thing this brought to my mind was the time, back in 1987, when I had a leftover ticket from the World Trade Center in my pocket (they failed to collect it from me during a visit there several weeks before), and an opportunity to use it towards a similar historic moment in relation to Sean's mother. This difference in the specific objects upon which these autographs were signed may actually be something worth noting, but I expect that to be a thought more stimulating to the spiritual and cosmic among us (as I sometimes consider myself to be) than for the meat and potatoes crowd, who only know the value of a signature when it's on a legal document.

I don't believe I expect Sean to ever be the musical genius I regard his father to have been (a blatantly unfair comparison, and I myself happen to be one who personally loathes the thought of my creative work being compared - attempts at apples to apples comparisons in matters pertaining to the human soul are ultimately absurd, however interesting they may be). Yet the exuberance and sense of personal accessibility that emanated from Sean Lennon onstage between songs did unmistakably bring one particular other person to mind.

I did not realize until I got home that a most peculiar "coincidence" had occurred during the show: In my blog of the previous day, August 13th, I referred to Sean Lennon in relation to Sean Daniel, including a description of a silkscreened T-shirt that I related to both. By the way, this time around I am able to offer a clearer version of the specific image on Sean Lennon's T-shirt (thusly making it easier to see why I compared it to the image of a griffin - nor am I the first to compare a chimera to a griffin).

Yet I digress from the "coincidence": One of the main things I created in Sean Daniel's silk screen shop during that summer at Buck's Rock Camp (again, please see my blog of August 13th) was the artistic lettering of the words, "Static Electricity," which I printed onto all the T-shirts I owned (I may have spared one T-shirt from this "tattoo"). So what was the running theme of the banter between Sean Lennon and his girlfriend/musical collaborator throughout their time onstage? Static electricity. An electric shock when they kissed was described, and an electric shock dramatically encountered by Sean Lennon whenever he touched his microphone, as he demonstrated through his reaction and remarks each time he touched his microphone. One might see how I am perhaps the only person who was there who is now wondering whether this static electricity might in fact not have been genuine static electricity, but rather, something we who make static electricity T-shirts refer to as, "make-believe static electricity". I am not sure whether or not Benjamin Franklin knew of this "make-believe static electricity", however, thus far no Benjamin Franklin writings on this particular subject have yet been discovered.

Monk

This brings me to the TV character who tends to respond to all human touch with a handi-wipe, Monk, and my weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip:

video

I will only add to this videoclip by stating that, once again, I might have edited it differently, that again there were other things that could have been included (such as a correlation between the flower baskets lying ominously unattended on the ground in "Gosk" after the girls had seemed so involved with collecting the flowers; as compared with the ominous image in "Monk" of the just-purchased groceries lying scattered on the street after we are given to understand that the owner of the groceries has been struck by a vehicle). Instead I was again somewhat selective in what I chose to include, and hope that those who went to the trouble of offering up other things do not feel that I was being too random.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:45 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Lennonist

Thursday, August 13, 2009

Time For T

A few things that I'd like to call "Beatles-Related News Pertaining To Me I Believe":

Beatles-Related News Pertaining To Me I Believe

1. As I describe in my June 28th "Jolly Fun" blog, specifically in the videoclip posted there, I find there to be circumstances when the words "fun guy" or "fun girl", when used in conjunction with certain other words, are deliberate references to my "Fun Guy (aka 'Karma Movie Idea')" movie idea, an idea I wrote in 2002 that led to something other than a movie, namely, the creation of the TV show, "My Name Is Earl." It being that Mr. Paul McCartney is no stranger to inside-references in relation to me (which I regard as a major understatement), I found something in a recent interview he gave to be just such an instance:

"....he (Michael Jackson) was a fun guy. And what happened eventually was that he bought the Beatles catalog. And I was quite excited because I thought, now he's historically placed to rectify a wrong that had been going on for many, many years...."

2. These photographs of Sean Ono Lennon from a few days ago particularly struck me, particularly owing to the T-shirt he is wearing. It immediately reminded me of when I was a camper at Buck's Rock Camp in 1971 and Sean Daniel was a counselor in the Silkscreen Shop. In addition to being the first person from whom I learned of the college I attended, CalArts, Sean Daniel has other claims to fame as well(!). He was a friend of each of The Beatles (and other people, including Spielberg), as well as heading David Geffen's film company (before Geffen formed DreamWorks and after Geffen was with Lennon at the moment Lennon was killed). Pandora, a girl at Buck's Rock, created a great silkscreen of a griffin, and Sean organized an opportunity for those interested (including myself) to line up and have the griffin printed onto their T-shirts. Sean Lennon's T-shirt resembles a griffin T-shirt. Sean Daniel's birthday is the day after tomorrow (August 15th). My experience (which may be quite different from the experience of most of the people who have ever lived) tells me that these two Sean griffin/griffin-like T-shirt incidents should not necessarily be seen as disconnected. And though I was not the only one to have a griffin printed on my T-shirt that day in 1971 (courtesy of Sean Daniel and Pandora), a few things have occurred since 1971 that cause me to consider this, if there is a this, as being aimed towards me. For one thing, I once sent a fax to Sean Daniel regarding a movie he produced, "Mummy 2," wherein only one word throughout my fax was written in caps wherever it appeared, which was occasionally: "griffin". After my fax, "Mummy" star Brendan Fraser named his son Griffin. Should one wonder if there was a Sean for whom Sean Lennon was named?

Posted by Steinhoff at 12:05 AM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: griffin, Sean

Saturday, August 8, 2009

Time Marches Sideways

There have been a number of little tiny, eency-weency things since last time, furthermore, I mean things that are references to me/my work, on television to be specific, some things I would compare to whispers in the barely audible range. I'm not going to bother with everything, but rest assured, I heard it. Even things that weren't there.

For example, I know that the show "Monk" makes inside-references for me in just about every episode, but was that a reference to my "Frozen" video on the August 7th show, when they put a new Beatles album into a timeframe that wasn't quite historically accurate? Like in "Frozen," where the Beatles are in the 21st century but the SNL TV studio is out of the '40s and '50s? Or when Natalie calls to Monk to revive him at the moment of need to be the hero, as in "Frozen," when John and George are awakened at the world's moment of need, to become the heroes? It being that this was the season premier of the final season of "Monk," which was something the episode played off of here and there, doesn't that make it more valid to correlate the episode's sleeping hero to the cryogenic sleep of John and George in "Frozen"? "Monk" the TV show will soon be gone, as will Adrian Monk, but in TV land could there not someday, in response to a public need, ever be some form of revival of Adrian Monk? A TV commercial for a household cleanser perhaps? The phrase "better off dead" comes to mind.... okay, but how about a TV movie for a reunion? Obviously a real possibility. And then the time in-between would just seem like some sort of "timeout"....

video

I unfairly have print going by in that videoclip at the same time you're supposed to be listening to the explanation that nearly every episode of "Monk" makes inside-Steinhoff references, almost as if I thought we lived in an age where you could pause things, read, then hit play, or play that part of the videoclip twice. I know it's just plain bad videoclip editing. Oh well, maybe it's only there for people who are really willing to take the trouble, instead of those who would just as soon have it be in one ear and out the other. By the way, many of my other "Monk" videoclips can be found either on YouTube (where I'm "Zoomsteinhoff") or within my previous blogs.

I have another exciting installment of Steinhoff and Conan for you as well:

video

An additional thought regarding Conan O'Brien also crossed my mind, regarding the clear indications that people connected with his show follow me: Are Conan O'Brien's people following me around because they're trying to work up the courage to offer me a job as a comedy writer because I'm really funny sometimes but can't find the courage because there are other times when I'm not funny but maybe those other times I'm not really trying to be funny I'm only sort of trying to be funny?

And finally, as is often the case with Paul Giammati-related matters, his appearance this past week on The Daily Show brought me to mind. Allow me to explain. I've occasionally included in my videoclips pieces of a class film I was involved in when I was a first year film student at CalArts. The film, made in 1973-74, is called "Limbo," and is about a gorilla named Limbo. It so happens that Tim Burton, who also went to CalArts but wasn't part of the "Limbo" class, though Mr. Burton has been influenced by me to a substantial degree, did a remake of "Planet of the Apes". In that film, Paul Giammati played a gorilla, by the name of Limbo. And so, sure enough, The Daily Show, which has also been influenced by me to a substantial degree, chose the night

of Paul Giamatti's appearance to do a lengthy bit with John Oliver about chimpanzees versus orangutans. One may also wish to correlate the word "limbo" with the word previously focused on in the "Monk" videoclip in this blog, "time-out".

This past week I also happened to see a look-alike for Steven Spielberg, who is yet another person on whom I have been an influence to a substantial degree (Spielberg, not the look-alike). The absence of a beard made it something of a challenge, but I'm mostly doubtful that it was Spielberg himself. Nevertheless, the whole thing leaves me up in the air.

And speaking of Spielberg, limbo, being left up in the air, frozen and timeouts, I should mention that I will be putting together a videoclip regarding the most recent "Mummy" movie to make it to the premium channels as soon as the most recent "Indiana Jones" movie does likewise. I intend to include the Sean Daniel-Steven Spielberg connection as it applies to these two films. I certainly hope the suspense isn't killing anyone.

Posted by Steinhoff at 1:44 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Monday, August 3, 2009

Silence Needs To Shut Up Sometimes

Brevity is the. And in that spirit (a spirit sometimes but not all the time in direct conflict with the articulation of complex things that should be communicated but aren't because idiots go way too far in the presumption that they truly understand the implications of brevity is the so they arbitrarily assess lengths of communications and attach cutoff points instead of individually assessing what content a particular matter calls for, and what distortions might be implied and spread in a pervasive manner through the absence of extensive communication), I will just mention this time around that my newest little video is complete, and can be viewed either at [archive.org](#) or on YouTube. I feel I should add that it is entitled, "Larry Houdini and Napoleon Escape (video excerpt)". I also feel I should add that I do not believe its value has anything to do with the idea of ridiculing insane people, who I love from afar (the further the better), but rather, that through the medium of humor, it permits a metaphoric point of focus regarding people connecting with people, or not, beginning with the disconnects residing inside and outside the insane. And this great little video of mine (how I go on) doesn't even read as anything so complex when you don't wish it to!

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:52 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Saturday, August 1, 2009

Excavating The Truth In Seven Words Or

Before I let you see this videoclip, I feel I should first make a certain point that I've made from time to time regarding some of the videoclips I've posted on this site: nothing is proven by it, unless you read my July 30th blog when it was published and not two days later. Because this here blog site may indicate a publication date, yet one finds that it can misrepresent the actual date of publication, whether one wishes to have this site serve as a reliable record of the date of publication or not. For this reason, I did not create this videoclip to prove something, I made it to pass something along to those who already believe in my veracity, and to those who may someday believe in my veracity (as opposed to those who presume me a liar, an idiot, or delusional).

For that matter, those things I've copyrighted with the Library of Congress are scarcely proven to one and all as having been created when the copyright states they were, in the sense that those who cannot access these works through the Library of Congress wouldn't get their proof of the exact work's date of publication until such is demonstrated in a court of law. And as for common-law copyright, even if a hundred people saw a 1993 video of mine in 1993, you don't get to see those hundred people bearing witness to the fact that it was indeed created no later than 1993,

and you wouldn't have to believe them if they did bear witness. Then there's the stuff of mine posted on sites where the date of publication presented is to be relied upon and cannot be tampered with. Yet who knows, perhaps someday those sites will be gone, or my works banished from them. Because in order for me to show that I'm the major influence I claim to be, I don't just post my own original videos - I also post videoclips like the one you'll see in this blog, videoclips that contain things copied off the TV (a no-no that leaves me vulnerable). I post such videoclips in order to be able to make a clear point, by way of inter-editing my works with the works they've influenced, showing the cause and the effect side-by-side. Because, fancy that, I'd like people to see what I mean about my being a major influence.

One thing I might be saying here is, despite my considerable and extensive influence on innumerable works by others, from The Beatles to Starting Up A Brand New Day to the Rolling Stones to Spielberg to you-name-it, I'm still left at square one, no doubt because it serves the interests of the powers that be - which might be more tolerable if not for the fact that I am so major an influence. Is it possible that this ultimately taints the works of all who found their rationale for leaving something essentially of a historical nature in such a convoluted state? God knows. It is unfortunate that I am not made out of rubber, able to exhibit flexibility in all matters of consequence. And so I still look for something to happen regarding this situation.

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:15 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Denny Crane, John Lennon

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JULY 2009

Thursday, July 30, 2009

Connecting The Olive Branches

First:

I'm pleased to begin by making what I for one consider an important announcement: I'm currently at work on a new video, which will be a very brief excerpt from my new comedy scene, just posted a few days ago at archive.org, "Larry Houdini and Napoleon Escape".

Next:

Though I'm well aware that the point made by this following videoclip fails at being self-apparently valid, I feel that Letterman is falling way behind in his competition with Conan to make inside-references to me/my material, therefore I shall go ahead and credit them this one, though it be at personal expense to my own credibility among the "uninitiated" (as if I ever had credibility/credit with that group to begin with):

video

Third:

I'm continually getting the feeling that people who write articles at HuffingtonPost.com are reading my blogs, not just because of content but also because of timing. For example, a day or so following my blog wherein I state that Conan and Dave should go cold turkey on their need to ridicule anyone who uses pot, General McCafferty wrote a blog at Huffington Post where the title referred to an addiction to imprisoning people for "drug" use. By the way, I felt compelled to post a Comment to that article, as I think it's time someone started screaming about how certain commonly used phrasing ("substance abuse", "drug abuse", etc.) lumps the heroin addict together with the casual user of pot. It essentially generates a prejudice, inciting/promoting/sustaining/encouraging/suggesting, etc. a mindset against casual users of pot that is totally disconnected from reality.

Fourth:

I once sent to Paul McCartney for his birthday the following drawing (now contained within my collection of graphic artwork book, "Go Eyes, Go!"):

This birthday gift led to the opening line on the opening song of his "Flaming Pie" music CD, "The Song We Were Singing":

"For a while, we could sit, smoke a pipe,
And discuss all the vast intricacies of life"

By presenting the idea of sitting, smoking a pipe, and reflecting on things with another person, McCartney is clearly and deliberately taking the concept of smoking a pipe and playing on the different connotation pot brings to it, contrasted with what sitting and smoking a pipe meant in an earlier time. Because we are familiar with the context McCartney brings. My drawing, with its title, does the identical thing with a pipe, it plays on the once traditional connotation of pipe smoking as something an older person does, involving tobacco and reflection, contrasted with what pipe smoking means in the context The Beatles and/or Lennon brings. It also makes a larger point about the different context of our lives from those who lived before our time, and the need for redefinition this brings. We both make the point with the identical "prop" and in an essentially identical manner. Thus, as with many things McCartney brings to the world, this is something I brought to McCartney.

I bring it up today because President Obama seemed trapped by outmoded mentality when he had the cop and Gates come together for a beer. And now people having a beer together is

burned into the idea of a dignified way to iron out what might from the outside appear to be racial tension. I therefore draw special attention today to the opening line of Paul McCartney's "Flaming Pie" music CD. Maybe those who sit together and pass around a pipe emanate a greater aura of dignity to a moment of coming together. Some will see things as I do.

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:24 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Flaming Pie

Sunday, July 26, 2009

Honk If You See A Clown's Nose

So I'm driving on the freeway this afternoon, or this morning, it was right around noon, and there's this guy driving next to me on my left. He looks almost exactly like Paul McCartney, only obviously he isn't because he has white hair. But as I am someone who plays a major role in Paul McCartney's artistic life, for the sake of the history of humanity I decide I should try to be more sure. I reposition my car in relation to him, so that now he is driving next to me on my right, and he still looks like Paul McCartney. So I decide there's only one way to be certain, I'll drive in front of him and look at him through my rear view mirror, as no one can fake this acid test. Before I can do this, however, the traffic gets bad and each lane is moving in fits and starts. I had considered previously driving behind him for quite a substantial distance to see if he was driving from L.A. to Liverpool, that would cinch it. But hey, if Paul McCartney wants to lose me he'll lose me, and if he wants to not lose me he won't lose me, irrespective of traffic. What do my steering wheel and gas pedal really have to do with it, considering the real options available to a billionaire? And then my lane of traffic (it's now been ten minutes since the last time the McCartney look-alike was anywhere near me) comes to a near-complete stop. It turns out, a van driven by a guy with clown makeup and a clown nose on had a completely flat tire, yet he was inching along just the same. And behind the van, inching along with blinkers flashing, a car also being driven by a guy with clown makeup and a clown nose on. Hey, you don't need clowns with flat tires, I can take a hint - unless.... well, it's pointless to conjecture when the possibilities are endless.

This reminded me of the time in 1983 when I was sitting next to a guy dressed up like Sherlock Holmes in London's Baker Street Underground Station. McCartney was across the platform, the rest of the station being nearly empty (it was May 13th, approximately 11pm, and I'm sure everyone who was there will verify everything I've reported here). The next day (still 1983) Nat Greenberg, an old friend of an old family friend (Phil Gordis, who plays Mr. Kelbman in my Dostoyevsky video), invited me to a dinner party (Nat used to live next door to McCartney in St. John's Wood). I had only been in London for a few days, had never been there before. After the dinner party (two weeks later), Nat said I could crash at an unoccupied house in St. John's Wood he was going to sell.

As for Baker Street, besides being known for a song I was an influence on, entitled "Baker Street" (which includes the line on which I was not an influence, "he's the rolling stone"), it is also commonly associated with Sherlock Holmes. Furthermore, shortly after the McCartney-and-Steinhoff-in-Baker-Street-Station moment, McCartney released the movie, "Give My Regards To Broad Street," where the bad guys are Rathbone Industries, actor Basil Rathbone being another name commonly associated with Sherlock Holmes (the shot introducing McCartney in "Broad Street" came from my 1978 video, "How Did The Future Learn To Play Monopoly," which I had left with film producer Sean Daniel, a friend of McCartney's and the first person from whom I had learned of CalArts, the school I attended).

So the main thing is, today is Mick Jagger's birthday: Happy birthday, Mick Jagger! (I think he's a Rolling Stone)

I almost forgot, it appears from something Seth Rogen said on Conan on Friday, 7/24 that his people also followed me, several weeks ago.

Posted by Steinhoff at 5:48 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: clowns

Friday, July 24, 2009 Feet And The Ground

Before presenting this solid proof that I know what I'm talking about all the time make no mistake, I shall first beg your indulgence and clarify something from my previous blog.

In my previous blog, wherein I refer to specific things on Letterman and Conan regarding alcohol use, I expressed my belief that these TV shows did things apropos of what I had stated earlier that day in a comment (on Huffington Post in response to an article) about excessive targeting of pot use when alcohol use can just as easily be targeted. I believe this kind of targeting has less to do with the effect of pot on people and more to do with alcohol being legal, so therefore talk show hosts tended towards letting that fact make their choice for them regarding whose mind functionality to ridicule. However, I did not mean to say that alcohol use is never a target, nor that every time it is this is therefore being done apropos of something I stated. I was very specific about the very specific context that led to this specific assessment in this specific instance.

I might also add that, while it is generally understood that alcohol use can mean the consumption of a dignified glass of wine with dinner, and not necessarily drinking a bottle of whiskey five times a day causing one to be drunk on one's ear, the correlation in terms of pot seems strangely absent. Pot use is only represented as causing people to be stoned out of their minds, with no balanced mind functionality and no entitlement to dignity while under the influence, unlike those who use alcohol in moderation. Until this changes, I must condemn such blatant prejudice and the dangerous, massive disrespect of and interference against all of the legitimate people doing important things that it propagates. Is it just ignorance of the relatively benign aspects of pot use, or a tendency to offer up a random group of people for everyone to beat up on (perhaps without physical violence, but beat up just the same), tapping into the suppressed malicious bile of neurotics passing themselves off as the embodiment of sanity? And portraying themselves as society's voices of morality?

Letterman and Conan, you are of course terrific, I know you can cold turkey on this urge to ridicule pot use, and when it's over, and you're just targeting Republicans and right-wing Democrats as you should, you'll see it was worth it, and you'll have me to thank, but you'll never acknowledge my contributions outright, will you? No, never. Well anyway, the following videoclip, which makes reference to the 7/23/09 Conan in relation to my 1993 "Mall Man" video, pretty much speaks for itself (may I add that it should be seen in the context that for over a month now I've been pointing out that I recently seem to have some kind of a place influencing late night television, more than I usually do, at least):

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:14 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: socks

Wednesday, July 22, 2009 Follow, You Idiot

Much that is worth saying in this world requires a substantial amount of context/backstory in order to appreciate the important reason why it is even being said. And yet it seems as if the Twittering-Away-The-World society we're moving towards generates the idea that anything that fails to produce an immediately positive, instant reaction, anything that needs to call forth a non-self-apparent context, isn't worth anyone's time. We who inhabit non-self-apparent contexts should recognize the increasing need to stand our non-self-apparent ground. Knowing that I exist in a world where corruption and convolutions are fed by evil, stupidity, and just plain lack of wisdom, I

find myself apprehensive that the last word on so much might ultimately be allowed to be nothing more than a "twitter".

What brought all this on? The simple fact that, once again, for the millionth time, I must insist that before my words are judged, a few things must be carefully put together to appreciate a point I wish to make, and that it will seem only too easy to justify that I am asking too much. Well, here I come, ready or not.

In a number of my more recent blogs, I've demonstrated that I've been an influence on Conan O'Brien's "Tonight Show" and on David Letterman's "Late Show". My proof has been particularly manifest to those who are intelligent, and also particularly manifest to those who have witnessed the dates of publication of my blogs in relation to things that followed. As I've expressed before, this blog site makes a poor witness, considering that one can tamper with the date of publication - that is, unless one reads the blog on the day it appears, then you know when I said what. When I've fallen short of being able to provide proof of my influence (many things are done by us and happen to us that we will never be able to prove in an absolute way), I've asked that the credit to which I am entitled be applied. Credit from those times when proof is in fact provided, even beyond when my blogs did or did not appear, the proof residing elsewhere. I ask that my as yet unproven assertions be nevertheless considered without the taint of cynicism, that this is something to which I personally am entitled.

It is because of there being such recent interest in me by Letterman and O'Brien that I wonder about several things that happened last night on these shows in relation to myself:

video

And now I direct you to a Comment I made (as JonathanDS) to an article posted on Huffingtonpost.com (on July 21st at 12:16pm, prior to the taping of either show), the article being entitled, "Smoking The Green Shoots" (after you're done, I have a yet another comment or two): I draw attention to this because Dave and Conan are among the first people I think of when I wonder why it so often happens that alcohol use escapes being the target of cliches. Again and again, we are asked to applaud the assumption that the minds of people who prefer pot to alcohol are to be disrespected. Nevertheless, the audiences of Dave and Conan are not exclusively comprised of people so unanimous in their opinion of pot, so we often see a fence-sitting act - but rarely is it suggested on these shows that the minds of those who occasionally touch alcohol are necessarily suspect. It happens, but far more often, when pot or alcohol are interchangeable for the choice made by these talk show hosts as to who to ridicule, that those who like a glass of wine get to maintain their respectability, and those who would instead choose a joint.... lose.

Because of the particularly recent inside-references to me/my material on these shows, I seriously consider it possible that I might have made a difference, at least momentarily, with regard to the moments shown in the videoclip.

So: now let's all take the two hours we millions spend watching these shows every night, millions and millions of hours when put together, and use that collective time and energy (waning, sleepy energy, but I'm not picky) to build a, to build a.... I'm going to need a moment, I'll have to get back to you on this. I know there's got to be an untapped resource waiting for me around here somewhere, God knows the world is waiting for it.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:39 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: thyme

Monday, July 20, 2009

One Small Stepbrother For Man

Overcome by the guilt that can only come from being a major influence here and there on Will Ferrell yet not seeing his movies until they come to premium cable channels and even then sometimes not seeing them immediately (this does not include movies that involve Stuart Cornfeld and Will Ferrell, I will always go see Cornfeld movies as soon as they come out in theatres), this time around I saw a Will Ferrell movie on the first day it appeared on a premium cable channel. I refer to "Step Brothers," which was made available for viewing on Starz On Demand Early Premieres today for the first time.

I will not write a movie review, however, I do feel compelled to say that I consider this movie to be truly original for the particular brand of absurdity in its premise, the specific unreality that permeates its characters and what they are capable of. I also see that it is highly unlikely that this movie will ever really be recognized for its originality, but will instead always be the target of tired, cliched criticism by those among us who are presumed adult and serious. Some will feel generous to grant that it is an "anything goes" slapstick comedy, however, I see significant creativity beneath the unreality, not unlike the way I believe the scifi "Twilight Zone" premises illuminate more truthful, insightful revelations regarding human emotions and the soul than do the so-called real premise upon which serious Chuck Norris-type characters dwell.

In this movie Will Ferrell continues his tradition of frequently being influenced by me in a big way. Back when I saw his small part in the first Austin Powers movie ("Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery," 1997), Will Ferrell's character performed an action I perceived as being based on my 1978 video, "How Did The Future Learn To Play Monopoly".

In my 1978 video, set in a relatively primitive future, a prisoner is brought before the king, refusing to divulge how to play Monopoly. The king has a whole Monopoly game, and the prisoner is the only remaining man alive who knows how to play Monopoly. Yet as if having learned a lesson from Prometheus, the Greek mythological character who gave fire to man, the prisoner will not be responsible for corrupting the human race. Alright, I was making a metaphorical statement about the very seed of capitalism. However, the prisoner's great feeling of repugnance at the thought of bringing knowledge of Monopoly back into the world did not necessarily represent my personal views on economic systems. I wanted to show how the seed of something that can be pervasively superimposed over everyone's life can exist in such sheep-like clothing - unless one sees my choice of Monopoly as random, the prisoner character's extreme feelings towards it totally absurd. My video obviously suggests a backstory to his aversion, yet leaves you to guess about it. And now back to the story: Next, everyone around the king begins to chant, like children who know the power of acting as one, "We wanna play Monopoly! We wanna play Monopoly! We wanna play Monopoly!" The prisoner finally cannot stand it, blurting out that if they will just stop torturing him with their chanting in this way he will give in and teach them how to play Monopoly. And so he does.

In the 1997 "Austin Powers" movie, Ferrell's scene is similar, where the childish, repetitious chanting of something humorously produces the effect of forcing a character's desired capitulation. One might also note that the premise of "Austin Powers" involves an individual who is something of a singular remnant of a bygone era, or at least the only one who hasn't moved beyond it, and is at one with ways that others are now outsiders to, despite there having once been a time when many were a part of the grooviness. This gives Powers much in common with the only remaining survivor from among all who knew the secret of how to play Monopoly. To be totally convinced of my influence on the Ferrell character in that movie, you might also need to be familiar with how often people such as Mike Myers et al are influenced by me.

And so, when years and years later Ferrell made his YouTube surprise hit videos with the very, very little girl Pearl, "Landlord" and "Good Cop, Bad Cop," wherein the ability of a small child to be ultra-insistent and unyielding (childish, to be precise) pitted against an adult prove far too powerful for the adult to be able to hold his ground, I was already on that page with regard to Will Ferrell. In fact, "Good Cop, Bad Cop" even has the Ferrell character divulging his great secret to the very, very little girl, Pearl (she interrogates a murder confession out of him). This would have

reminded me of "How Did The Future Learn To Play Monopoly" even if Ferrell in "Austin Powers" had not.

This thing about children encapsulates much of what "Step Brothers" is about, the power of childishness to dominate adult situations in so big a way, something one could liken to David and Goliath, in that one seemingly powerful is actually no match against one who appears comparatively weak. This idea is more specifically focused on when we see the schoolchildren are able to so completely overcome the two adult stepbrothers.

The filmmakers seem to share my perception that the stepbrothers in relation to the schoolchildren epitomizes something at the core of the movie, for the final scene of the movie is their return match, offering the moviegoer a way to crystalize on the growth of the stepbrothers - absurdist growth, of course.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:57 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: children

Sunday, July 19, 2009

Water Is My Friend

A brand new thought has occurred to me, and like many of my brand new thoughts, it might actually have been 42 years in the making, five seconds here, two seconds there, it all adds up to real time spent. Sort of like only thinking about pancakes once a week, because that's how often you have them. Yes, I am going to attempt the impossible: a hypothesis about the Beatles song, "I Am The Walrus".

First, matters of comparatively lesser importance (come to think of it, if my upcoming hypothesis has any validity, there are few matters in the world with greater importance - this may be an exaggeration prompted by a momentary enthusiasm).

Matter of lesser importances number one: my DVR crashed, which means, I saw neither Letterman nor Conan on Friday, July 17th, as my plan had been to watch them on DVR after they aired. Those who have been following my blogs might consider this a matter of potential significance - I cannot say, as I haven't seen the shows I missed(!). I will point out that something that occurred on the Thursday, July 16th Conan related to what I blogged on July 15th, 4am in relation to Conan: I blogged the idea that there is danger in sports if a ball comes at you with great velocity (in the instance I cited, danger to Conan's sidekick, Andy Richter). And so on the July 16th Conan, Venus Williams hit a tennis ball "to" Conan, Conan garbed in a catcher's mask and talking about the danger he was in from the ball coming at him at a great velocity. The following night, July 17th.... I don't know what happened on Conan, or Letterman.

My DVR has since been replaced by AT&T (all recorded shows gone), though who knows what might have made it happen in the first place? I use the word "might", and thankfully no one likes hypotheticals, and so therefore I can leave behind the "whole thing" now that the DVR has been replaced.

Next, I finally got around to seeing the Will Ferrell movie, "Semi-Pro". I've often been an influence on what Will Ferrell does (including the night of his farewell from SNL), and this movie is no exception. I will let this videoclip speak for itself (enabled to do so by all the printed words I've worked into it):

video

Well, it almost speaks for itself. I should add that, while the student film "Limbo" referred to in this videoclip was a film class project, wherein 15 or so people made various contributions in various

ways, the scene shown here was by me, guided by the basic plot of the pre-written story our class used, but mine nevertheless.

This next videoclip regards the now-cancelled TV show, "Dirty Sexy Money," the last few previously un-aired episodes of which are now being shown on ABC. This TV show, like many other show biz product, has in the past made inside-references to my work. The thing of particular interest is that (the late) Bill Clayburgh, the father of one of its stars, Academy Award winning actress Jill Clayburgh, was my next-door neighbor in New York City during most of the '80s and early '90s, and appears in my Dostoyevsky video. In presenting this videoclip, I also offer you not one link but a second link as well to videoclips showing other times when this TV show made inside-references to my Dostoyevsky. So now the latest (though originally intended for airing around Thanksgiving 2008, apparently):

video

And now on to The Beatles. Specifically, as promised, I offer my hypothesis about the Beatles (Lennon basically) song, "I Am The Walrus". To do so, I feel I must first attempt to dispel the notion that if Lennon himself says the words to the song are all nonsense, therefore it's all nonsense. I use as my example to illustrate this another Lennon claim that one should take with more than one grain of salt. With regard to his album, "Double Fantasy", Lennon on the one hand explained that album title as being in connection with a planned follow-up album to be titled, "A Heart Play" - from a fantasy to a play. The strict meaning of the words "Double Fantasy" are about two people and fantasy, fantasy being a word one associates with an act of the imagination. Two people are on the cover, John and Yoko, pretending (as in "fantasy"), to be unassociated individuals waiting for a traffic light, and then suddenly kissing (by the way, in 1974 a close friend of Lennon, Howard Smith, once suggested to me that in New York City I could just start up a relationship with a woman while standing next to her waiting for a traffic light. Howard was amazingly gregarious). Yet Lennon also claimed that the album was named after a flower (when translated) called, "Double Fantasy". I dispute this - not the existence of such a flower name, but that this explanation provides the entire meaning of the album name. No doubt the flower name first put the idea in his head. However, I argue that if someone with the last name of Smith gives their son the first and middle names of George Washington, and then someone named Jones does the same thing, but claims their son was named after George Washington Smith, Mr. Jones would certainly have to accept that, as far as everyone is concerned, he can say this all he wants, just the same George Washington Jones has been named after George Washington, period, and if he didn't see this happening as the consequence, well, he had to see this happening as the consequence.

Lennon could not possibly have been oblivious to what he was communicating, in terms of the non-flower aspect to the sound of the name, "Double Fantasy". When he said otherwise to an interviewer, I'm sure he had his reasons, but the final truth of the matter must certainly be different.

Perhaps he wished to bring to the table the idea that an artist's private concept regarding what is behind his own decisions for his work, or what are perceived as his private concept, does not necessarily become the prevailing concept. I furthermore believe this to be the kind of larger statement Lennon enjoyed making, and if I took the time could find many ways to prove this point about Lennon. A Beatle gets used to doing things that require another to take it from there.

As a songwriter Lennon was something of a poet as well, and a poet should not always be held responsible, after the creation of a work, for knowing exactly what prompted what. McCartney said on Letterman just the other night that other people know his history better than he. There are times when another person is in a better position than ourselves to document our actions. I would not want to be my own spokesman if I had just had a fifth of whiskey (in truth I do not drink at all, a glass of wine a year perhaps).

And thus ends my attempt at dispelling the idea that Lennon and only Lennon should have the last word on whether "Walrus" was all nonsense.

"I Am The Walrus" includes, among other things, options about identity. There is both the idea of being someone with the identity of a cog in the corporate wheel, and becoming the target of reproaches from a twisted corporate mentality for not fitting in. There is the idea that an Edgar Allen Poe also becomes a target. There are those who become faceless through their identity, eggmen and policemen and penguins. This song is an example of how an artist might be influenced by a subject he already touched on in song: "Paperback Writer," created shortly before "Walrus," also discusses the idea of finding an identity/position in the world (just as the line in the Beatles' "Golden Slumbers," "Once there was a way to get back home," is not unlike the dominant subject of the song, "Get Back," both created during the same general period).

My 1965 story, "Endless Voyage," described in my previous blog and elsewhere, and which I contend led to a number of Beatle songs (including "Paperback Writer") and began my lifelong importance in relation to the individual members of The Beatles, ends with the underwater civilization building a monument to the first underwater people. It is as tall as the Empire State Building, which was the tallest building in the world at the time I wrote it. However, because the monument has its foundation beneath the sea, it only rises a few feet above the water. In "I Am The Walrus," Lennon writes, "semolina pilchard climbing up the Eiffel Tower". No one before this song had ever heard of "semolina pilchard", however, semolina is a pudding, and pilchard is a type of sardine (usually fed to cats). So you have sardines, i.e., underwater animals, climbing the Eiffel Tower, an architectural structure often thought of as being part of the same special, very small category as the Empire State Building. Furthermore, "Endless Voyage", by being about sending half the human race to live underwater as the solution to overpopulation, is not so far from the colloquial use of the word "sardine" to denote people when they're being crammed together. Additionally, walruses and penguins are also sea creatures. If my contention about the handful or so of other Beatles songs is correct, that they built upon material in my story, "Endless Voyage," it would greatly increase the likelihood that a Beatles song with various sea creatures also followed suit.

Initially I had understood that part of the reason behind Lennon's "Walrus" was "The Walrus And The Carpenter" from "Through The Looking Glass" by Lewis Carroll, where the walrus eats the babies. A poet putting the word "egg" so near to the word "walrus" may actually have been, consciously or unconsciously, influenced by Carroll's writing, among other things. Yet are we willing to hypothesize that Lennon would write a song influenced by words from an author? Lennon never dictated that we think this, and that fact will always be "all she wrote" for any number of people. I think Lennon might also have had a special willingness to offer support, under certain circumstances, for those in situations requiring them to swim against the tide. Posted by Steinhoff at 12:51 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: walrus

Thursday, July 16, 2009

If I Had A Nickel For Every Grain Of Sand In The Universe

Before I make with the videoclip that will present to you how I believe I was a part of last night's talk show activities, including Paul McCartney's Letterman appearance, I will first say a few things thru the medium of writing (I'm hoping that somehow the writing that appears in the videoclip will be seen as part of a separate medium entirely).

The "Statement of Blog Purpose" that accompanies my blogs refers to a story I wrote in 1965, "Endless Voyage", and how it led to the Beatle songs "Eleanor Rigby", "Yellow Submarine" and "Paperback Writer". I have omitted from that statement other Beatle songs that it also led to, because it would sound far-fetched - I joke, not about where the Beatle songs came from, but about the idea that the line between what everyone regards as far-fetched-sounding and what

sounds ordinary generally places me on the ordinary-sounding side. Yet even within the realm of the far-fetched-sounding there are distinctions, between far-fetched-sounding, very far-fetched-sounding, very, very far-fetched-sounding - I think you can grasp this point. My frequent contentions that things created and done by The Beatles and the ex-members The Beatles, when not carefully scrutinized on a serious basis, including an extensive review of the evidence, obviously give a whole new meaning to the concept of "far-fetched".

"Endless Voyage" has much in common with the idea, "You can't go home again". In a nutshell (I provide the word "nutshell" much like one pokes little breathing holes in a pet hamster box - when you have finished with your innovation on the word "nutshell" I shall continue. Oh yes, I hear you laughing. Please, enjoy yourself! You're thinking: only a nut would - but I digress), "Endless Voyage" is about a future world where over-population leads the powers that be to consider options regarding what to do with all the people, deciding where they all belong. A pill is developed, making it possible for a person to breathe underwater, but once one takes the pill, one can never breathe air again ("you can't go home again"). So half the human race is to live underwater, the other half above-water. A separation into two peoples results, those who breathe water and cannot breathe air, and those who breathe air and cannot breathe water.

At the time I wrote this story, it was a class assignment to write only a two-page story, to be based on a photograph one selected from among a group of photographs. My 15 pages created a stir, as if an endless amount of pages had been written, especially considering that all I had was a photograph. (I understand that nowadays it is considered far less unusual for a ten-year old to immerse themselves thusly.)

Other Beatle songs that resulted: "Rain" (flipside of the single release, "Paperback Writer", wherein the first-person singular speaks of rain as if his orientation is fundamentally alien to the listener), "Get Back", "Golden Slumbers", "Octopus' Garden". There may be others, I'll have to think about it. Let me get back to you, I've been very busy.

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:32 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Water

Wednesday, July 15, 2009

Something In And On The Air

Once upon a time, Smokey Robinson sang the words, "You really got a hold on me," this despite the fact that his first name is Smokey, yet we all know that gaseous substances are the very things we cannot get a hold of. John Lennon once made a similar point, describing his innate sense of the importance of creating that which one cannot get an absolute hold of. Unfortunately I cannot recall exactly how Lennon phrased this similar point, though I am quite sure it was on a talk show.

I have digressed from the idea I wanted to share, an idea that, once you have a grasp of it, I know it will be something you will not easily let go of. I am not talking about denture adhesive, however, I am getting ahead of myself.

As the videoclip I bring with me today shows, the July 14th "Tonight Show with Conan O'Brien" (and Andy Richter) featured quite a lot being made out of Andy Richter dropping a ball. One might also be aware that my previous blog, dated July 11th, is entitled, "Not Dropping It", and focuses on several of that past week's Conan O'Brien shows in terms of their being influenced by myself. [I do appreciate that this blog site does not offer proof of the chronology of events, it being that the date on a blog does not have to reflect the actual date of publication or when it might have been later edited, therefore only those who read something when it first appears can testify to the actual chronology of when what was written. From my point of view, this is unfortunate.]

Speaking of denture adhesive, yesterday a woman I was speaking with said that later she would be taking her son to the dentist. She also mentioned that she had a total of four children. I then asked, "How many teeth is that all together then?" And though there was a certain amount of humor in my question, I believe a very important point was made about exactly what we create and exactly how it is perceived. Which is why dentists, metaphorically speaking, should not be taken overly serious when they discuss what they see as the contributions of Paul McCartney (perhaps also non-metaphorically speaking).

By the way, Paul McCartney will be appearing on Letterman tonight, and by the way again, Letterman could be seen playing catch in the studio with a guest on his show last night. Like his competition on NBC, Letterman has also thrown the ball to me from time to time, and vice-versa, sometimes including the show on "that other network" at the same time as well.

video

I've studied this videoclip, and I don't believe Timmy actually exists. When a ball is thrown to you as it was to Andy, you must catch it in the right part of the glove, otherwise it can hurt, even injure, your hand. If Andy's hand were injured, it would limit the show's writers in terms of the bits they could write for Andy. I believe Andy did the right thing by dropping the ball, and if Jenna Fischer benefited from the situation, deservedly or not, that's the way the ball, well, I leave the rest to your imagination.

Posted by Steinhoff at 3:57 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: denture adhesive

Saturday, July 11, 2009

Not Dropping It

The actions of others once again call upon me to call upon those bothering to read this to take my word for stuff. At some point I plan to create a listing of those things which do serve as evidence of my "secret" importance – at this time such proof is scattered here and there amongst various postings at various sites, sites where the date of posting cannot be tampered with. Even in those numerous instances the reader is required to put a few things together in order to see the proof, but at least those with intelligence can thereby find proof, and not depend on trusting in my word. I'm not sure when I will get around to listing these things, so for now I will limit myself to suggesting that you look at all of my "Monk" clips on YouTube (where I am Zoomsteinhoff). The implication of these clips, when taken cumulatively, should be unmistakable for an intelligent person: I am important in relation to the show, "Monk". Again, this is but one of numerous high profile show biz "matters" where I am of "secret" importance. I am also "secretly" important in relation to McCartney, Lennon, Spielberg, SNL, etc., and have provided what should serve as proof to an intelligent person.

Nevertheless, for this blog I once again refuse to gear myself only towards the lowest common denominators among us by talking about the weather, and will instead present information for the benefit of those who have already concluded that I am both truthful and know what I'm talking about.

An undocumented event occurred on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 8th: I threw a key to someone, who failed to catch it, we agreed that we would try it again, again the other person failed to catch it (and yet it was an easy throw, I swear this to you). This occurred at my workplace. Another person at my workplace, someone with whom I work on a daily basis more or less, is a friend of Larry King's. She has a photo of herself talking to Larry King at a party last Christmas Eve. You have not seen this photo, there is no proof to provide you with that this photo exists (as I am not inclined to request the photo for posting – besides, I would then have to document that the other person in the photo is my co-worker, that the photo is genuine – it would

be nearly impossible to convince the skeptic), so, I have no proof of what I say here, you must simply take my word. That very night on Conan O'Brien, Larry King was the guest. Prior to his appearance, Andy threw a coffee cup to Conan, Conan failed to catch it. They agreed to try it again, again Conan failed to catch it (and yet it was an easy throw, I swear to you – it almost looked as if Conan was batting the cup down). You could verify this if you saw the show. I am not providing a clip here, as I can't prove that the other game of catch took place anyway, so it hardly seems worth it, right? You are left having to take my word. Related to this is the fact that this was Conan's first week of new shows following a week off preceded by a week in which his Cameron Diaz interview included things for my benefit, proven when put alongside a continuation of the references to the same things said for my benefit when Diaz appeared on "Real Time With Bill Maher". I was able to point to a 2008 posting on another site that proved the inside-references by Cameron Diaz. As for these blogs, in and of themselves they offer no proof of when I say what, as the date of publication can be tampered with (as I've mentioned before, I could return to today's blog in 2012 and add the name of the winner of the 2012 presidential election, and the date of the blog posting would still be 2009). Of course, if you read and or print my blogs on the date I publish them, you would be able to testify as to when I actually said what – but like that'll happen.

Conan went on to reference other things in relation to me on Thursday's (7/9/09) and Friday's shows, but it gets very involved, and so I only have the strength to go into one of them. Let's see, for this reference I would have to begin with the fact that, as someone "secretly" important in relation to Spielberg and McCartney, I am tracked when I drive somewhere. If you liken my role in this world to that of an Iowa bank teller, this will sound strange. If you liken my role as someone with serious influence on things that shape the way the world digests major things, maybe you're intelligent enough to appreciate my observing to you that tracking technology is used on me.

And I go further, if you can follow me. There are databases that record this information, so that if I bought a few Knightsbridge turtlenecks seven years ago at a particular Target, and Knightsbridge is where George Harrison surfaces in the database, it being that his Handmade Films (me being an influence on their "Time Bandits") is in Knightsbridge, London, this might be in the database somewhere. So if on Saturday, July 4th I returned to that Target after seven years and bought a plastic turtle, it would very possibly happen that the store clerk would give me as change a dollar bill on which someone had handwritten, www.wheresgeorge.com. It would also very possibly happen that Conan O'Brien, on his Friday July 10th show, would sing a song to and about plastic turtles.

My suggestion is that, though coincidences do happen, things buried more than a million miles below the surface are not off the table in my world. In fact, there are those who prefer finding the paths by which such things can be put on the table, rather than focusing only on the latest weather report. You already know how databases and search engines work, you're just a stranger to how things unfold where billionaires and billion-dollar interests are concerned (e.g., I'm the one who created NBC's "My Name Is Earl", yet never received credit and won't shut up about it). I imagine some arguing that just because I associate Knightsbridge with George Harrison, how would someone making a database have learned this; arguing that on the 4th of July there are two other Georges that would first suggest themselves in the mind of the average Joe. It might get very tedious for me to familiarize you with what one such as myself has come to expect. At this point, I cannot say just how tedious certain people might want things to be.

Posted by Steinhoff at 4:18 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Knightsbridge

Tuesday, July 7, 2009

Off With His Youth

First, serious business: when they announced who was in Michael Jackson's will, I immediately joked that since he saw fit to leave me out of his will I was going to spill the beans on him ("That's

it, Michael Jackson left me out of his will, I'm spilling the beans on him"). Today Paul McCartney felt compelled to make a statement in his blog that the media has fabricated the idea that he is angry that he was left out of Michael Jackson's will, that he never actually expected that he would be included. This related to articles about Michael Jackson returning the Beatles catalog to McCartney via his will, which was all fabrication. Easily another coincidence between McCartney and myself, unless you've been keeping track, in which case one will see not the slightest indication that this is the law of averages at work. As for the things Michael Jackson did in relation to me and my work, I will save that for another time went they aren't going around burying him and so on.

We All Live In A Beat-Up Old Red Car

Today is Ringo Starr's birthday, making that the main reason why the image I'm featuring at the end of this blog is Ringo from a section of "Uniform", a minor collage I made (and contained in my book of graphic artwork, "Go Eyes, Go!").

There are no small number of things associated with Ringo that never would have happened if not for me, the most significant being "Yellow Submarine", "Octopus' Garden" and "Photograph". Furthermore, Paul McCartney's music video for "This One" (a McCartney song that includes a contribution from my song, "Icicle", as does the Rolling Stones' song, "Almost Hear You Sigh", both borrowing from the same recurring part of my song) made use of another part of my "Uniform".

Nevertheless, there exists yet another reason why I felt prompted to feature this image today. First, fix in your mind the videoclip I'll be putting together in a month or so out of my 1993 "Mall Man" video, Steven Spielberg's most recent Indiana Jones movie, and Sean Daniel's most recent Mummy. Remember, both Spielberg's and Daniel's movies feature families reuniting and then going on an adventure together, and were released around the same time, and also, that Spielberg and Daniel are old friends and co-collaborators. Perhaps you can't fix this upcoming videoclip in your mind. Not even a clue? In that case you haven't been paying enough attention, because if you were smart, you'd already be close to knowing the point there to be made. Oh well, nevermind, I'll be coming back to this at some point anyway.

So yesterday I'm driving home from work, and I drive past Dreamworks Animation, which is on my way home, and two or three quiet blocks later this beat-up old red car drives by, conspicuous for several reasons: the driver's head barely comes up to the steering wheel; there's a baseball cap on his head (Giants, I think); and he looks like Spielberg. Now if you really task your imagination, you small-minded people with half a brain, you might consider it possible that an old beat-up red car could have the driver's seat reworked to lower how high up the driver's head appears. It would take a small fortune, yes, perhaps, I don't know, \$500, but it could conceivably be done.

It being that the ending of the last Indiana Jones movie is Spielberg borrowing from my 1993 "Mall Man" video, as Spielberg occasionally does ("Minority Report", "The Terminal"), and it further being that it also has to do with a character retrieving someone's hat, just as the latest Mummy by Spielberg's friend, Sean Daniel (the first person from whom I learned of CalArts, the school I attended), includes a character retrieving someone's head, I naturally went home to see what day it was in history. Because that is how the game is played. And sure enough, it was the same day in history that Thomas Moore was beheaded.

So you see why it is really Spielberg (or someone with a nearly identical head) who wants me to use this image of Ringo today:

Happy Birthday, Ringo!

Posted by Steinhoff at 6:10 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Henry VIII

Sunday, July 5, 2009

Rambling Threads

A few random things regarding big names that all have some connection to me:

Paul Newman

I recently asked Sandra Church, my next-door neighbor when I lived in New York City and also the star of my 1990, 1992 video, "Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's 'Uncle's Dream'" (Parts 1 and 2) about Paul Newman, as once upon a time she had a leading role in the play in which he made his debut as an actor, "Picnic". She explained that, "He (Newman) was the boy my mother in the play wanted me, Madge, to marry, and then Ralph Meeker came along and I ran off with him. Paul met Joanne Woodward in this play. She was the understudy for Janice Rule, whom I replaced. She read for the part but didn't get it." When one considers the occasionally strange behaviorisms of the human heart, it almost seems possible that, had Joanne Woodward gotten the part in "Picnic" instead of Sandra, rather than just being the understudy of Sandra's predecessor, and thereby had the opportunity to play opposite Newman night after night onstage, the specific chemistry that led to their marriage might never have taken form. What would Dostoyevsky say?

Paul McCartney

In my March 23, 2009 blog, I mentioned, among other things, that I had suddenly received a communication from someone I went to high school with over 35 years after high school. An interesting, 35-year old anecdote regarding this person, which I didn't consider relevant at the time of the blog, concerns Bob Dylan. The reason I would now like to relate this anecdote is that it appears to me that Paul McCartney has chosen to play off of it, 35 years after the fact.

When I attended Elisabeth Irwin High School, a small, private high school in New York City, Bob Dylan's children attended the elementary school connected to the high school, the famous left-wing school, Little Red School House (separated by Sixth Avenue and a few other things). In order to interview Bob Dylan for the high school publication, this person I knew got ahold of Dylan's phone number from someone in the school office. Dylan not only refused the interview, but called the school and said that if they should ever give out his phone number again he would stop giving money to the school.

About a month after this person contacted me after 35 years, Dylan put out the word through a Rolling Stone interview that he would like to collaborate with Paul McCartney. McCartney promptly put out the word through an interview that he too would like to collaborate with Dylan. This was followed by the media presuming that they would therefore collaborate, which led to McCartney putting out repeated denials, stating that it would have to occur organically, and that he couldn't possibly phone Dylan because it would be uncool, a violation of proper conduct/protocol. This would sound like a strange attitude for Paul McCartney to take, as he has a somewhat extensive history over the years of suddenly introducing himself to various well known people, particularly in music, for the purpose of collaborating (not to mention the fact that he and Dylan previously met, that Dylan and Harrison were Traveling Wilburys, etc.). It sounds less strange if you are as familiar as I am with Paul McCartney often playing off of things that are going on with me, and my fairly recent mention of this person in my blog would certainly be enough for McCartney to interpret that this person in the anecdote had taken on relevance in relation to me.

I might also mention that a few days ago I posted a comment to an article on Huffington Post in which I expressed the idea that the Oscars try to hype up the idea that Hollywood product is high art. The following day an article about McCartney appeared with the word "hype" in the title. I recognize that this looks a lot like random chance, yet I cannot presume that it necessarily is chance that made this word appear twice in two days thusly. It is my personal experience in relation to McCartney articles that this could be his way of touching on my comment. It is

additionally relevant here to make mention that it has become my surmise that there are certain articles about McCartney wherein he has played a major part in the putting together of the article, beyond just being the reporter's subject: this includes exact release time of the article, insertion of certain key elements without it being left to chance as to whether the reporter would prefer that such elements be included, article titles, etc. I'm sure no one sees anything intrinsically wrong with a person of his stature taking steps to avoid being left wide open to everyone to whom he grants an interview.

Jennifer Aniston

I expect most will think this next videoclip has about as much to do with Jennifer Aniston as the word hype in the McCartney article title had to do with my posting the word the day before. Well, my experiences tell me different things than what other people's experiences tell them. I also find that an idea that emerges here contains a certain poignancy in relation to the referenced movie title, "He's Just Not That Into You", if you look at the idea of blocking someone from leaving their mark as existing in contrast with being into someone.

Also, allow me to provide this link to the "Steinhoff and Aniston" posting on YouTube mentioned in the videoclip.

video

Drew Barrymore

The following videoclip, the result of my recently seeing the movie, "He's Just Not That Into You," pretty much speaks for itself, though one might also want to see the videoclip in my blog of June 28th, where I also mention Drew Barrymore.

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:15 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: President's Analyst

Friday, July 3, 2009

Elementary My Dear School

If you can throw out the notion that many of my observations are those of a paranoid conspiracy theorist, and instead consider that close study shows the things I've described regarding the deaths of Princess Diana and the mother of the Duchess of York, the first bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993, and other occurrences, and the conclusions that become manifest when a certain context is perceived, are all substantive, then I have another thing you may find to be material.

I begin by making mention of my "Joel's Baby" screenplay, which I worked on in New York City for half-a-year (while on leave of absence from CalArts), a city which underwent a power blackout from July 13th to July 14th, 1977, beginning one half-hour after I went to the post office to mail the screenplay to Writers Guild of America West for the purpose of registering it. I've mentioned in an earlier blog how this screenplay led to Paul Simon's "Slip Slidin' Away" and other "stuff" (including the song, "Baker Street", which also mixed in verbatim words spoken during a personal conversation I once participated in).

In 1978, via telephone, Tom Long, the person who had suggested to me part of the premise of "Joel's Baby", and who appears as Peterson in my 1993 video, "Mall Man", and as described in my earlier blog, a person connected with the movie that virtually launched the careers of Henry Winkler and Sylvester Stallone, "Lords of Flatbush", suggested to me a new subject for me to work on: the story of a mermaid. Here one might note that six years later, Ron Howard (very

Henry Winkler-connected, i.e., The Fonz on “Happy Days”) directed “Splash”, a movie about a mermaid. “Splash” also starred Tom Hanks, whose 1980s TV sitcom (and basically his introduction to the public), “Bosom Buddies”, was created as the result of something I said in a conversation in 1978 to someone in proximity to those who would be connected to his sitcom (that show also used for its theme a Billy Joel song, “My Life”, which is about someone flying to the West Coast – on Easter Sunday 1978 Billy Joel sat next to me on a flight to California). I should add that the aforementioned personal conversation that found its way into “Baker Street” was in relation to the girl with whom I had the conversation that resulted in Tom Hanks’ sitcom. She went through a period when everyone was this or that kind of buddy: her laundry buddy, her pool buddy, her clothes buddy – she once called me her Sudafed Buddy because I once gave her some Sudafed sinus tablets. Hence, “Bosom Buddies”. She was staying at The Barbizon, the famous all-girls hotel in New York City, and my description of the means by which I planned to elude security to visit her, though not intended as a serious plan, was what led to a major part of the premise of “Bosom Buddies”. Additionally, years later, in 1993, after I saw someone in a restaurant whom we both knew at CalArts who was also in the Hanks movie, “Bachelor Party”, a car with the words “Kip” as part of the license plate drove in front of me on my way home (Kip was the name of Hanks’ character on “Bosom Buddies”). Yet that CalArts person in the restaurant was nothing compared to the other people in connection to Hanks’ show that were in proximity to the aforementioned Barbizon-related conversation.

My 1978 Mermaid Idea

In my story outline about a mermaid, an environmental scientist who was deeply in love with his wife, while studying water pollution in the ocean, learns that his supervisor is having an affair with his wife. This is immediately followed by the scientist meeting a mermaid while taking samples of ocean water, leading the audience to wonder whether his perception of meeting a mermaid might not be some kind of mental breakdown in response to his wife’s affair. The pervasiveness of the mermaid in his life increases in proportion to the scientist’s emotional despair regarding his wife’s affair: his positive anima became more dominant as a fantasy taking over as the real woman in his life pulled him further and further into emotional turmoil. Water pollution begins to sicken the mermaid. She introduces the scientist to a dolphin community, which leads him to a secret, major source of pollution in the ocean, caused by a villainous company. Finally the scientist’s heart breaks when his wife seeks a divorce. The mermaid then dies from the water pollution, perhaps actually killed by a malady to his sense of anima.

A short time after I had carried the story outline to this point, there was suddenly a news story about 100 dolphins being killed. Because of my experiences with people trying to screw with me big league in this “subtle” manner (put this news story alongside 100 other such experiences), following this, I somehow didn’t feel like staying in Hollywood.

I should add that the first job I had following CalArts was for an environmental studies company, and the person whose office was nearest to my cubicle was Robert Rickles, who had been New York City’s first Commissioner of the Environment, under Mayor John Lindsey.

I should also add that this was during the period when I was about to graduate from CalArts School of Film and Video, and was looking at a letter to me from Paul McCartney about possibly working for him, received a week after Billy Joel sat next to me on a plane to California. I was also looking at the possibility of being an assistant to John Lennon on a movie possibly in the works mentioned in Rolling Stone, “Street Messiah” (though Sean Daniel, the first person from whom I had learned of CalArts, who was a friend of each of The Beatles as well as Steven Spielberg, and who was soon to become Vice President of Universal and after that head of David Geffen’s film company, said the director mentioned in the Rolling Stone “Street Messiah” paragraph was a sleazy director I didn’t want to work for). During this period I expressed to some people an idea that landed on Lennon’s next album, “Double Fantasy”, in the song, “Cleanup Time”: “However far we travel, wherever we may roam, the center of the circle will always be our home.” I expressed the idea that it would seem that I didn’t need to stay in Hollywood to sorta kinda be in Hollywood, that were I to “serve” those at the very top, wherever I went I would find access and

people would find me (sure enough, everywhere I went I encountered intermediaries to Lennon and McCartney, and even now, McCartney intermediaries).

Another footnote to "Cleanup Time" is that, prior to "Double Fantasy", when I was throwing out all of my old albums in order to start over collecting records, after all of my albums were gone, the first album I bought was, "Nilsson Sings Newman" (Lennon was a close friend and collaborator of Nilsson's, as well as a big fan of Randy Newman), which contains a song, "I'll Be Home", with the line, "wherever you may wander and wherever you may roam". I personally feel that if not for this song, which is about a super-reliable person who will always be home for you, he might not have sent out the virtual invitation to every nutcase in the world to come see him at his home, an invitation, that is, in terms of his posing in front of his home for the "Double Fantasy" album cover. People may already have known where he lived, but I believe this sort of beckoned people ("Yo everybody, this is exactly where you can always find me in person, see?").

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:35 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Holmes

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JUNE 2009

Sunday, June 28, 2009

Jolly Fun

I am pleased to report that, as occurs from time to time, Bill Maher has again found space on his show, "Real Time With Bill Maher", for making inside-references for my benefit. I will let the videoclip included with today's blog speak for itself.

video

Additionally, I found that the June 25th "Tonight Show", which was the first "Tonight Show" to have the chance to react to my June 25th blog (which included my reaction to the June 22nd "Tonight Show", which included their reaction to my.... I think I've done enough recapping), contained inside-references to my June 25th blog. These particular inside-references are far from self-apparent to those who haven't carefully followed things. However, once one tunes in on the history of this (which goes back years and years), one accepts that there is a shorthand, and so one doesn't require everything to be spelled out.

Specifically, my June 25th blog, which discussed "The Tonight Show" of June 22nd, featured me on video speaking with some kind of strange New Jersey accent, and then an English accent, breaking character with wild abandon. On that night's "Tonight Show", both Conan and Max did their New Jersey accents. Later, a guest (English) discussed how his daughter starts sentences with an English accent and then breaks out of it, due to exposure to the U.S. and us what talks without English accents. While I am fully aware that discussion of accents is common, nevertheless, owing to the proximity in time to my Jersey and English accents, and "The Tonight Show" being where these particular references to accents occurred, I believe I am recognizing an actual and not an imaginary shorthand. Add to this the idea of an accent strangely fading in mid-sentence - again, something which I recognize comes up here and there, but exactly how often?

This has all led me to an important idea, which you must tell everyone about, yet keep secret, yet tell everyone about, I'm not sure how: Everyone in the U.S. must start speaking with an English accent, in order to can confuse the North Korean President Kim Jong Il. If we are convincing enough, he will wonder where the U.S. has disappeared to, and imagine us to be Great Britain. He will not bomb us if we all disguise ourselves, by which I mean, if we all disguise who we are through how we talk. Furthermore, as the 4th of July approaches, the 233rd anniversary of our victory over England, no American should still be harboring ill feeling towards the English, or at least not their accent. One loose tongue and it may doom us all.

Posted by Steinhoff at 12:03 AM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: [George Washington](#)

Thursday, June 25, 2009

The Big Three

Today I have for you Conan and Dave, both of whom have been keeping me "in the game" recently (see my June 4th blog for Dave, my June 17th blog for Conan), something they've done from time to time over the years. Both of these videoclips are from June 22, 2009, the night before Ed McMahon's death, relevant in that he was a major talk show guy. Also possibly relevant is the fact that, between Iran and North Korea, with their potential ousting of what's-his-name and threats of nuclear warfare, respectively, it's quite a time in the history of the planet/universe, whatever, to feel oneself having special access to so many. And yes, I consider these videoclips to imply a special access, that if I had something for Conan or Dave I could leave

it here and it might just get scrutinized, stamped with approval, and a few seconds in front of America (after being first filtered by their sensibilities, of course).

Dave:
video

Conan:
video

I also have to wonder about those without the cumulative perspective, people who can't quite connect that the cumulative implication contained in these videoclips, when combined with other things done in relation to me, is different from the implication (i.e., lack of an implication) seen without the cumulative perspective. If you don't put a few of things together, I'm looking like, well, a whole different person from the one you'll see when you do. This may not be a good time in the history of the universe to presume I'm not two inches from the American late night crowd, coming up with something to say.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:05 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Iran, North Korea

Monday, June 22, 2009

Simon Sings

With the announcement today that Kodak is discontinuing Kodachrome, I imagine it would be in some way appropriate for me to describe what I created that led to Paul Simon's song "Kodachrome". This is not something I can prove, short of Paul Simon admitting it. All you have are the innumerable things I can prove regarding people using my material, in terms of a reference for judging whether I am being truthful in this instance.

Before telling my "Kodachrome Story", I first offer a description of another one of many instances when Paul Simon made use of my material. I do so in order to provide you with a sense of how solid my basis is for seeing Paul Simon as someone aware of me and the "usefulness" of my material. Though you are not an eyewitness to the truthfulness of each thing I describe, I am - therefore, if you choose to believe these details are true, so you will see how I would have no doubt with regard to the conclusion I reached.

Joel's Baby

In 1976 I met someone named Tom Long (interestingly, I ended up casting him as Peterson in my 1993 video, "A Scene From 'Mall Man'", though prior to that I hadn't spoken with him in years), who worked at an employment agency when I was looking for work during summer break from CalArts Film and Video School. Tom described to me his peripheral involvement in the movie business. He was friends with someone named Bob Sickinger, who was involved with "Lords Of Flatbush", a 1974 movie that started the careers of Sylvester Stallone and Henry Winkler. I thought "Flatbush" was terrific, which I expressed (I was not jumping on any bandwagon, as this movie was far from being a success with the critics). Tom Long had the concept for a movie they were throwing around, which he asked me to work on for no money. There was nevertheless a chance to be read and considered, and I liked the concept, so I jumped in: it was the idea of a white high school boy impregnating a black high school girl, but when the child is born he appears white, and doesn't find out his mother is black until he is older. There were a lot of other ideas in there too, but I dropped them for the most part, it not being my style to even work off of someone else's initial concept, let alone mold my work closely around someone else's material.

I created a character named Delores, who worked at the adoption agency. I created a major scene where the father travels across the country to find the son he never met, only to learn that his son has been adopted by racists, and is perceived as white. Instead of awakening his son and telling him the truth about where he came from, he kisses the boy as he lies sleeping and then he

turns around and heads back home again. Exactly like the emotionally powerful moment in the Paul Simon 1977 song, "Slip Slidin' Away", Simon's first major hit in a long time. While I was working on this screenplay ("Joel's Baby"), Tom Long also told me that Bob Sickinger's current project was using the music of a group called Stuff, which I'd never heard of (I believe the movie was something about a Chicago taxi driver, played by one of the authors of "Grease"). Stuff was composed of New York City studio musicians who previously had only worked on other people's records, and because I felt that I was now in proximity to Stuff, I thought, hey, I'll buy their record, why not.

I knew that Simon had used material from my screenplay - he even winked at me so-to-speak, by including a character named Delores in the song (he could easily have named his character Gertrude, I'm certain of this). It was after I had already developed a firm conviction regarding this song, due to the big emotional moment shared by both our works, that I learned that Paul Simon had formed a new band, composed almost entirely of the members of the group, Stuff. This began their association with Simon, with members of Stuff remaining in Simon's band to this day.

Some of the people who use my material carve out a niche, often going to the same particular work of mine, such as Spielberg and my "Mall Man", or McCartney's album covers and me/my material. McCartney might also derive album titles from me as well, or parts of songs, but album covers more consistently.

Kodachrome

When I was in high school in New York City in 1972/1973, I wrote down a movie idea with the surreal premise that everyone had a camera over their face, not unlike women in Arab nations covering their faces. It would be like a form of nudity not to have a camera over your face. I then had the protagonist, a high school boy, go to a party when suddenly his camera falls to the ground, smashing to bits. It is an intense moment, resulting in an hysterical reaction from the character at the humiliation, leading to his becoming deeply traumatized. The irony of this consequence is that at the same time he is the only one who sees the world in color now that he has no camera.

In May 1973 Paul Simon released "Kodachrome", which contains that intense part, at the end of the song, where the idea of taking away his Kodachrome transcends the emotion one might normally project onto the idea of someone taking away one's Kodachrome. He's screaming about it. One also hears in that song a specific attack on what is drilled into one in high school ("when I think back on all the crap I learned in high school it's a wonder I can think at all"). The premise of my film idea similarly relates to the concept that everyone is forced to see things in a distorted way, and must shed this crap that "they" attach to us. But no, the song is not a literal, exact rendering of my film idea.

Fifth Grade

I had previously found things in Paul Simon's work that could have come from me, but I was not yet ready to see that they did in fact come from me. For example, I had a turn at decorating a wall in my 5th grade class (1965 or 1966), and so used a Snoopy poster my sister got for me (it had formerly decorated the wall of a dance). I was everything Peanuts back then, and even did a Peanuts newspaper using a mimeograph machine belonging to friends of my parents. The Snoopy poster was under the flag, and so one day after we all did the pledge of allegiance, the teacher said, "Okay, let's do the pledge of allegiance again, only this time to the flag, not to the Snoopy poster on the wall." In the 1975 Simon and Garfunkel song, "My Little Town", Simon refers to saying the pledge of allegiance to the wall. I made little of it at the time, to regard something as a coincidence is to not make much of it. This was also the 5th grade class where I wrote the 15-page story (considered an incredible number of pages for a kid to write back then, especially as the assignment was that all we had was a photograph to write a story from) that led to the 1966 Beatle songs "Paperback Writer", "Eleanor Rigby" and "Yellow Submarine" (which I describe somewhere or another - someday I'll return to this post and add the link, promise), and this was also the grade I was in when I was involved in the incident that led to the 1968 Stones

songs "Jumping Jack Flash" and "Street Fighting Man" (which I also describe somewhere or another - someday I'll return to this post and also add this link, promise). Once one accepts the premise that The Beatles saw something going on with me when I was in the 5th grade, it is less difficult to accept the idea that The Rolling Stones and Simon and Garfunkel would revisit that "period" in my life. Once one accepts the idea that a very important part of "Slip Slidin' Away" came from me, it is less difficult to accept the idea that "Kodachrome" is the same story.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:48 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Simon

Sunday, June 21, 2009

No Longer Past Your Bedtime

Let's attach something to a news story of June 19th, 2009, wherein Sean Ono Lennon is shocked that Bruce Springsteen should be chosen to headline at the Glastonbury Music Festival. In my blogs of June 14th and June 17th I bring up May Pang, the girlfriend John Lennon left when he returned to Yoko Ono in 1974 (Sean Ono Lennon was born the following year, 1975. Lennon and Ono reunited at an Elton John concert Thanksgiving 1974, a concert in which Lennon made his last onstage appearance - unadvertised, with me in the audience, this being one month after I worked for close Lennon friend Howard Smith). In both instances, Conan O'Brien, the new host of "The Tonight Show", is included with my reference to May Pang. Now I know that some may think of it as six degrees of Kevin Bacon, but it so happens that the person who plays drums for Bruce Springsteen, Max Weinberg, is also one of Conan O'Brien's two primary sidekicks (Andy Richter being the other, and before Andy Richter's return, Weinberg was O'Brien's main sidekick). If connecting Conan O'Brien to Bruce Springsteen through Max Weinberg is six degrees of Kevin Bacon, then so is the connection between you and your grandparents. Important artistic collaborations are not like two people sitting next to each other on a subway.

I began this blog with the words, "let's attach something". There are circumstances when those words are not unlike a person lifting weights, the person being the barbell, the things that can legitimately be attached to the person being weight plates. The analogy breaks down easily however, such as when one considers that how you attach something is a factor, it can lift the person up, weigh them down, be neutral, even vary in effect depending on what day it is, whatever. There are numerous other effects attaching something to a person can have. Attaching something to someone oftentimes is limited to affecting perception of the person. Attaching something to a person can be as variable as a moldable, unsculpted piece of clay added to a sculpted piece of clay.

The father of Sean Lennon, John Lennon, being high profile to say the least, was no stranger to the experience of having many, many things attached to oneself, and it naturally continues. Many would like to freeze the image they have of John Lennon, nothing further to be attached or subtracted, which may be a somewhat inappropriate thing to do with regard to so explosive an entity. I for one am glad that even in death the book does not close so completely regarding certain people.

Much has been channeled by people towards John Lennon, during his life and afterward, and I believe there are many ways in which such channeling has shown wisdom, as it was his special handling of the tidal waves of energy that were channeled towards him that seems to have been among the things that made him so special, so great an artist. So much so, that the channeling/special handling continues to this day, and will perhaps always continue.

It is clear to see in many ways how the biological offspring of John Lennon are "recipients" of much that was John Lennon. This is colloquially known as simple biology, DNA, or whatever words they use to describe it in grade school these days (it all has something to do with sex, or so I've heard, although there are also other ways that two people make a baby, storks are involved I think - but perhaps I digress). John Lennon's offspring have also benefitted monetarily from John

Lennon, though from here one could get into a more complicated area: Among other ideas, there's the belief that our parent's DNA can include things that have an impact upon certain (money-making) endeavors (musical genius), or the idea that people remembering their love of Lennon and/or their appreciation of Lennon the artist may have contributed, directly or indirectly, to the (money-making) endeavors of Lennon's offspring.

I believe there exists the standpoint from which one can formulate the theory that John Lennon deliberately chose me as a major recipient of a "certain chunk" of the things that had been channeled towards him, that he saw that I possessed "special handling" abilities to be applied towards things he "sent" to me. To come up with a precise definition for this "certain chunk" one might need to call upon the abilities of a genius, but this complication of having difficulty finding a definition should not in itself obstruct the ability to recognize its existence. I have elsewhere described what I regard as conscious actions by John Lennon in relation to me. Yet it requires imagination to appreciate the idea that a complex artist, the recipient of tidal waves of energy from people all around the world who were outside of his social world, a man whose childhood included living in proximity to but not with his own mother, might develop a complex way of channeling that transcended those immediately in contact with him. I believe Lennon recognized the idea that one in some kind of nearly direct proximity was close enough to throw a football to, or one's section of a physics equation.

I also believe in the movie, "Hellboy 2", which I just saw on TV yesterday – just kidding. However, this movie did include a concept that one sees over and over again, the idea that a power can be broken into pieces, and that the unification of the pieces activates the power. This can be true of smaller amounts of money being brought together to make a greater sum, or pieces of ideas that are only powerful when brought together. It is a common concept found in many different areas, not just mythologies. It is a concept that can inspire a person to be an artist, it is the idea that the whole might not always be greater than the sum of its parts, but the whole is almost invariably different from the sum of its parts.

Is there something bigger than a breadbox waiting to come into being from some kind of a coming together between myself and Sean Ono Lennon? Should the proximity between myself and Sean Lennon remain locked in the moment he raised the question of whether Bruce Springsteen should headline Glastonbury? Is Springsteen at Glastonbury really something to complain about? Or is Lennon's statement transparently, for those who read my blogs, apropos of my having, immediately previous to it, repeatedly referred to Conan O'Brien in relation to May Pang in relation to myself?

Posted by Steinhoff at 2:00 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Max Weinberg

Thursday, June 18, 2009

Happy Yesterday

I notice I was a little confused in my recent references to the airing date of Conan O'Brien's "Tonight Show", having referred to it in the last two blogs as airing each night in its old time slot, beginning after midnight. I have been correct in terms of the date of the show as it related to what was discussed, just wrong when I said it was taped on X day but aired on Y day, if you follow. I know you will sort this out for me because you know simple arithmetic and like these mental challenges.

In celebration of this being Paul McCartney's birthday (here in California for the next few minutes anyway), I thought I would bring to this blog my video, "Adventure at the Pasadena Batman Estate", initially made as my Burbankian "Welcome to Pasadena" for Paul McCartney when it was thought that he had bought the Pasadena Batman Estate (from the Batman TV show). This little video has subsequently led to various things, including a line in a McCartney song, "I gave my promise to you girl, I don't wanna take it back"; things in the movie, "Hancock" (referred to in one

of my recent blogs); the opening sketch of a Tony Awards ceremony one year; and other stuff. It can also be viewed at archive.org and YouTube:

video

I think it has gathered a little moss, or something, which makes it perfect for this re-gifting.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:46 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Batman

Wednesday, June 17, 2009

Nicely Done

For those who saw my previous blog of June 14th, I believe there has been a further development with regard to one of the items described. Specifically, I refer to the item about May Pang, the one which I accompanied with a videoclip from "The Tonight Show" with Conan O'Brien.

In regard to that item I stated, "It occurred to me that perhaps John Lennon would never have chosen to be close to May Pang had she not been a particularly nice, reasonable person (this is not always a good system for making logical deductions), and I emailed May Pang asking...." Though it is not totally uncommon for people to focus on the consequences of their process for deciding someone is "nice", my experience, combined with the facts, tell me that the following videoclip from "The Tonight Show", taped June 16th and aired June 17th, is apropos of my blog and its Conan O'Brien mention just two days earlier:

video

Not too long ago I met a woman (a friend of a friend) whose husband played Captain Nice on television during the '60s. I feel quite certain there is absolutely no connection whatsoever to be made between these things, however.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:04 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Captain Nice

Sunday, June 14, 2009

Speaking When Spoken To

If one picture is worth a thousand words, the number of illustrations I plan for this edition of my blog ought to leave me speechless (by the way, "ought to leave me speechless" is the kind of phrase one shouldn't expect to be too literal, the word "ought" being your secret clue).

I begin with a videoclip that follows-up on one contained in an earlier blog (Dec. 9, 2008), and should put the lie to those who claim I lack hard evidence of what I say:

video

I thank Will Smith for being involved in "Hancock", which allows proof of my veracity to manifest as something easy to follow, at least when seen in conjunction with Smith's "Tonight Show" appearance (as contained in the videoclip). I also have a few points to give out for "Hancock" being so incredible a movie as well. This is not the first time Will Smith has been influenced by me. From the fact that the movie, "Independence Day", featured a character (played by Randy Quaid) who gained his knowledge of aliens from "The National Enquirer", a concept I originated in my "Gosk" screenplay, I gleaned that another similarity to "Gosk" found in that movie shared the same origin: a character making his way alone in an alien-invaded world, comically muttering to himself about his situation. In the case of "Independence Day", this character was Smith as he

dragged an alien's body across the desert. I thereby made particular note of this, and consequently was particularly aware when the character Smith later played in "I Am Legend" seemed born of this same "Independence Day" character (which, as I've stated, I see as having been born of my "Gosk" character). Given all of this, it may seem more likely to appreciate my implied conclusion regarding origin of an idea that one finds in this next videoclip:

video

Without knowledge of the aforesaid regarding my influence on Will Smith, the context of the immediately preceding videoclip vanishes, my point obviously losing a degree of its acceptability.

Unfortunately, a good portion of what I have to report relies on context.

This past week I identified Paul McCartney making an important shout-out to me, though I do not feel inclined to go into specifics here. If you are interested in some of the McCartney/Steinhoff context, I invite you to visit:

http://www.archive.org/details/JonathanDSteinhoff_7

In other "Beatles News", I would like to publicly thank May Pang (John Lennon's girlfriend during his estrangement from Yoko Ono) for responding to my email. For a considerable amount of time I had been aware that someone I knew growing up as an occasional houseguest, my mother's close friend Geraldine Lust, was responsible for bringing the Jean Genet play, "Blacks", to off-Broadway during the early '60s. This play launched the careers of people such as James Earl Jones, Cicely Tyson, Godfrey Cambridge, and many others. When I learned that a Sid Bernstein was the play's off-Broadway producer, I had to wonder whether this was the same Sid Bernstein who brought The Beatles to Shea Stadium and Carnegie Hall during this same period. Geraldine Lust knew many well known people, in fact it was she who started the Stella Adler Acting Studio (along with Stella Adler, of course), the acting studio credited with being a starting ground for many people. I had tried contacting Sid Bernstein (The Beatles' Sid Bernstein) to learn whether he had any involvement with "Blacks", but was unsuccessful. And then this week I learned that Thursday night (June 11th) there would be an event celebrating a Beatles artist named Shannon, which was to be attended by both Sid Bernstein and May Pang. It occurred to me that perhaps John Lennon would never have chosen to be close to May Pang had she not been a particularly nice, reasonable person (this is not always a good system for making logical deductions), and I emailed May Pang asking if she would consider my request to get an answer for me from Sid Bernstein. This is exactly what she did, though it turns out that it must have been a different show bizzy Sid Bernstein. I also believe something else occurred on June 11th pertaining to both May Pang and myself. Were one to visit something I posted in August 2007, Lennon and Steinhoff, An Introduction, one would read how I came to conclude that a line found in a Lennon song from his "Walls and Bridges" album, "Sweet as the smell of success" (from a song reportedly about May Pang, "Surprise Surprise"), was there for my benefit. "Sweet as the smell of success" being a phrase I look upon as significantly in common to both myself and May Pang, it becomes most interesting that one heard the following coming from the mouth of Conan O'Brien on the June 11th/June 12th show (technically June 12th, his show airing past midnight, though taped on June 11th):

video

I have come to believe that, when one exists more directly in the realm of McCartney, Spielberg, etc. (as I believe I do), one should not be surprised when there seems to be an information network about one's activities that makes its way to other high profile show biz folk at the speed of buzz (and with my special power to come up with amazingly hip, useful phrases like "speed of buzz", you can easily see why!).

Ever since the former assistant to directors Ridley Scott and Tony Scott, Terrance Williams, had an important role in a video of mine, "Gosk, Part 2", the Scott brothers have been significantly influenced by me/my material, Denzel Washington movies directed by Tony and Ridley included. Therefore, because one of my major works, "Mall Man" (video made 1993, posted September 2005) uses the character's socklessness as an important element, I paid particular attention when I saw the following:

video

As the new Tony Scott/Denzel Washington movie is "The Taking of Pelham 123", I thought to myself, "Why don't I go see that movie? The worst that can happen is that I'll just see a movie." As it happened, I did not just see a movie - I saw a movie that appeared related to the Terrance Williams scene in "Gosk, Part 2":

video

My problem in expecting others to see eye to eye with my correlating of these two is that it is generally a somewhat enormous idea that Tony Scott would involve me to such an extent. Were one ignorant of my importance in relation to people such as Spielberg, Lennon and McCartney, I could easily appreciate why even an intelligent person would have great difficulty with this idea. Over time I have offered quite a lot of proof that I am not imagining things, therefore, I consider this correlation worth presenting, if only for the intelligent and/or those who know the truth.

Perhaps some would expect me to limit myself to non-lightning bolt-like revelations, such as the idea that recently Kelly Ripa on Jimmy Fallon did something regarding me/my material. If I saw no value to preserving the truth, I very well might set up such perimeters around what I find worth reporting.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:36 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Smith, Washington

Sunday, June 7, 2009

Imminent Thread

No small number of things to put together this time around:

Raindrops Threaded Together

First and most important, I've brought my work-in-progress song to a stage where it is now an actual song (sez me). "Raindrops Threaded Together (June 5, 2009 version)" was completed June 5th (Pacific Time - archive.org, the site at which I posted it, counts it by EST time, and so the June 6th "timestamp"). Interestingly, I discovered after the posting that June 5th is the anniversary of George Harrison's "Somewhere In England", an album on which I had a degree of (as usual, unacknowledged) influence, including influence on the song, "All Those Years Ago". You would actually have to hear both songs to know why I count it as interesting.

Delano And Friends

Some of us will always remember the unforgettable (and I know I'm not out on a limb by considering something unforgettable worth always remembering.... but I digress) live album from way back, "On Tour - Delano And Bonnie And Friends With Eric Clapton", which, according to music history, brought together most of the people who played on George Harrison's historic, "All Things Must Pass".

So I'm driving around in the farm country of Delano, California yesterday (Saturday, June 6th), when I see a sheriff's car (or some other kind of police car) being driven by Eric Clapton, or someone who had a 65% chance of being Eric Clapton (under certain driving conditions one must assign a percentage of likelihood to such occurrences, instead of being absolute about what one

sees). Later I looked up where in the world Clapton was supposed to be, and "coincidentally" June 5th was his last concert until June 20th, i.e., a break in his schedule had just begun. I should add that I have had a certain degree of influence on certain Clapton product at various times over the years.

To see Clapton driving a sheriff's car, this of course brings to mind the song Clapton had a huge hit with, "I Shot The Sheriff". It being that a somewhat major current news story is whether or not David Carradine killed himself, one might conjecture how Mr. I Shot The Sheriff driving a sheriff's car might feed that discussion. One might also wonder how that night's TV premium channel Saturday Night premiere of producer Stuart Cornfeld's "Tropic Thunder" might fit in with that - but more on that particular TV premiere later in this blog.

Delano And Earlimart

So I'm driving around in the farm country of Delano (as previously mentioned), and suddenly I see someone who looks like Jason "Earl" Lee (72% likelihood), star of the sitcom I created, "My Name Is Earl" (recently cancelled by NBC, though it is conjectured that another company will save it) driving a truck. Sure enough, I soon see a sign directing me to the town of Earlimart. And while I know there was no "power of suggestion" involved, as I saw "Earl" prior to the sign, I appreciate that you do not have the vantage point of knowing this. In fact, as far as you're concerned, I could have spent the day in London and made up the whole thing. However, there are also those who have gone over those things which I can prove, and so might therefore be less inclined to question every word I say (please permit me to just take one brief moment to say to those people who have put together the truth: am I not totally amazing?).

Delano And Friends Again

So I'm driving around in the farm country of Delano (as you may recall), when for a moment I see driving by someone who looks a titch like Stuart Cornfeld (14% likelihood), which reminds me of something I consider important, the fact that a movie he produced, "Tropic Thunder", has its Saturday night TV premium channel premiere later that day. Also related to this, a little bit later in Delano I see two motorcyclists riding alongside each other. This has the effect of bringing back to me the time, approximately one week after I moved to Southern California in the early 90s, when I was driving in Van Nuys when suddenly I found myself driving alongside Steven Spielberg, with two motorcycle police riding alongside each other in front of us. "Tropic Thunder" is in fact connected to Spielberg, in that, though produced by Stuart Cornfeld and made by Red Hour, the film company Stuart runs with Ben Stiller, it is also a presentation of Spielberg's film company, "Dreamworks". However, at this point I do not yet know whether I should presume that there have been any clear manifestations that my presence in Delano has been identified by Hollywood. In fact, Eric Clapton (or his double) had not yet driven by in the police car.

This is when Jennifer Aniston drives by (90% likelihood), which brings to mind various things, including the fact that she, and people with whom she has been associated, have worked a number of times with Ben Stiller and people he has been associated with. This caused me to say out loud to myself, "That is Jennifer Aniston". When I am speaking out loud to myself, depending on my mood, I apply different standards with regard to what is valid to say out loud. Though my standards were quite high at that moment, I said something out loud to myself for which admittedly I felt there only to be a 90% likelihood (perhaps 96%). A few cars later, a bald woman drove by, which immediately made it a certainty that I was meant to perceive the 90% likelihood of Jennifer Aniston as a 100% likelihood. Because a bald woman makes one such as myself immediately think of a "Friends" episode and few other things, specifically, the one wherein the Jennifer Aniston character convinces the date of the David Schwimmer character to render herself bald (naturally it also brings to mind women going through chemo, but this does not knock the "Friends" episode out of the small set of immediate associations produced). This caused me to wonder why that episode was being brought to mind, as it is normally the pattern in these matters (I speak from great experience) for there to be a specific reason. It was then (and once again, not as the result of the power of suggestion) that I remembered that it was Ben "Tropic Thunder" Stiller's wife, Christine Taylor, who played that bald woman.

Delano's Speed And Tinted Car Window Limit

I might or might not be remiss were I to neglect mentioning the possible citing of Aniston ex, Vince Vaughn (18% likelihood), as well as the possible citing of Aniston's TV ex, David Schwimmer (30%). I should mention here that years ago I thought I saw Eric Clapton driving a distinctive, expensive black sports car, and that on a separate occasion years ago I thought I saw David Schwimmer also driving such a car. Furthermore, it was not unlike a vehicle I once thought I saw Paul Newman driving. And yet another time, it even seemed possible that I saw this car being driven in California by someone who I worked with in New York City, someone who Regis Philbin had once introduced himself to, which led to other things.

A Break From Delano

I cannot say that these occurrences worked up an appetite, nevertheless at some point I went to a restaurant. I had to wait a while for a table, and found, among the collection of people waiting for tables, a group of mentally challenged people. I had to see this in relation to the aforementioned "Tropic Thunder" TV premiere coming up later that day.

I also bring this restaurant into things because of something that happened to me there which, though perhaps common practice, is not something I have encountered before: my waiter told me he was going on a ten-minute break, and so someone else would temporarily be my waiter. Those familiar with the TV show "Friends" will know why this word, "break", on this day, if from out of left-field when used, might lead one's mind to a particular place. Nevertheless, I do not believe my waiter was cheating on Jennifer Aniston during that ten minutes, nor do I believe he would have been even if he.... but perhaps I digress.

War and Pieces

I made a videoclip that I posted with my August 13, 2008 blog showing how a producer I met in 1975 when he was attending AFI, Stuart Cornfeld, like many in Hollywood, makes significant references in his work to me/my material. Unfortunately, when my external hard drive turned into a piece of garbage I lost my copy of that videoclip, and so I cannot edit onto that videoclip, i.e., create a single, larger picture. What I can also do is provide a link to the blog where that videoclip is posted (as I have done previously, including earlier in today's blog), and ask you to put new clips together with that videoclip - in your mind (I believe this will someday replace all forms of editing):

video

That one goes precisely at the end of the other videoclip, as I instruct. This next one also belongs in a precise spot in the other videoclip, immediately after the Droog section:

video

There may have been other things in "Tropic Thunder" that I am not focusing on. For example, Cornfeld generally relates to the CalArts 1973-74 film class movie I was involved in, "Limbo", including a moment when a character has a gorilla mask that he cannot remove. This has something in common with Thunder's Simple Jack. The panda head on Stiller's head similarly connects to this. And so I write of these without incorporating them into videoclips, as a way to sort-of include that which I would not totally include (this is my subtle hint that instead of including me by people driving by so that I can thread them together into a larger thing, perhaps we can give me a big box with 25 million dollars and credit me while featuring my creative work and stuff like that, not that officially being an administrative specialist is too degrading a thing to make out of someone as vital and great and important as me).

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:42 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Aniston, Clapton, Cornfeld

Thursday, June 4, 2009

Stay Tuned To Something

All those who, in search of a reference to the idea for Conan O'Brien that I presented in my May 30th blog, turned their eyes June 1st to Conan O'Brien's first night hosting "The Tonight Show" - you may have been on the wrong channel:

video

I do not know whether Tom Hanks was making an inside-reference for my benefit on Conan's second "Tonight Show". I do know a conversation I had in 1978 with someone I knew from CalArts led to the premise of his 1980 weekly sitcom, "Bosom Buddies". In fact, well before that conversation, the woman with whom I had the conversation went through a period of designating everyone her buddy - she had her "pool buddy", her "clothes buddy" - I once gave her a Sudafed sinus tablet, for which I received the short-lived designation of being her "Sudafed Buddy". I could provide more details about that conversation's proximity to people connected with Hanks' show, but - some other time. As for Hanks' potential reference on Conan for my benefit: well, firstly he talked a lot about giving Conan a nickname that might stick. This made me think of the Marx Bros., because a right-hand assistant to Groucho Marx whom I knew at CalArts, Henry Golas (star of my video, "How Did The Future Learn To Play Monopoly?"), once gave me the nickname, "Stingray", because it was my answer to the question, "What do you think of as the ideal car to drive?" (the night before Conan did a segment on his super-cool car that makes him super-cool, a 1992 Ford Taurus). And who epitomizes nicknames more than the Marx Bros. (I reject the theory that their mother named them Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Zeppo)? Sure enough, Hanks later got in the name Chico Marx somewhere along the way. This also related to the titles of my previous two blogs, "Swordfish" and "Haddock". Then again, couldn't it easily be said that I was looking too hard for an inside-reference from Hanks, owing to his having provided me a few on the season finale of SNL? So, T. Hanks but no T. Hanks.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:48 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: North Korea

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MAY 2009

Sunday, May 31, 2009

Haddock

I have much to say about tonight's "MTV Movie Awards". In my yesterday/May 30th blog, "Swordfish" (But how do you know I wrote "Swordfish" yesterday? On this blog site I could come back, re-edit the blog I'm writing now on the day after the 2012 presidential election, write in the winner's name, and it will still have today's date on it - the only ones who will know I actually wrote my "Swordfish" May 30, 2009 blog on May 30, 2009 and didn't re-edit it afterwards to suit changing information are the people who actually read it prior to the relevant things that followed, whoever those people are.... and what about the people who falsely claim, for whatever reason, that I changed it after May 30th - maybe someone will be offered \$1.98 to make a false claim such as this for all I know? Fortunately, I have accumulated plenty of evidence regarding my veracity, and so don't need to grab at proof of every fact just to address the skeptics/cynics/bastards out to get me. And so I will stay with this blog site and its shortcoming of date/time stamps that mean nothing.), where was I?

Oh yes, in my May 30th "Swordfish" blog I ended by suggesting Will Ferrell and others be in a comedy bit together, either on the May 31st "MTV Movie Awards" or on the June 1st "Tonight Show" when Conan debuts as host, the subject of which would be comedians using their role as comedians to give the audience something that resolves the North Korean situation. Instead, Jim Carrey (who, incidentally, is slated to appear in the upcoming "Ripley's Believe It Or Not", to be produced by someone to whom I often refer, Sean Daniel) and Will Ferrell were together in a bit where Carrey announces to the audience his secret solution to resolving the Swine Flu situation.

I also noticed on tonight's "MTV Movie Awards" how the cast of the "Harry Potter" movies, in setting up a preview of the next "Harry Potter", used the same thing I used yesterday in my "Swordfish" blog, the idea of feeling the need to start from Square One just to say the newest thing on a subject, and so to set up the clip the actor who plays Potter (Harry Potter) begins explaining the story of Harry (Harry Potter) from the moment of his (Harry Potter's) birth (We've all seen this before here and there - but this occurrence was the day following my use of the idea. Then there's the fact that "Harry Potter" movies are among the many movies that have made inside-references to me/my material.).

I do not know what to make of the opening sketch of the "MTV Movie Awards". "Swordfish" is a reference to a Marx Brothers movie, where it is the password to get into a speakeasy. The opening sketch was not about trying to find a way into a room, it was about finding a way out of a room. It isn't clear to me that my use of the word "Swordfish" influenced this, as trying to get past a barrier is a little too common, like the word, "the". Not quite as common as the word "the", but fairly common.

As for the "MTV Movie Awards" bit about the commonness of heroes walking away in slow motion, I am suspicious. This is the kind of attempt at damage control I have come to expect whenever there is strong evidence that I have influenced something major. In this case I refer to the "Smallville" season finale and how they based the Clark Kent exit on my 1993 "Mall Man" video, as I detail in my May 21st blog. People who are not so astute as to appreciate my specific basis for correlating what occurred on "Smallville" with the ending of my 1993 "Mall Man" video could blur it all together with the idea of the general commonness of heroes walking away in slow motion. Furthermore, there are numerous times when "Smallville" has made clear inside-references to me/my material; and that the "Smallville" writers were also the writers on the last Sean Daniel movie ("Mummy 3") - a fact I became aware of only after I kept seeing use on "Smallville" of me/my material, well, I will just say that I not only lack the kind of proof that a

moron would perceive, but that in certain instances I also lack the kind of proof that "less astute" people can detect.

In conclusion, I remain unable to resolve the North Korean situation, in spite of all the support provided and the undermining of support provided.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:10 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Chico, Groucho, Harpo, Marx Bros., Marx Brothers

Saturday, May 30, 2009

Swordfish

Yes, Bill (Bill Maher, host of the TV show, "Real Time With Bill Maher"), I noticed how your opening bit on the Friday, May 29th show could have been interpreted as a reference to my 1978 video, "How Did The Future Learn To Play Monopoly?" (my video which led to the Robert Zemeckis movie title, "Back To The Future", as the person I gave a copy to in 1978 was then Universal's spokesman for Zemeckis' first movie, "I Wanna Hold Your Hand"). Of course, you (Bill Maher) and I know this would be far from the first time you made use of an idea of mine (and let me take this opportunity to apologize for the time we were standing next to each other at a newsstand in Westwood and I didn't say anything in response to the cynical look you gave the copy of Rolling Stone I was buying that featured Kurt Cobain on the cover, but if I had spoken I would have felt compelled to explain to you then and there my inside reasons for believing Cobain might have been murdered).

You realize, Bill (Bill Maher, host of the TV show, "Real Time With Bill Maher", for those of you just joining us), that the part of "How Did The Future Learn To Play Monopoly?" to which I refer is where Eugene responds to the repeated chanting of, "We wanna play Monopoly! We wanna play Monopoly!" by saying, "Alright, I'll teach you! Just stop torturing me!" You also realize that the idea here was that they were chanting like children, and that this was torturous to Eugene, who was then ready to tell them what they wanted to know.

Were you also aware, Bill (Bill Maher, host of the TV show, "Real Time With Bill Maher", for those of you just joining us, or for those of you who have such a poor ability to retain ideas that I'm always having to start from Square One to get to any explanation, such as having to perpetually reiterate the fact that I am secretly super-important to the point where much of what goes on in the central arena of entertainment and politics contains inside-references to me/my material, and that no matter how much evidence I provide I'm still always having to start from Square One), were you also aware I say again, that while many have made inside-reference to that video of mine, including Paul McCartney (former member of The Beatles), it is Will Ferrell who has repeatedly used that part of it - when he appears in the first Austin Powers movie; and when he made that YouTube video with the little girl that drew so much attention. [idnctsbottaositd] Furthermore, are you aware that Will Ferrell is sort of a man-of-the-hour, in that he will be the first guest of Conan O'Brien when Conan takes over hosting duties (on Monday, June 1st) of "The Tonight Show" (a show initially hosted by the father of someone who lived down the hall from me at CalArts during the 70s, Johnny Carson, who made inside-references to my video, "Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's 'Uncle's Dream'" on the last night he had guests prior to his very last, lone, farewell show, a fact I brought to the attention of Craig Kilborn several days before the last night of his late night talk show, causing him to also make an inside-reference to that same video of mine on his last show, which featured Will Ferrell as a guest)?

And everyone (all over the place), are you aware that this could affect my proximity to Conan's first show?

Weighing this fact, and the fact that Conan will be receiving so much of the attention of so many in so nearly undiffused a manner on his first night (even if it is through talk and clips the next day and beyond for those who didn't see it), and also the fact that, with the latest nuclear "antics" of

North Korean President II, the planet feels strangely more tenuous than usual, I find myself also looking toward the gathering known as "The MTV Movie Awards" Sunday night (May 31st). This will be hosted by SNL's Adam Sandberg, who, as part of that show ("Saturday Night Live") has been involved in carrying out a few of my ideas now and then. That show will be sharing this special, nearly undiffused attention with Conan, at least in my view.

So, Bill Maher, Adam Sandberg, Conan O'Brien, Will Ferrell and myself should all sit down in a heavily guarded room, where none of our supervisors can be hired by the Republican Party to screw with us or whatever, and work out a way to defeat North Korean President Kim Jong II, using this rare concentration of undiffused attention (or if not, Sandberg or O'Brien should do a comedy sketch about this idea of a secret, major summit of major comedy forces meeting for the purpose of defeating II and saving the world).

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:15 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: swordfish

Tuesday, May 26, 2009

Making A Splash

Having just seen for the first time the Jack Black movie, "Kung Fu Panda", it being that it just had its HBO premium channel premier, providing this videoclip seems appropriate (the link you are directed to at the end is my August 13, 2008 blog, "A Piece of the Mask"):

Link video

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:47 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Sunday, May 24, 2009

Seeing Through

Firstly, I am pleased to announce that I have posted a new film idea, "Whispers of the Nasty Ghost". (I may or may not have been influenced by sitting next to the stepmother of the author of the screenplay for the recent movie, "Haunting In Connecticut" during my nephew's bar mitzvah in Houston last weekend.)

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE SEASON FINALE

Secondly, the season finale of SNL. In describing how the May 16, 2009 season finale of "Saturday Night Live" made inside-references to me/my material, I must put forward a number of facts for which I have no evidence, unless one could call forward witnesses (which of course one cannot). As always in such circumstances, I nevertheless find value in making a record, my silly reason being that what I have to say is the truth. I would prefer confining myself to references to things for which I can provide proof without need of witnesses, but life does not offer us everything on that particular silver platter, just some things. The reader might wish to look at blogs where I do prove my points, and consider that I just might be entitled to some credit. One might even consider it idiotic (rather than healthy skepticism or cynicism) to withhold credit under certain circumstances.

Background Information

1. Tom Hanks, for a while only an occasional guest on various sitcoms during the 70s, became the star of his own sitcom, "Bosom Buddies", in consequence of a conversation I had with someone who attended my college, CalArts. Among other effects this had on me, it caused me to associate Tom Hanks with Steven Spielberg, this despite the fact that it wasn't until years later that Tom Hanks became associated as one of the people Steven Spielberg used repeatedly as the star of his movies, and one of the people who did joint appearances/side projects with Steven Spielberg. The person with whom I had the conversation that led to Hanks' TV show is from

Houston, and it was during last weekend, when SNL had its season finale that featured surprise appearances by Hanks, and when Hanks' movie, "Angels And Demons", was released and became the number 1 movie in the country, that I made a rare trip to Houston for my nephew's bar mitzvah. There I spoke with a long-time Houston friend of my sister and her husband, who knows this same person from both CalArts and Houston. Those familiar with how secretly important I am would have to consider whether the release of the Hanks film was deliberately designed to coincide with when the bar mitzvah occurred.

2. I am responsible for the creation of the sitcom, "My Name Is Earl". Several episodes ago that show gave a character a slightly rare last name, which also happens to be the last name of someone with whom I work at my 9-5, the chair of a committee for which I take minutes at their monthly meetings. The June meeting will be this person's last, as she is being deployed to Afghanistan (though a Kaiser Permanente employee, she is also "on call" or whatever the official term is).

3. For a while I was throwing around the idea that one could devise special gloves that, when worn, would make it possible to operate the tiny keyboards one finds on PDA devices as easily as a normal-size keyboard, two-handed speed typing. The idea involved things extruding from the fingertips of the gloves that would be comparatively small on the keyboard in contrast with normal-size fingers. Shortly thereafter, in October 2008, SNL did a sketch featuring someone on the Lawrence Welk Show with tiny fingers. I became nervous that, if there was a possibility that my idea would ever amount to anything, I should want to get something down on paper instead of just talking about it (though others could simultaneously have the same idea independent of knowing of my idea). I sent in to one of those places that solicit inventions, and took a step or two with the idea. I also tried to build a prototype, but the best I could do was these scary looking gloves with golf tees sticking out of each finger like claws. I gave up on it as an invention, but used the idea for my sketch comedy idea, "Teddy Tinyfingers", where someone blows off his own hands on purpose so that artificial hands with tiny fingers could be worn for operating PDAs. The following week SNL referred to the idea that a good excuse for not going to work would be to say that your arms were blown off.

4. For two years I would send in sketch comedy ideas to several people connected to SNL, and for three years the following SNL would include some fragment from the idea submitted for that week (occasionally pieces would wind up within a few days on The Colbert Report or The Daily Show). The one time this didn't happen, it turned out that someone proceeded to write a best-seller based on the idea, which was followed by one of the several people I had originally sent it to purchasing rights to develop the best-seller into a TV show. This past SNL season, however, my sketch comedy ideas have also been used at a higher level, leading to an important aspect of CNN's election night coverage; a much-talked about occurrence at the second presidential debate hosted by Tom Brokaw; a much quoted statement by the President after his first week in office.

The 5.16.09 SNL Season Finale In Relation To Me/My Material

* On the SNL season finale, their first sketch following the monologue (not counting the replaying of a sketch clip from when Will Ferrell, the guest host, was a cast member) brought back the Lawrence Welk sketch idea with the lady with tiny fingers (see Item 3, above), of all things.

* The second sketch following the monologue featured a surprise appearance by Tom Hanks (see Item 1) experiencing difficulty in removing his hand from inside a jar, bringing to mind the idea of a person whose hand is too big (ala Winnie The Pooh). Tom Hanks then bumped his head in such a way as to produce a distinct nubbin in the center of his forehead. There is a person on the committee at my 9-5 that meets monthly and for which I take minutes (see Item 2, above) who has an extremely distinct nubbin in the center of her forehead, who without a doubt was brought

to mind by all who know her and saw SNL (she is also in line to become chair as replacement for the person on that committee who is leaving for Afghanistan).

* A nationally played commercial on the SNL season finale contained something which, in this context, is an inside-reference to something between myself and the CalArts / Houston person (see Item 1).

Posted by Steinhoff at 5:02 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: SNL, Tom Hanks, Whispers of the Nasty Ghost

Saturday, May 23, 2009

Let's Be More Tolerant Of Lactose

Before I get to the following videoclip regarding references to me/my material on the May 17th season finale of "The Simpsons", a few things should be known. Why is it sanitized of Simpsons images? I ask you to go back to my 11/30/08 blog, "Give My Regards To Silence", where I describe circumstances that caused me to pull Simpsons images from YouTube. In reading that blog, I also ask that you note my mentioning how "The Simpsons" particularly likes to include things regarding the 1974 CalArts student film, "Limbo", which I worked on. I would also wish to add that this is the fourth Simpsons in a row this season referencing "Limbo" to enough of a degree for me to make a videoclip - videoclips I have not posted due to reasons described in the above-referenced (and linked) 11/30/08 blog. And finally, the 1990, 1992 video referred to in the videoclip, "Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's 'Uncle's Dream'", features my father, Reynold Steinhoff, who passed away in 2000, delivering a line about cigarettes using the identical words and, more importantly, intonation, as the Lisa Simpson character delivering a line about milk:

video

If there is anyone out there asking why I did not include a correlation between Homer hurling into a saxophone on that episode with the saxophone image in my Dostoyevsky video, my carefully considered response is: yeah, they would have liked that.

In the past I have been inclined to believe that Simpsons references to various things Steinhoff (mostly "Limbo") most likely resulted from Mark Kirkland (Simpsons director) living down the hall from me at CalArts during the 70s, knowing the same people as me. I'm now theorizing that Hank Azaria, who does the voices of numerous Simpsons characters, could be behind it: He frequently works with Ben Stiller (see Stiller connection in my previous blog of 5/22/09); and his appearance on last night's Kimmel show included an inside-reference for my benefit to something that occurred when his ex-wife played someone giving birth on "Mad About You". That's enough for me to put him on my secret list, "Potential Fans Potentially Willing To Kill For Me".

Posted by Steinhoff at 2:13 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Family Guy, Hank Azaria

Friday, May 22, 2009

The Undiluted Something

NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM WITH COFFEE

Today being the opening day of the sequel to the Ben Stiller movie about a security guard's first night in a museum, "Night At The Museum", which was the second biggest movie of 2006 I believe, I would like to describe something interesting in relation to it.

"Night At The Museum" is based on a story that was written in the 90s. During the following decade it was one among many screenplays kicking around Hollywood without a producer, director, star, etc.

Then I sent my sketch comedy idea about a security guard's first night in a museum, "The Museum Of Excellent Coffee", to two people: a longtime friend of Steven Spielberg (Sean Daniel, the first person from whom I learned of CalArts, the college I attended); and the person who co-runs film production company Red Hour Films with Ben Stiller, Stuart Cornfeld (whom I half-knew during the '70s). Within one month's time, Ben Stiller had signed on to play the security guard character in "Night At The Museum", and Stephen Sommers left the Spielberg production of "When Worlds Collide" to direct "Night At The Museum". This resulted in Spielberg becoming the replacement director on "When Worlds Collide" in order to fill the void left by Sommers. Sommers then relieved Spielberg of directorial duties by returning to "When Worlds Collide", and Shawn Levy became director of "Night At The Museum".

IS IT REALLY THAT TIME?

For those of you who have yet to go to the web posting of my sketch comedy idea, "Timeout" at archive.org, which I referred to in my March 22nd blog, I have concluded that the opening of the May 14th season finale of the TV show, "The Office" resulted from it. [idnctsbottaositd] (For a definition of those strange red letters, you will have to go back to my May 10th blog.) Not just the opening, but later when Michael's character uses advance knowledge of something important to others in his company picnic sketch. I know the concept of a person moving back someone's clocks to manipulate a situation is far from new. Yet I also know that "The Office" will occasionally do something apropos of my doing something, which I attribute to the involvement of Film Producer Stuart Cornfeld (someone to whom I refer periodically) with the actors on that show. One thing I do not understand is that, although the recorded time of posting on archive.org is unalterable, their counter of how many times something posted is opened fails to accurately reflect every time something is opened - I have put this to the test.

TIMEOUT

A sketch comedy idea by
Jonathan D. Steinhoff, ©3.22.09

Two couples are sitting around a dinner table at the end of a meal, Steve and Mary, and Carol and Barney. Carol comes in from the kitchen carrying a coffee pot in one hand and a tray with pie in the other.

STEVEN:

My goodness, Barney, you've got one talented wife there!

BARNEY:

Oh, you mean the way she's carrying all them things without dropping 'em? That's nothing.

MARY:

See that, Carol? You're making me look bad! Ha-ha-ha!

STEVEN:

Mary drops everything. I'm surprised she didn't spill her wineglass yet! Ha-ha!

MARY:

You'd be in a lot of trouble for that remark, mister - if not for the fact that it's true! Ha-ha-ha!

STEVEN:

Ha-ha-ha!

BARNEY:

Yeah, well, there's something else Carol can do, too.

STEVEN:

I think I know where you're going with this, Barney, and thank goodness, that's one thing Mary's not too bad at either.

MARY:

Thank you, Steve.

STEVEN:

You deserve it, Mary.

BARNEY:

No, I wasn't - I'm talking about something else. Carol? Carol, isn't it time we told Steve and Mary?

CAROL:

Oh my God, here we go again.

BARNEY:

Carol doesn't like talking about it. But let me tell you, she is absolutely amazing.

CAROL:

I give up. Nothing I say sinks into that thick, stupid skull of yours.

STEVEN:

Whoa! Whoa! Wait a minute! Now let's just, what's all this about?

BARNEY:

I'll tell you: Carol can travel back and forth in time!

STEVEN:

No!

MARY:

You can?

CAROL:

I cannot. But Barney here seems to think so. No matter how many times I tell him....

STEVEN:

Barney, what about it?

BARNEY:

Carol, you know you can. Carol actually proved it to me, she even admitted it. Now she says, "uh-uh, no I can't."

CAROL:

Alright (heaves a heavy sigh), I'll tell you what happened.

MARY:

This is so exciting!

STEVEN:

I love this!

CAROL:

Barney was drinking beer and watching football. So he falls asleep in front of the television. So I say to myself, "I know how to play a good trick on Barney for drinking beer and falling asleep in front of the TV while watching football." So I watched the rest of the football game, but first I put on the VCR and recorded it. I turned the clocks in the house back an hour. So he wakes up, doesn't even realize he fell asleep, and I'm sitting there telling him everything that's gonna happen in the football game before it happens! 'Cause we're watching the tape of it on the VCR! So Barney says to me, "How'd you do that?" So I turn all serious, you know, I pretend I'm making this big confession, and I say to him, "I did it by traveling back in time!" He passed out a minute later or I woulda said I was from Mars too.

BARNEY:

You know I never passed out. She just doesn't want anyone to know the truth, d'ya, honey?

CAROL:

And no matter what I say, or how many times I say it, he just won't believe me. He's positive I can travel back in time. Keeps telling me I should go back in time and prevent the Lincoln assassination.

MARY:

You can travel back in time?

CAROL:

Mary, weren't you listening to what I just said?

STEVEN:

Barney, maybe she was just playing a trick on you.

BARNEY:

Look, the pretzel bowl! It was just empty and now it's full! Carol must have gone back in time and filled it up!

STEVEN:

This is incredible!

CAROL:

Oh, you! I filled it up, yes, without going back in time. Doesn't anybody remember? While Steve and Mary were talking about how long the line was at the liquor store? Nobody remembers? (Steve, Barney and Mary look fixedly at Carol. There is a tense silence)

MARY:

Well it was a pretty long line.

STEVEN:

I'll say. It's like everybody suddenly decided to, to get drunk all at the same time! I've never seen the liquor store do so much business.

BARNEY:

Maybe there's some big holiday coming. Does anybody know if there's a big holiday coming?

CAROL:

It's not gonna be the 4th of July for a while.

MARY:

Carol, this pie is absolutely delicious! Did you caramelize the walnuts or....

CAROL:

I'll tell you my secret recipe, but then I'll have to shoot you!

(All laugh, and continue discussing anything.)

THE END

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:42 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Night At The Museum, Spielberg, Stiller, The Office

Thursday, May 21, 2009

Name That Super Person

I've been happily noticing a few recent season finales referencing me/my material, which I plan to detail shortly:

- * "The Office"
- * "Saturday Night Live"
- * "The Simpsons"

In the meantime, I will start off with this link to a videoclip showing how I'm "there" in the May 14, 2009 "Smallville" season finale.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:46 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Smallville

Sunday, May 10, 2009

Introducing idnctsbottaositd

I seem to have amassed a few inside-reference shout-outs to me (and what-not) recently that I haven't gotten around to acknowledging. I do not offer evidence here that I have correctly identified these for what they are, nor do I intend to go into the extremely detailed explanations required for the uninvolved reader to appreciate the thinking process by which I arrived at these observations.

Unfortunately, because I do not accompany these mentions with extremely detailed explanations, the uninvolved reader is likely to perceive fallacies in my thinking process. There are many fields of study in this world where even the smallest reference to a symbol or concept could necessitate paragraphs of explanation and justification, and these inside-reference shout-outs and what-nots of mine, in this regard, seem also to deserve being categorized with such fields of study. The key difference being that, in other areas, the absence of a detailed explanation does not automatically tend to lead to false assumptions regarding the underlying thinking process. I therefore have devised an abbreviated manner for conveying this:

I [i] do [d] not [n] conclude [c] this [t] simply [s] because [b] of [o] the [t] timing [t] and/or [ao] similarities [s] in [i] the [t] details [d] = [idnctsbottaositd]

* When I joked to someone that I was going to go hang out in the parking lot, and the next day an article appeared about Paul McCartney in a parking lot, that was an inside-reference shout-out to me. [idnctsbottaositd]

* In the movie "Fred Claus" (which just had its cable TV premium channel debut), when Fred Claus finds impossible the playing of the same song over and over, that was a result of my 1994 sci-fi comedy video, "Gosk, Part 1", where Clerp becomes agitated at the playing of the same song over and over. [idnctsbottaositd]

* A recent appearance by Regis Philbin on the David Letterman Show (the one which included a performance from "Hair"), as with all appearances by Regis on Letterman for at least the past ten years, included an inside-reference shout-out to me regarding one of the (few) things that passed between myself and a particular woman Regis once introduced himself to in a New York City restaurant. [idnctsbottaositd]

* The last three "Simpsons" episodes, as with many other "Simpsons" episodes, included an inside-reference shout-out to me and to someone who is an old friend of Senator Edward Kennedy (Kennedy being the prototype for the Mayor of Springfield, the town in which the Simpsons live), through one of their frequent inside-references to a particular scene from the CalArts 1974 Film Class' 16mm movie/class project, "Limbo". [idnctsbottaositd]

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:30 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Sunday, May 3, 2009

In A Darkroom

From certain blogs of mine, one may arrive at the correct perception that I believe myself to be secretly very important in relation to Spielberg, McCartney, and others of great renown, and that in connection with this, I have been singled out by one or more monstrous group as one to obsessively focus on, and to incorporate in some way into their horrendous acts of violence. I point to my blog of March 13th regarding the deaths of Princess Diana and the Duchess of York, my follow-up blog of March 23rd regarding the recent death of Natasha Richardson, the wife of the star of Spielberg's current movie project, and another follow-up blog of March 30th. I also point to my immediately previous blog of April 30th regarding the death of the son of President Kennedy. In various other places I've referred to what I believe also ties the first bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993 to people who found a way to "leave things on my doorstep". Additionally, I've also referred in other places to various other things I regard as belonging in this category of clues regarding horrible things "left on my doorstep".

I furthermore have pointed out the idea that, to crack one of these cases, one could accomplish the multi-purposed task of cracking all of these cases. And that I see the chief obstacle to a proper investigation as being the very fact that my great importance is secret for the most part: Because without the acceptance of that part of the equation, why would they choose me as the person on whose doorstep to leave things? Therefore, why investigate on the basis of my saying things have been left on my doorstep?

I now add another event that I consider to be part of the same category as the above-referenced, with the hope that someone in a position to properly investigate sees in this an opportunity to crack a number of important cases all at once ("important cases" being an understatement when the history of all is concerned). This event that I am about to describe, though it is not in itself the kind of thing one will likely feel great concern over (in fact, it might even seem absurd to feel great concern), yet could prove worthy of great attention owing to the reasons I've described.

The Death of Georgia O'Keeffe

In 1986 I took a train from New York City to Hartford, Connecticut, where my sister, Judith, and her then-boyfriend (now husband), Donald, were living at the time. As my sister had once received special thanks in a book about famous photographer Alfred Stieglitz for contributing research, I brought with me as a house gift on this rare visit a large book of Stieglitz's photographs.

On the day that I rode the train to Hartford with the Stieglitz book, the 98-year old widow of Stieglitz, famous painter Georgia O'Keeffe, passed away.

I do not disagree that 98 years is a ripe old age, nor do I deny that coincidence and happenstance are a part of life. However, given the types of things that have happened to me of quite a different variety where high profile deaths are concerned, many of which I have not yet described, I consider there to be a potential significance here that has most likely gone uninvestigated. Again, the value of such an investigation would reside more in the possibility that it would lead to those connected to perpetrators of far more serious crimes, than in the injustice of a 98-year old being cheated out of all the years due her.

Posted by Steinhoff at 4:19 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: [O'Keeffe](#), [Stieglitz](#)

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APRIL 2009

Thursday, April 30, 2009

Kennedy's Genes

Imagine what a headache it would be if you had to believe that the death of John Kennedy, Jr. was the result of murder instead of an accident - you're still not finished figuring out the assassination of his father, and now this! Well relax, because apparently I'm the only one saying it. Just think of me as the headache, that's the way to solve it.

Preface

As usual, I shall preface my "surprise revelation" with a brief reference to what should already be known about me. Is it necessarily egocentric or delusional to perceive that things have reached a point where voluminous research of oneself by others has approached the realm of essential knowledge? There happen to be quite a few people in this category throughout history who are neither egocentric nor delusional. On the other hand, a corrupt informational system could leave you believing that Mickey Mouse is the only being you need knowledge of. I'm sorry, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

While it is not spelled out in the most simple terms, it has been spelled out (i.e., verifiable), by things found in the work of Spielberg, McCartney and many others, that I am secretly an influence (and have been for a considerable amount of time). Furthermore, you will not find anyone with the degree of secret importance that I possess.

Proper recognition of the truth of this statement then leads to having to seriously consider a number of heavy things (here's where you'll hold me responsible for giving you a headache, and insist to others that a "don't go there" warning sign be erected). For example, if I say that I've seen enormous amounts of evidence that my apartment is bugged, in light of the fact that I am secretly important, this should not register as an outlandish statement.

The President's Son

In July 1999, within a 24-hour period of the death of John F. Kennedy, Jr., at some point prior to his death, well before there was any news in relation to it, I was alone in my apartment. To hear myself think above the various sounds aimed at my space by God knows who, I was speaking out loud to myself, following a concept.

George W. Bush at this point in time was at the very least being considered by Republicans as a potential presidential candidate, if he was not already. Apropos of this, I started conjecturing about how people tend to feel when they encounter the fully matured offspring of those they know or knew. That there can exist a curiosity borne out of a sense of the wonder of it all, regarding the question of which genetic characteristics are perceivable as remnants from the previous generation. How have certain characteristics been refined, or perhaps corrupted. Is there some special filter that caused the offspring to retain the familiar yet merge it with something new. How this must recurrently be, since people began, a fascinating thing to focus on, not invariably, but depending on the nature of the similarities. And how the nature of George W. Bush's resemblance to his father, the former president, might prove to be of such a variety as to potentially lend itself to exploitation for political gain. Or at the very least, it could have some kind of political impact.

Less than a day later the son of President Kennedy was dead. Eventually it was determined that it was an accident. You have everyone's permission to believe that, so go ahead, believe that. Death may be final, but the findings of those who ruled Kennedy's death an accident, in my book, are not.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:24 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Saturday, April 18, 2009

Hanging Onto Guitar Picks In A Difficult Economy

Responses To My April 13th Blog

A few brief notes regarding what I consider "responses" to my April 13th blog, "Take Your Pick", which focused on a movie character having a guitar pick presumably owned by Mick Jagger, and also on the movie, "Tenacious D And The Pick Of Destiny".

Firstly, I find that Paul McCartney's appearance at Coachella yesterday, April 17th, involved him responding to a call for his guitar pick:

"(McCartney).... dismissed signs held by front-row fans _ including one that asked for his guitar pick. 'No! It's mine!' McCartney said."

If you read my blogs you will see that I have found there to be numerous occasions for construing an action by McCartney as being appropos of something that started with me.

Second, in my December 2, 2008 blog I referred to seeing Jimmy Kimmel (or a Jimmy Kimmel look-alike) in traffic, which I described as likely having occurred in relation to something Sarah Silverman-ish (Sarah Silverman was Kimmel's ex-girlfriend; the Colbert Christmas special made major use of my material; Silverman is among a handful of people with their own shows on Comedy Central). My April 13th blog, "Take Your Pick", in including as part of its main focus the movie, "Tenacious D And The Pick Of Destiny", identified that Liam Lynch directed that movie (as part of the closing statement of that section of the blog). Liam Lynch, it so happens, directed Sarah Silverman's movie, "Jesus Is Magic". Sure enough, on the morning of April 14th (the day following my blog), at the same place along my daily commute to work as before, Jimmy Kimmel (or a Jimmy Kimmel look-alike) and myself looked at each other in traffic.

A Separate Note

At one point I considered including in a blog an explanation of my belief that I had something to do with Tom Hanks' appearance at the April 14th ceremony regarding the new George Harrison sidewalk star in Hollywood. I am reluctant to note things that would seem to come out of left field to those who haven't much information about who I am in relation to "things". I do tend to feel more loyal to conveying the truth than to aligning myself with a bunch of ignoramus' perception of the truth. Okay, perhaps they're not ignoramuses, perhaps there has been an expensive effort by certain people to cover-up who I am in this world, i.e., some ignorance is promoted. Then again, perhaps there are so-called ignoramuses who are actually part of the cover-up. Perhaps part of me is part of the cover-up too, as I do not wish to be in the spotlight regarding just anything.

As for the Tom Hanks thing: from time to time SNL, McCartney (not to mention McCartney's daughter), and others have made inside references to things that suggest to me a girl I knew during the 1970s, or to be more specific, things that suggest that girl in relation to myself. A recent reference of this variety on SNL made sense in that a movie opened that weekend that made such references more relevant. Last week's SNL made another such reference, but I was left in a quandary as to where the relevance was. The Tom Hanks appearance in relation to George Harrison, however, seems to have made SNL's reference relevant. It was a conversation I had with this girl that resulted in Tom Hanks' situation comedy, "Bosom Buddies". Furthermore, an Eric Clapton inside album cover once made another such inside reference, and Clapton is considered very important in relation to the story of George Harrison. And finally, one of the lines in Harrison's song about the loss of John Lennon, "All Those Years Ago" resulted from something I said to this girl (there were other lines in that song I was an influence on as well). I believe that the last time I saw this girl was when she was driving next to me on the freeway, a week before Harrison died. My understanding is that she is a friend of Paul McCartney's.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:21 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: George Harrison, Paul McCartney, Tom Hanks

Wednesday, April 15, 2009

Raindrops Threaded Together

This post is to proudly present my latest work-in-progress, a song entitled, "Raindrops Threaded Together". Now that you've clicked on the preceding link and listened to it, imagine the same song, okay, only with things that accentuate the rhythm and melody coming and going, permitting the quiet to continually return and dominate, so the drums, symbol, bass guitar, lead guitar, flute, backup vocals, lead vocals improvising with the same set of words, they're present like a train going through a station without stopping, and then coming back from the other direction. I hope to get around to doing all this with this song, anyway.

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:37 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Rain

Monday, April 13, 2009

Take Your Pick

While I do not claim to have special information regarding the secret point of origin of every movie idea there is, it does so happen that at least some of my information is special. And so today I will share with you the secret origin of the movie, "Tenacious D And The Pick Of Destiny".

It all began in Summer 1975, while I was working as Best Boy (assistant to the Electrician) on an AFI film shoot. Perhaps here some will (tangentially) be demanding an explanation of how I came to be working on an AFI film shoot, as I was a CalArts student at the time. A CalArts friend of mine arranged it. Now would anybody mind if I continue? Thank you!

Stuart Cornfeld, who subsequently became a big famous film producer but was then an AFI student (or to be more specific, fellow, unless I am mistaken), was also working on this same AFI film shoot, as a producer or something. Amy Heckerling, who subsequently became a big famous film director, was also working on this same AFI film shoot, as an assistant director. While on this shoot I often performed tasks directly for Rob Hahn, the film's cinematographer. Rob had initially come to California/AFI from New York with Amy Heckerling, who once was his girlfriend. They had broken up by the time of this shoot, though Rob made it clear that he still had feelings for Amy, who sometimes looked at us and smiled. Perhaps this would all benefit from my having special "Possible Tangent" paragraphs.

Possible Tangent

Interestingly, a girl living in the same apartment building where I was staying in Westwood during this time, a Catholic girl named Virginia, was the best friend of Stuart's then-girlfriend. One morning, while waiting in my street level apartment for someone to pick me up and drive me to the film shoot (possibly Stuart, who drove me there a few times), Billy Joel's sax player arrived in a very expensive sports car and dropped off this Catholic girl named Virginia. A few years later I believed this to be the same Catholic girl named Virginia who Billy Joel described in his song, "Only The Good Die Young". And interestingly, a week after I made this observation aloud, Billy Joel was sitting next to me on an airplane (Easter 1978) explaining that he told Time Magazine Virginia was some girl he went to high school with (not the Virginia I knew - though on his next album one finds the line, "you can't get the sound from a story in a magazine"). A week after this airplane trip to the West Coast I received a letter from Paul McCartney, which as far as I can tell had nothing to do with Virginia.

Back To Our Story

One day in the Summer of 1975, Stuart offered me the opportunity to buy some pot, which he said was the same as the pot sold to Mick Jagger, and that its great quality accounted for its relatively substantial cost. I had to pass, though as many of us know there's pot and then there's pot. I treasured knowing about that pot, as I did not have the pot itself to treasure, though perhaps I would have continued to treasure knowing about the Mick Jagger pot even if I had owned it and then smoked it. I will never know.

In 1982, Amy Heckerling directed the movie, "Fast Times At Ridgemont High". She had Stuart Cornfeld acting in a small part in this movie (the owner of the fast-food restaurant who insisted on the wearing of a pirate outfit). We also see Sean Penn in the movie going on and on about having the very same guitar pick Mick Jagger used. In fact, at a key moment he gives the guitar pick to his friend, a true sign of the character's good heart, unless the character made up the Jagger connection and therefore is being a sleazeball to portray himself as making a sacrifice in giving it away. The moment also spoke to the audience's consideration of the possibility that perhaps this character really was cool enough to party with Mick.

As for myself, I had no doubt whatsoever: the guitar pick to which Sean Penn referred, special because it had belonged to Mick Jagger, "began" as the pot Mick Jagger smoked. Stuart Cornfeld was in both situations. I would have associated together the Mick Jagger smoke with the Mick Jagger pick even had Stuart not been involved in either situation. I have therefore had this special sense about this special guitar pick in my mind ever since 1982. I have also over the years been increasingly developing the conviction that Stuart Cornfeld really did have the same pot Mick Jagger smoked back in 1975 (if there ever was any doubt).

In 2006 Stuart Cornfeld produced the movie, "Tenacious D And The Pick Of Destiny", the pick in the title being a reference to a most special guitar pick, one that was magically owned at one time or another by every great rock and roll guitarist in the history of rock and roll. Could I possibly have any doubt whatsoever, after retaining over the years the idea of Mick Jagger's guitar pick in direct relation to the idea of Stuart Cornfeld (perhaps Stuart is somewhat more than an idea, sorry about that), that the origin of this Tenacious D Pick of Destiny began as anything other than the pot that Mick Jagger smoked (which I once could have purchased)?

Possible Tangent

At some point in 1988 (about half-a-year before Ringo Starr sent me a letter written on the 25th anniversary of the famous February 9, 1964 appearance by The Beatles on The Ed Sullivan Show), I was on vacation in England, during which I took a trip to the town in which Mick Jagger grew up, his childhood hometown. While walking around there, I thought I saw Stuart Cornfeld driving by behind the wheel of a potato truck. Though Stuart is a redhead and the driver of the potato truck was blond, I still thought it might be Stuart (yes, this was after Billy Joel did the song warning against changing the color of your hair). I might have forgotten about the potato truck incident if not for what happened next, which was something I also might have forgotten about, if not for the potato truck incident: As I boarded the train back to London after a day of walking around Mick Jagger's childhood hometown, someone who looked like Simply Red (who is named Simply Red because of his hair color) appeared to be exiting the same train car. The music video for Simply Red's 1985 big hit, "Holding Back The Years", shows Simply Red throughout the video walking around in what is presumably his own childhood hometown. I cannot swear it was Simply Red in Mick Jagger's childhood hometown, but clearly this was meant to trigger this impression in me. If you had lived my life, or at least walked half-a-mile in my shoes, you would appreciate the idea that it was at the very least meant to trigger this impression in me. As you might guess, life has chosen me for many of these types of experiences. In fact - well, nevermind. Perhaps if this paragraph had been entitled, "Total Tangents" instead of "Possible Tangents", I then could have continued along these lines....

The End Of Our Story

And finally, or tangentially, it may be of interest to know that the director of "Tenacious D And The Pick Of Destiny" is someone named Liam Lynch, a very close friend of George Harrison's son, Dhani.

Damage Control

And now for something completely different: A few days ago I wrote and posted a new comedy sketch idea, "Arguer And Corrector Discuss Russia", which you can access through clicking on the title a few words ago earlier in this sentence, or, if you are one who only moves forward and considers it only tangential to move backward, you can click [here](#).

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:40 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: George Harrison

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MARCH 2009

Tuesday, March 31, 2009

Snow And Slush

I recently came up with a most funny concept, I believe, and dutifully sent it off to the two producers who I once knew and who used to always open my emails, Stuart Cornfeld and Sean Daniel. According to Didtheyreadit.com, technology I sometimes use so I know if my emails are possibly being read. Problem with Didtheyreadit.com is that, when received on some computers, I cannot detect whether my emails are being read. I know this because I've received emails in response to emails I've sent that presumably were never opened, according to Didtheyreadit.com. I suppose if you're rich enough and organized enough, you might even know which of your computers is on this "radar" or not, and then determine whether you wish to be picked up on the "radar", depending on the email content (which you could first learn by first opening the email off the radar). Nowadays, sometimes the emails sent to these producers are opened, sometimes not. According to Didtheyreadit.com.

But I digress, that is, if this is about the funny concept itself (and not about someone doing something with it), and so without further digression or ado or whatever that was:

Someone visiting at a friend's house finds that his friend has purchased a "DoggyBarkBark" device. This is a speaker you strap to your dog's neck that produces the bark of a ferocious dog, triggered by the sound of your dog barking. If your little lapdog is barking because it senses an intruder, the intruder imagines that scurrying around somewhere is a ferocious dog. The big problem is that whenever the lapdog hears the ferocious barking, he barks back, thus creating an endless barking situation. Initially the lapdog responds to the friend's visit with a little bark, thus triggering the situation and a shouted explanation from the dog owner. The dog owner explains also that the video that comes with the "DoggyBarkBark" device reassures the owner that their dog will eventually become accustomed to the sound of a ferocious dog barking and not respond. This may not occur for a few months.

That's the version of the idea I sent out to two people who in the past have channeled a huge number of my ideas to people who then make use of them (Daily Show, Colbert Report, SNL, movies, other TV shows, people who create new TV shows, CNN Presidential Election Night Coverage producers, etc.). I simply wish to add to the above version, that perhaps at some point the dog's owner might plug his lapdog's ears with his fingers to stop the vicious cycle. Which succeeds in creating a momentary cessation of barking. Eventually, numerous stops and starts of the vicious cycle of barking puts looks of very serious apprehension into the facial expression of the guest at any occurrence that might potentially set off the lapdog into letting loose with a tiny yelp. Accompanied by deep sighs of relief, too soon, a yelp was coming afterall. I imagine an idea this funny is worthy of, I don't know, at least 45 minutes of screen time. It's very symbolic too, I think, you know, big guns (ferocious dog barking sound) always at the ready to turn things upside down on behalf of seemingly innocuous imbeciles (the yelping lapdog).

Speaking of big guns at the ready to turn things upside down, I have to see the recent news item about Bruce Willis' ski resort burning down as being in relation to my "reopening the investigation" into the death of Princess Diana in several of my recent blogs, "Word To The Wise" and "I Read The Clues Today". While my experience in these matters makes the connection particularly clear to me, I do find there to be one element built into it that has written all over it, "if there's that coincidence then it's all coincidence issue closed no need for investigation all logical deductions are tainted by there being a coincidence in the mix". Sometimes one must even conjecture whether certain apparent coincidences haven't been planted for those stupid enough to regard coincidence as the answer to everything, sure to win an acquittal every time, no matter the crime, no matter the other evidence. The coincidence to which I refer here is that (and by the way to follow this you would need to actually read my blogs referenced here that regard all this): on the one hand I've previously connected Steve Holland with Bruce Willis, and put the "Zig Ski" license

plate spotted in 1997 in relation to this due to context (without my knowing at the time of making the connection that Willis owned a ski lodge); and then you have the fact that Bruce Willis owns a ski lodge (according to my research, Willis purchased it in 1996). The big bad coincidence is that Steve Holland's first movie, "Better Off Dead", which I refer to in my blogs on this subject, uses skiing as a significant element. The explanation may be that a mutual interest in skiing is part of Holland in relation to Willis - I don't know.

I would also like to add, as I've stated before, that whoever committed one crime (eg., the assassination of Diana Spencer) was not necessarily involved in any of the others. However, it is clear to me that there was a consciousness on the part of the perpetrator(s) that there would be an apparent connection to be made between the various acts discussed. For all I know, Bruce Willis read my blog and then set fire to his own ski lodge. The perpetrator(s) in Diana's death were trying to create a trail leading to McCartney and/or Harrison from what they left on my doorstep ahead of time - this could increase the likelihood of a few Spartacuses standing up at this point in "our story".

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:32 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Bruce Willis, Natasha Richardson, Princess Diana, Sarah Ferguson, Sean Daniel, Steve Holland, Steven Spielberg

Monday, March 23, 2009

I Read The Clues Today

When I saw the following bit on the March 16th Daily Show I immediately thought of Mind Helmets:

video

While I was attending my last two years of high school in New York City from 1971 to 1973 at a small school called Elisabeth Irwin High School, I wrote something for a creative writing assignment. It was a make-believe newspaper editorial, addressing a future world where superstition/paganism had taken over. In this world, technology was as sophisticated as could be imagined, but most people called it magic. The editorial defended the unpopular idea that, though some called it magic, those new things everyone was talking about, Mind Helmets, might actually be a product of science.

Over time I have accumulated good reason to believe that, contrary to the official version of how it came about, this story of mine had a lot to do with the creation of "Mind Games," the title song of the John Lennon album that followed "Imagine". Both this story and "Steinhoff's Monster", a 16mm film I started on at CalArts in 1973. There were people at my very small (25 boys, 25 girls in my grade) high school who would go to Lennon's secret Bank Street home after school, having met Lennon through a mutual friend of Lennon's, David Peel (in 1974 I would work for Howard Smith, the person who introduced Lennon to Peel). I was actually told that this story of mine would appear in the 1973 school yearbook, though it was pulled at the last minute.

Two things happened during the afternoon of March 16th prior to the Daily Show videoclip included here:

* I received an emailed Facebook communication from someone I hadn't heard from since the early '70s, a person I knew at Elisabeth Irwin

* The Mind of Natasha Richardson, whose husband, Liam Neeson, is working with Steven Spielberg on a movie about Lincoln, was damaged, presumably because she skied without a Helmet.

My March 13th blog was about the murder of Princess Diana, how it existed in relation to the murder of the mother of the Duchess of York a year later. How things were specially "left on my

doorstep" in relation to those deaths prior to their occurrence. In that March 13th blog I went into why I believe my "doorstep" has been selected to receive special clues regarding matters of such importance: the fact that I am secretly important in relation to Spielberg and McCartney, and am thusly perceived as a gateway to special attention. I brought forward in that blog one and only one clue that any law enforcement agent could easily follow up on: a license plate that read, "Zig Ski". I suppose "Zig Ski" could suggest the idea of zig-zagging while skiing, though I referred to it in a different context.

What might have been prevented, what can still be prevented, what exactly is at stake, I feel very much in the dark here. What is it that someone wants us to see, what guilt would they wish to assign, that may be more apparent. Oh, if only I hadn't printed the words, "Zig Ski". And oh, do no such thing again. Perhaps this is like some poker game, where a player would seek to bluff us into believing that "Zig Ski" is/remains a great clue, when it is in fact an easy opportunity to mislead. The driver of the "Zig Ski" car may have innocently done nothing more than drive from Point A to Point B on cue, expecting he was enroute to seeing the Martians land or Ringo Starr dancing the cha-cha-cha. But who cued him? Can it lead back to a more genuine clue?

Could this be an effort to guilt Spielberg for the death of Richardson, because I had to divulge the clue in a blog instead of being able to provide it directly to someone who would follow-up? Someone who would follow-up, because they would accept that I am secretly important and would thusly be more likely to receive such a clue "on my doorstep"? Could dumping guilt on people like Spielberg and McCartney be the kind of thing an enemy of the Western world would endeavor to accomplish, with me as their pawn? As for me, I recognize how complex issues might surround matters of this kind in ways beyond that which I presently know of, thus justifying a decision by Spielberg and McCartney to avoid publicizing my importance. As I lead a far more reclusive existence than most, it could seem to people like Spielberg and McCartney that I am far more vulnerable.

I do not let the kind of sick people who would kill Princess Diana and Natasha Richardson direct my mind in how to look at these things. I read the news today, but I did not see the same thing as everyone else in so doing.

And finally, I've written another sketch comedy idea, "Timeout", available at archive.org. I hope you see something good in it.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:19 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Elisabeth Irwin, Lennon, Lincoln, McCartney, Princess Diana, Richardson, Spielberg, Timeout

Sunday, March 15, 2009

Fun For Everyone

Well, that last post was extremely serious, if one recognizes the idea that, had Princess Diana lived, she might have entered into a semi-royal marriage with an Egyptian, an event that could have been world-healing; and that her murderers appear to have singled out my doorstep as a repository for clues to their guilt, owing to my secret great importance in relation to Spielberg, McCartney, and many others.

This current post may be thought a continuation of the "argument" contained in my previous post, in that it adds to the proof of my contention that I am perceived as having some degree of importance (someday someone will invent a device for measuring degrees of importance with precision):

video

After viewing this videoclip regarding Russell Crowe (and perhaps Christian Bale), one may also wish to read a blog I posted on September 21, 2008, entitled, "Not Enough Time For The Beethoven," and/or view my 1998 video, "Gosk 2", which is at archive.org (where my 1994 video "Gosk 1" can also be found).

As usual, I have this week seen other references to my material:

- * "Mr. Brooks" (my Dostoyevsky video)
- * "Smallville" plus "The Office" (Tony Scott/Terrance Williams)

These references were extremely obscure, and though they were identifiable to me as having to do with me, they are scarcely worth my trying to convey to the masses in a detailed way.

I am left in these instances to ask people to take things on faith. Nevertheless I believe that, in general, I provide far more things that do not require taking things on faith, things for which I offer proof as being references by others to my work. And so I hope people will not begrudge me these instances where I do not provide details. There is no small importance to granting credit for integrity and intelligence, if it is earned, otherwise there is much that would be buried.

Posted by Steinhoff at 2:55 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Christian Bale, Princess Diana, Ridley Scott, Russell Crowe

Friday, March 13, 2009

A Word To The Wise

How did it come to be that just hours before Princess Diana was killed in an automobile accident involving a reporter from the French newspaper, La Figaro, I was standing on the spot where the Los Angeles restaurant, La Figaro, named for the French newspaper, once stood? How did an interview with George Harrison in La Figaro come about just three days before? Is there a set of verifiable facts that will unmistakably say certain things to an intelligent person, while being mute or confusing to an unintelligent person?

In this statement, I will be combining information that is easily verifiable as fact with information that cannot be proven which you will have to take on faith, simply because many of the things that happen in this world cannot be proven (will you be able to prove tomorrow that you were sitting down while reading this today?).

The easily verifiable facts alone will ultimately be enough to prove that there is much in what I say.

Part 1 – The Death of Princess Diana

During the last week of August, 1997 I was having a conversation with someone I knew who was also a friend of Blues legend BB King. I described an experience once described to me by Howard Worth, who made the movie, "Raga", about Ravi Shankar, how George Harrison had come through for him in getting his movie the money needed to complete it. A few days following this August 1997 conversation, George Harrison gave an interview to the French newspaper, La Figaro, and based on my (extraordinary) experiences, I had to wonder if what I'd said hadn't influenced Harrison to give an interview. The day after the Harrison interview, a paragraph summarizing it was featured in the L.A. Times. It is perhaps relevant that, in 2000, BB King and Eric Clapton made an album together, "Riding With The King". Eric Clapton is historically known to have been a longtime close friend of George Harrison (despite Clapton's ultimately causing Harrison's divorce and marrying Harrison's ex-wife).

The next day I saw on my way to work a look-alike of someone I knew years before (unless it was the actual person, I could not tell, however, the resemblance, in terms of certain unusual, identifiable features, was obvious). This person was my friend when I attended CalArts, and had for a roommate a woman who worked in the secretary pool for George Harrison's record company, Dark Horse. George Harrison married a girl from the secretary pool at Dark Horse. Olivia Harrison may actually have been the roommate of my friend, I wish I could say with certainty one way or the other.

As a secretly important person, I have for a long time been accustomed to being followed wherever I go. I thought it might make things interesting to begin this particular three-day Labor Day Weekend (Saturday, August 30th) by going to a place I sometimes went when I was a student at CalArts during the 1970s, the La Figaro Restaurant in Los Angeles, where the menus were formatted like the French newspaper for which the restaurant was named. The restaurant was no longer there. I then made my way to the 5 Freeway and headed south.

I suddenly became aware that on each side of me were two very large vehicles – a truck and a bus. Yet each had something about it that brought to my mind the L.A. Times paragraph of a few days before about the Harrison interview. The truck had the word "Werner" in big letters on the side - the friend whose look-alike I saw a few days before had once given me ticket to see an appearance by the leader of a then-popular cult, Werner Erhardt (in fact John Denver provided Werner Erhardt with a song to debut at the gathering I attended; I was only there out of curiosity). Werner is not so unusual a thing to see on the side of a truck, not in and of itself. The bus had the word, "Oasis" painted on its side - the Harrison interview emphasized Harrison's dislike of the music group, Oasis. Again, in and of itself, Oasis written on the side of a bus is not something I would have you regard as being so very out of the ordinary. I felt very unsettled by these two large vehicles and made a mental note of what had just happened and how it connected with the Harrison interview. Immediately following this, I was surrounded on all sides by cars with license plates that collectively brought to mind a letter Paul McCartney sent to me in 1978. The letter was on the subject of hiring me, and came under my dormitory door a week after Billy Joel had sat next to me on an airplane. As it was Labor Day Weekend and the reference 1978 letter had been on the subject of hiring me, the idea of being surrounded by cars whose license plates brought the letter to mind sort of seemed to fit, if you've ever experienced anything in relation to any of the world's less conventional billionaires. For the most part I don't remember what the license plates said specifically; what my new mental note focused on was the fact that the bus and the truck relating to the Harrison interview had been replaced by comparatively benign cars regarding McCartney.

That evening Princess Diana was killed in Paris when her car was surrounded by the cars of reporters chasing her, including a reporter from the newspaper, La Figaro.

Marie Antoinette of Austria married King Louis XVI of France because historically such marriages can create an important bridge between nations of people who might otherwise live in conflict, even war against each other. At the time of her death, Princess Diana appeared poised to enter into a most serious phase of her relationship with an internationally famous Egyptian, Dodi Al-Fayed. In fact, a few days before on the Larry King Show, Dodi Al-Fayed's ex-fiance appeared as the guest, claiming that Princess Diana had stolen him from her.

If one can imagine people in this world with a fanatically serious wish to prevent a bridge between Arabic people and the Western world, one might see the question of responsibility for the death of Princess Diana as being worthy of scrutiny beyond that which takes place in the tabloids. And those with something serious to add to this discussion should not deserve to be cast into the role of tabloid mongers.

Part 2 – The Death of the Mother of the Duchess of York

Approximately one year later, on September 19, 1998, Susan Barrantes, the mother of the Duchess of York, Sarah Ferguson, was killed in what was regarded as (investigated as) a car accident. I experienced a similar series of events on that day as I had a year before.

While driving to San Diego from Los Angeles I saw a few license plates that brought to mind something of personal significance from when I attended CalArts, the word "Ziggy". Hours and hours later, on the way back from San Diego, I saw a few more license plates that also suggested this word (such as "ZIG SKI"). I also saw license plates that brought Mickey Mouse to mind (CalArts has often been referred to as Mickey Mouse U, owing to the involvement of the Disneys with the school).

Part 3 - The Ziggy Connection

During the 1970s while attending CalArts, a friend of mine, Al Goulder, had a kind of bird that originates from Australia, a cockateel, who was named Ziggy. I took care of Ziggy for him over Christmas break one year. Al Goulder's roommate was Steve Holland, who went on to make a number of movies. He wrote and directed "Better Off Dead", made in 1985, which co-starred Curtis Armstrong. In that same year Curtis Armstrong began co-starring with Bruce Willis in the TV show, "Moonlighting". In 1986 Steve Holland wrote and directed, "One Crazy Summer", which co-starred Demi Moore, who married Bruce Willis in 1987. Bruce Willis played a character in the TV show "Moonlighting" named David Addison from 1985 to 1989.

September 19th was also the anniversary of Mickey Mouse's debut, in a cartoon entitled, "Steamboat Willie". Some are aware (particularly in Great Britain) that Sarah Ferguson created a cartoon character named Budgie The Little Helicopter, named after a bird that originates from Australia, called a budgie.

Part 4 - Why Bruce Willis Is Relevant

On August 31, 2005, the anniversary of Princess Diana's death, the media carried the story of how Taliban terrorists had taken a soldier hostage (he was killed a few days later), a soldier with the recognizable name of David Addison (the same name as the Bruce Willis character on "Moonlighting"). The following year, on Labor Day Weekend 2006, I saw a car with a license plate that read "ADDISON", or something similar.

For a long time I have made reference to the fact that the first person from whom I ever learned of CalArts was Sean Daniel, that Sean Daniel (a Spielberg friend) makes inside references to my work in the movies he produces. Sean Daniel produced a movie released on November 14, 1997 starring Bruce Willis entitled, "The Jackal", which has the Bruce Willis character saying, "You can't protect your women." It related to the assassination of the American First Lady.

Summation

I believe that if the true story behind the John F. Kennedy assassination is that Oswald was sent by the Russian government, the publicizing of such a fact could have resulted in the U.S. being backed into a corner where nuclear confrontation with the Soviet Union would not have been particularly easy to avoid.

I believe that if the true story regarding the death of the mother of the Duchess of York is that it was caused by the same people who killed Princess Diana, massive publicizing of this fact would likely serve the purposes of the perpetrators. Furthermore, if the likes of Harrison or McCartney were to appear implicated in one or both of these deaths, again, one would likely have been led to such a conclusion by perpetrators who preconceived such a frameup.

What I believe is the value of what is reported here, therefore, is that there could be clues that could lead to the actual perpetrators, in spite of where they might want the clues to lead, and perhaps, eventually, this could prevent some future terrible event. I caution against playing into the hands of the perpetrators. Was the Barrantes death ever investigated with an eye towards the possibility of a clue that might unravel a huge mystery? No, it was thought an accident. Was the Addison death ever investigated as containing the potential to ultimately lead to the solving of the true cause of the death of Princess Diana? No, it was assumed to be a random Taliban killing. Deaths are investigated in accordance with certain preconceptions regarding what occurred. In the absence of certain theories about a murder, the investigation follows a more limited course. Correlatingly, the information here could lead to new information. I have been reluctant to present my information because it could alert the perpetrators to more perfectly bury the trail of real information. And attaching value to what I present first requires accepting the premise that my doorstep is a place where things of this significance might land.

I have often tried to demonstrate that I possess the personal credibility required to be believed as the type of person whose doorstep these clues would wind up on. Apparently my credibility is seen as too opposite to the interests of the likes of Spielberg and McCartney for anyone to come forward and admit that my doorstep would indeed become a likely repository of such information. I have other information. It is useless if my premise is not appreciated. Why would these clues be left for me? When did I ever prove my importance in relation to McCartney, Spielberg and others? The coverup of my importance has for some time now become a significant part of the coverup of things that the world needs investigated.

Posted by Steinhoff at 12:03 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Princess Diana, Sarah Ferguson

Sunday, March 1, 2009

Imagine That

Not a whole lot for me to be pointing at at this very moment, as far as I know.

Let's see, we had the title of my previous, February 24th blog being "Like In That Beatles Song", and the very next day, February 25th, Supreme Court Justice Alito renders a decision by putting things in the context of what it might mean to reference a John Lennon song. I consider myself very much on the left of the political spectrum, generally (though I don't always accept conventional definitions of what issues fall where on the political spectrum, preferring to use my own mind), however, there is a substantial history of major Republicans referencing my material: George W. Bush, Trent Lott, Rudolph Giuliani, John McCain. Perhaps it's word of mouth, related to the fact that everybody everywhere references my material, from rock superstars to film directors to TV shows to leaders of foreign nations to Democrats. All of this weighs very much in favor of the conclusion that Alito's action the day following my action, both actions not merely regarding references to Beatle songs, but rather the concept of referencing Beatle songs, was apropos of my previous blog title.

If that was a difficult one to follow, this next one will certainly throw you.

* I begin by drawing your attention to my videoclip regarding the final episode of the TV show "Friends", which starred Jennifer Aniston and others. Ever since my 1998 "Gosk 2" sci-fi comedy video, which included in a starring role someone who was friendly with Arquettes and other "Friends" people, there were quite a number of references to my material on that show (only a few prior to "Gosk 2", including an entire storyline contained within the initial "we were on a break" episode). On the referenced videoclip, they made a game of using one of the made-up words in "Gosk" a few episodes prior to the final one, and then on the final episode gave center stage importance to the power of a made-up word to catalyze events. The question was thereby raised of whether a new made-up word (or possibly not new for viewers of "Gosk") would get Rachel off

the plane the second time (as a made-up word had at one point in that episode), to reunite with Ross for the climax of the series (I said series, not episode). Had such a word been called into play, we can be certain that it would be a word instantly made part of the English language, for its "Friends" significance. Had such a word demonstrably originated with me, I imagine it would have become trivia difficult to suppress.

* Jason Lee's show, "My Name Is Earl" is the result of a story idea I submitted to the person (Sean Daniel, first person from whom I learned of CalArts, the school I attended) who produced the first big movie Lee was in, "Mallrats", which was itself named after my video, "Mall Man". As mentioned in a videoclip posting of mine on YouTube, that several-page story idea of mine contained six references to chipmunk talk. The announcement that Lee would be in the movie, "Alvin And The Chipmunks", came years after my story idea that led to his "Earl".

* Jack Black often makes references to my material, in his work and his talk show appearances. Some see Black as part of the Stiller/Cornfeld group (Cornfeld is referred to in a few of my other blogs).

* When Aniston and Black together presented an award during the Oscars a week ago, I was struck less by what they said as much as by the omission of a word. Black began by saying that this year in animation we've seen talking squirrels. Squirrels are so close to chipmunks, that in the movie, "Alvin and the Chipmunks," the association of the two species is referred to several times. I was left wondering why Jack Black of all people should be off by one word this way, off, that is, in terms of missing a chance to make an inside reference to things related to my material. It took several days, but it finally occurred to me, he must have learned this from Jennifer Aniston.

The Angelina Jolie movie, "A Mighty Heart", premiered on Showtime yesterday. Of special interest to me is the fact that Daniel Pearl, the focus of this biopic, lived in Princeton, New Jersey where I grew up, my best friend in Princeton was someone named Winterbottom, an unusual name, and this movie was directed by someone named Winterbottom. In further relation to the Winterbottom I knew, Sean Penn modeled his portrayal of a lawyer in "Carlito's Way" on Winterbottom's brother. From what I've been able to surmise, Winterbottom (my childhood friend) had some kind of connection to Madonna and Sean Penn during the period when they were married. Additionally, Madonna named a character in one of her children's books Tinkelbottom, or something like that. Madonna has crossed my path in various such (and other) ways any number of times, including referencing my material in her material. Angelina Jolie was mentioned in one of my previous blogs, and her movie, "Girl Interrupted" got its title from my (1987 copyrighted) short story, "Man Without Interruption".

Posted by Steinhoff at 12:22 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Alito, Friends, Jack Black, Jennifer Aniston, Jolie, Madonna, Sean Penn, Winterbottom

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FEBRUARY 2009

Tuesday, February 24, 2009

Like In That Beatles Song

Firstly, I would want to mention that Hugh Jackman's opening number at the Oscars the other night, which was all about putting together a production with a ridiculously minimal set of tools, had an awful lot in common with my "Steinhoff's Monster" (1978), which was the work of mine referenced in the "Monk" season finale just two nights earlier (see my February 22nd blog). For this reason, and also from previous experience of being secretly referenced on the Oscars, I have to wonder about this. Perhaps Hugh Jackman (who referenced my "Adventure At The Pasadena Batman Estate" when he hosted the Tony Awards several years ago) leaked the number ahead of time to Tony Shaloub. Or perhaps any number of other scenarios – did you know that Andy Breckman, the creator of and a writer for "Monk", was a writer for the 2003 Oscars?

And now on to other things!

Preface Regarding Secret Occurrences On TV Last Night

What I am about to describe regarding conclusions I've arrived at concerning last night's television would never read as on target to someone unfamiliar with a specific inside shorthand that has evolved, and what's worse, people out of that loop might easily be led to make wrong surmisals regarding just how I arrived at my conclusions, thereby believing my statements to be foolishly arrived at. I would be better off if the outsider felt himself in the dark as to how I arrived at my conclusions, which is truly where the outsider is. Being who I am, I will not allow the anticipated misperceptions of the outsider to interfere with nor dictate what I choose to communicate to certain people, though it may seem that I am inflicting pain upon myself in so acting. Maybe I should just limit myself to inside references cryptically expressed, as so many others do.... no, don't think so.

Secret Occurrences On TV Last Night

Every once in a while, rather than one TV show including enough things regarding my material as to allow me to draw clear conclusions about inside references to my works, instead several TV shows on the same evening include things regarding the same Steinhoff material, so that between the things contained on different shows on the same evening, there would cumulatively be enough things such that inside references would become obvious to me. Last night was such a night. I have in previous blogs referred to occasional references to my material on "24", and also to occasional references to my material in works featuring Arquettes (reasons regarding why there should be frequent usages found in material involving Arquettes have also been detailed in previous blogs). And so last night, both "24" and Patricia Arquette's "Medium" referred to the same moment in Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's "Uncle's Dream" (1992): the moment when Susan says, "Are you the hurting kind, you know, like in that Beatles song?" The legitimacy of this observation of an inside reference to my Dostoyevsky is reinforced by the subject matter found on both TV show episodes: On "24", Jack Bauer is confronted, in the most poignant way thus far, on the question of whether he is too indifferent to the pain/suffering/death that result from his actions ("the hurting kind?"); on "Medium", Allison Dubois (Patricia Arquette) asks herself whether she is guilty and should hold herself morally responsible for inflicting a wound ("the hurting kind?"). In both TV shows, conspicuous use is made of a commonly seen action, one character placing his hand on the shoulder of another. Yet these usages show up on my special "be alerted" radar, because the rhythm of the scene is slowed down for these actions, as if something of plot significance is occurring instead of a more common behavior. Thus, the shorthand was present, and sure enough, in looking further, I found reinforcement of this observation in the aforesaid focus on the "hurting kind" issue, combined with the repeating of these components in both shows on the same night. Due to copyright protection technology I cannot even copy these TV moments

on camera to present here in a videoclip, even if I wanted to - but without explanation the moments scarcely speak for themselves anyway.

Ending

Do I see in all of this an invitation to expound on the subject of what makes someone the "hurting kind"? This is too vast a subject, requiring discussion of all sorts of issues: references to preconditioned social perceptions and so forth; the imagination and experience to even see the potential for devising ways to avoid collateral damage; the passing of a serious responsibility with the intention that the responsibility nevertheless be addressed, rather than the intention to avoid being held culpable; the illusion that the negative energy in the world, which is related to inflicting hurt, can be reduced if squeezed into occupying a box 5" x 3" x 2" instead of a box 6: x 4" x 3". I may see things connected to this issue that others would find tangential. I would likely stray far from a discussion of rotten bastards who go around hurting people. Here I touch on a few of the things I see as related to this question, but do not feel that the time has been granted me to truly explore this gigantic subject.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:33 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: 24, Dostoyevsky, Medium, Monk, Oscars

Saturday, February 21, 2009

Just Another Clue

Those watching "Monk" on Friday received word that the show will be airing its final season this summer. The word was apparently already out, yet it seems to have escaped the attention of most of us until Friday through only being carried in trade papers and obscure Internet places.

One wonders how much the concept of death should be applied, though we know intellectually that, as the characters were never truly alive, they can never truly die. Perhaps we should apply the concept of "etc.", and imagine we are already sufficiently informed of what these characters are up to even when they go outside the physical range of our perceptions. I am not one who sees the creation of fictitious characters merely as part of our need for entertainment. I believe characters we thusly create can exist but in some undefinable way, that our souls are not always physically confined within the parameters of our own bodies, that we sometimes provide each other with special vehicles for the collective souls of groups of us.

My weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip places the 2.20.09 "Monk" episode in relation to my 1978 16mm film, "Steinhoff's Monster", to which the "Monk" people have referred before, the 8.22.08 episode of "Monk" being the most recent occurrence of this, I believe (see my "Monk Takes A Vowel Of Silence" on YouTube). And so here is the latest:

video

In other news, I have been giving some thought to ways in which I may have contributed to The Beatles beyond those ways of which I am already aware. I know already that, if not for me, there would have been no "Yellow Submarine" or "Paperback Writer" or "Eleanor Rigby", at least in their present forms, and with no "Eleanor Rigby", perhaps no "Sargent Pepper". Now the song "Rain" appears to me as one I may possibly have overlooked. Additionally, the connection between the ominousness of the journey in the opening, title track of "Magical Mystery Tour", followed by the next album's opening track, "Back In The U.S.S.R.", a long-awaited return to a destination ominous in nature by many standards, followed on "Abbey Road", the next album (in terms of being a Beatles "concept" album), by the cover image showing a journey both amazingly simple yet amazingly dramatic. I don't believe these newly considered connections will ever be judged with certainty, short of Paul McCartney himself coming forward to state whether I share any amount of responsibility in these other creations.

Knowing might contribute to my understanding how it came about that I have had such an enormous influence regarding the post-Beatles work of the four ex-Beatles.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:59 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Monk, Steinhoff's Monster, The Beatles

Sunday, February 15, 2009

The Point

Just a few brief things, one of course being this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip. It includes a reference to my 1998 "Gosk, Part 2", and also a reference to last week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, which can be found in its entirety on my previous (2.8.09) blog. Incidentally, the February 13th Monk (which the following videoclip regards) is the second-to-last episode of the season:

video

Another thing I might mention would be the line on last night's Saturday Night Live, "I'm having a cattail sown on my upper butt so my little daughter will wanna play with me" (in the sketch about the three businessmen in a meeting). I relate this to my "Teddy Tinyfingers" sketch idea (for an additional reason than what is generally known, an inside matter SNL has referred to in the past which I steer clear of discussing).

And finally, because of the same matter alluded to but not detailed in the previous paragraph, I attribute the fact that Paul McCartney had a stuffed animal on his piano named "Ashley" at last week's Grammy Awards to his desire to give a shout-out for my benefit, as he has been known to do (see many of my previous blogs). I'm also thinking that his girlfriend during the 1960s, Jane Asher, might be in there somewhere.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:45 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Jane Asher, Teddy Tinyfingers

Sunday, February 8, 2009

Handful

In addition to this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, and another videoclip, related to my comedy sketch idea, "Teddy Tinyfingers", I first have a few other things to report:

A Few Other Things To Report First

1. The special edition of the show, "The Office" that followed the Superbowl last week made substantial inside references to my material, unfortunately, it gets a little complicated to explain. That leaves it with those who trust my facility for identifying these things believing it, and the rest, well, nobody has time for everybody. As to the specifics, I'm sure I'll go into it someday, perhaps after next year's Superbowl?

2. This week's "Life On Mars" (2.4.09) made several inside references for my benefit. Again, I'm not going into specifics at this time. I will observe that I made a reference to "Life On Mars" in my November 22, 2008 blog, and from that moment anticipated that I would eventually be seeing them make an abundantly clear reference to my material. At one point I thought last week's (1.28.09) "Life On Mars" included a reference, but changed my mind when I saw it back. Now I'm not so sure. This is not entirely unlike the time I wrote a comedy sketch idea around "Law & Order, Criminal Intent", followed by that show making inside references to my material.

3. This year's Grammy Awards, not unlike any number of major award shows in the past, appears to be making use of a concept of mine. Specifically, the backdrop of little cubes drifting around

behind the presenters bears a significant resemblance to my use of bricks drifting around during a section of the music video for my song, "Whatever Happened".

"Teddy Tinyfingers" and Christian Bale

Besides my Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, I also have with this blog another videoclip, regarding my January 14th comedy sketch idea, "Teddy Tinyfingers". But first a few words about Christian Bale. I notice that all this talk about his on-the-set "tirade" actually began just two weeks following my "Teddy Tinyfingers" comedy sketch idea, through the surfacing of a recording of Bale. The Bale story first broke back in July 2008, but never took off until the recording was heard. This is unusual, for a half-year-old story of this variety to suddenly receive new life in this way. I further observe that my "Teddy Tinyfingers" comedy sketch idea regards an on-the-set argument between Johnny Depp and Tim Burton (my fellow CalArts alum on whom I have been a major influence). I therefore wonder whether it isn't upon me to weigh in on the Christian Bale matter, which I see as having potentially been given new life by "Teddy Tinyfingers" (an extreme statement only to those unfamiliar with the kind of impact my works have been known to have): I find it most interesting that Mr. Bale is the person who gave that incredibly inspired performance in "American Psycho", the best performance of his career, or for that matter what would be a great performance in anybody's career. In that movie he artfully delivered a humorous insight into the idea that people who are perfectly behaved, people who might ostracize a member of their own circle should they so much as have a hair out of place or perform a public faux pas, may on the inside just as easily also be sadistic, twisted psychotics, perhaps an outgrowth of a suppressive social world - a social world with values so disconnected, as to grant its greatest approval only to those most adept at observing proper social decorum. Who doesn't appreciate the emotions expressed in Christian Bale's real-life tirade, and immediately forgive? And who doesn't also get that emotions dwelling in actors on film sets cannot be viewed by normal standards? So why so a short leash, so to speak, when one looks at the public response? Let's keep it real: Christian Bale is entitled. Of course, one nevertheless understands his public apology, as we've all had to placate those devoid of all insight.

"Teddy Tinyfingers" and Others

And so now, a special videoclip regarding, well, see for yourself:

video

Monk/Steinhoff 2.6.09 Videoclip

So finally, this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip. (I hope those all about Monk appreciate why one of the moments from the February 6th "Monk" episode was determined to belong more in the previous rather than the following videoclip.)

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:00 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Christian Bale, Clark Kent, Obama

Sunday, February 1, 2009

Looking Through A Sad Onion

Monk/Steinhoff

Time for this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip. The work of mine involved, "Snow On The Way" (posted on YouTube in 2006 and archive.org in 2008) is not among the videos of mine most often referenced. An additional obscure factor, first noted in my YouTube Monk/Steinhoff videoclip of July 27, 2008, is that sometimes the context is expanded by the "Monk" people, so that an item they include one week designed by them for me to draw a circle around, also proves to be of significance to the Monk/Steinhoff videoclip the following week.

So between these two obscure factors, I expect that at the same moment I am making sense to people with a certain amount of brain power, I will simultaneously appear to be stretching things/contriving things in the opinion of others (which also opens the door wider for those merely posturing as skeptics to take a shot at me). Yet I'm glad to see my other work in the "spotlight", or whatever kind of light this is:

video

As I've mentioned in the past, for quite some time any situation I find myself in, whether it be a work situation, or a situation where the makers of a TV show involve themselves with my material over a period of time, any situation I'm in long enough, becomes infiltrated by people with hostile motives regarding me. This is something one might be more likely to accept as the experience of someone who has had a high profile over a long period of time, who might collect powerful enemies in life. Well, I have collected some very powerful enemies, and I've seen this infiltration too many times to rationalize that it is some subjective delusion. Those not victimized in this manner, on the other hand, are free to rationalize all they want. I bring this up because I see it happening increasingly in relation to "Monk," specific things I am not describing here.

January 31, 2009 Saturday Night Live

Though I did not write a specific sketch idea for this installment of this show, that hasn't generally prevented them from finding a way to put in something (such as a something gained through infiltration of my work situation). I noticed this week on SNL in some piece they mentioned that, "even John Kerry was funny". A few years ago when John Kerry got into trouble for his misfired joke, which he did immediately appropos of something I did, "Recipe For Fun" (on YouTube, about Heinz Ketchup (Kerry's wife's company) as a necessary comedy ingredient), I wrote to a Paul McCartney intermediary that McCartney should be in a comedy sketch relating to "Recipe For Fun". I felt partly responsible to generate support of some kind for Kerry, particularly as he had once been the Democratic Presidential Candidate. Eight days after my communication to McCartney asking that he be in a comedy sketch, McCartney made a surprise appearance on SNL, in a sketch with Steve Martin about someone putting poison in someone else's drink. The sketch subject clearly relates to the title, "Recipe For Fun". How clear this was to Kerry I do not know. So with Steve Martin being the host this week, and with the reference to Kerry's infamous misfired joke incident by saying that even Kerry was funny, I see a connection. One might or might not also look at the fact that Martin was in a sketch this past week where he took Ecstasy thinking he was eating mints.

The only three comedy sketch ideas I have written for SNL since the September '08 TV season began have all resulted in big Obama news stuff (perhaps I will review this in a future blog, complete with evidence showing date posted in relation to following events). Furthermore, the interpretations of my sketches through the "medium" of actual occurrences have not been too far from the intent, as compared to a good number of SNL's interpretations. This might be considered by those who presume that there's nothing so heavy going on when I pick up a pen, or presume there's no enormous demand on me to thusly bring something into the world that bears fruit.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:33 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Kerry

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JANUARY 2009

Friday, January 30, 2009

You Bet

There might just be a thing or two that could be added to this videoclip regarding Colbert, McCartney and myself:

video

Now I already know this one's not for beginners, it asks that a few things be taken on faith, and all because of the unfair reality that not everything that happens in this world is documented. And not everyone comes forward to corroborate what cannot be verified in any other way. As a case in point, I was sitting on my couch a few minutes ago, yet will never be able to prove it to anyone. Fortunately, that action is of no consequence and so I shall hope that I will not be judged too harshly for asserting I was sitting on the couch. Should I leave out everything of consequence that I cannot document? Thereby not requiring anyone to take anything I say on faith? I feel I have earned some credit among those who have been keeping track of what I can prove, so no, I do not truly feel that I am burdening people when I ask that they take certain things on faith. Though one may find there are actions in this world that one cannot prove actually took place, yet many such actions are significant and worth communicating. So bye-bye beginners/lowest common denominators, at least this time around.

One Thing That May Have Belonged In This Colbert-McCartney-Steinhoff Videoclip

The title of my second-to-last blog was, "Indoor Bench, Outdoor Bench." This title was partly designed to address an important aspect of the "Monk" episode to which the videoclip refers. In the "Monk" episode, Monk is concerned that there is some "catch" behind the Gena Rowlands character's wish to be his friend. In this I perceived a common concern experienced by many people, and it is not difficult to see where people in show biz are likely to be coming from when they express this type of concern: the idea that underneath the engaging of their emotions people are really trying to advance themselves. The title of my blog, in the context of the Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, brings to that discussion the relevance of the degree of need, an element sometimes considered taboo in such discussions. The Indoor Bench aspect of the Monk/Steinhoff videoclip regards a sockless person being given socks, the Outdoor Bench aspect regards a person being given a scarf. The videoclip includes the question of whether these items are dispensable or indispensable. Thus, how far does the degree of need play into things, and even perhaps, influence issues of morality underlying real motives when people engage our emotions?

One statement in such a discussion might eventually be, "Does this mean that a circumstance could arise where there can be any morality in one person eating another, if the need is great enough?" This is part of the discussion that took place between Colbert and McCartney. Of course, this would be among the more extreme statements one could make in such a discussion, however, it is precisely by following things to their extreme logical conclusions that important points are often brought to the surface. This is often a function of comedy. In this instance, one is immediately made more conscious of what many already know: however great the need, as valuable as one holds one's own life, it is not something for which one must automatically feel inclined to pay any price. Did "Indoor Bench, Outdoor Bench" influence the decision for Colbert and McCartney to go there? In my opinion, it is possible, because I see it as a likely direction the conversation would go in were one to follow the statement made in my blog title to its logical conclusion. I saw it in the blog title before the McCartney interview on The Colbert Show, more or less.

Incidentally, immediately following the "Indoor Bench, Outdoor Bench" blog, in my last blog (entitled simply, "Indoor Bench"), I pointed out that Kiefer Sutherland and Tony Shaloub sitting at

the same table at the SAG Awards appeared related to what I had previously indicated in a January 19th blog ("Traffic On The Unbeaten Path"). Sitting at the same table relates to the title, "Indoor Bench, Outdoor Bench", thus the nearly identical title I gave that blog.

People sometimes deliberately do things to simultaneously address more than one thing. I therefore do not consider it contradictory that I look at the eating people discussion on Colbert as having been prompted in part by the carrot nose in "Frozen," yet also possibly by the "Indoor Bench, Outdoor Bench" blog title. Sometimes people are even obliged to only take actions that serve multiple purposes, though it may spread their chips around the roulette table to the point where a win is seriously mitigated by the losses.

The next Monk/Steinhoff videoclip (regarding the January 30th episode) is on the way.
Posted by Steinhoff at 11:23 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Stuff

Sunday, January 25, 2009

Indoor Table

Brief Note:

In my January 19, 2009 blog I stated, "I will leave these Spielberg - Sutherland - Shaloub - Pitt - et-al connections for you to interconnect...."

Tonight, less than one week later during the SAG Awards, we were shown Sutherland and Shaloub (as well as Shaloub's wife, Brooke Adams) sitting together at the same table having a conversation. Prior to this, has anyone ever mentioned these two in the same breath? I might also add that Mr. Sutherland had the honor of being the first presenter of the night.
Posted by Steinhoff at 8:34 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Aniston, Brooke Adams, Jolie, Keifer Sutherland, Peter Sellers, Pitt, Ringo Starr, Spielberg, Tony Shaloub

Saturday, January 24, 2009

Indoor Bench, Outdoor Bench

Time again for the weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, it being that nearly every episode of the TV show "Monk" makes deliberate reference to my material, usually references from among my three main live action videos, "Mall Man," "Gosk," and Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's "Uncle's Dream," each of which can be found at archive.org, and regarding each of which I am the auteur.

This week I've excluded a few things I regarded as references, in order to keep things simpler for the lowest common denominator among us:

* This week's "Monk" had Randy saying with a certain rhythm and intonation, with regard to Monk's rearranged furniture, "I kind of like it," followed by the Captain tilting his head, which added up to a reference to the moment in "Gosk, Part 2" when Tuxert, noticing the tan nose of the otherwise blue-skinned Dockert, says with a certain rhythm and intonation, "I kind of like it," tilting her head;

* I also saw the reference in this week's "Monk" to my Ringo Starr anecdote, or rather an anecdote regarding Ringo Starr that was related to me by a friend who was there. "Monk" made a reference to this same anecdote in March 2005 for the season finale.

Again, the lowest common denominator among us would be too likely to dispute that these are references, and I am wearying of defending myself against those who cannot see nor demonstrate any inclination to do even a minimal amount of research before declaring their so-

called verdicts. Furthermore, I find increasingly tiresome those with ulterior motives for claiming they cannot even see what is obvious.

Nevertheless, there is enough here for anyone:

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:50 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Monk, Ringo

Friday, January 23, 2009 To Have Won

The first week of Barack Obama's presidency has ended (for those who think of Friday as the end of the week, even in the case of weeks that begin on a Tuesday) with the kind of crystallizing soundbite from the President that the media seeks, "I won". The following quote from the Wall Street Journal blog can be found repeated throughout the media:

"January 23, 2009, 2:32 pm

"Obama to GOP: 'I Won'

"...With those two words — 'I won' — the Democratic president let the Republicans know that debate has been put to rest Nov. 4 Democratic and Republican aides confirmed the exchange. A White House spokesman said he wasn't immediately aware of the exchange. The aides who heard the remarks stressed that it wasn't as boldly partisan as it might sound."

What you will not learn about from those discussing this is the fact that those two words are identical to the closing line of "Teddy Tinyfingers," the January 14, 2009 comedy sketch idea I submitted for the January 17th "Saturday Night Live", to which considerable reference has been made in my blogs (including mention of an inside reference to it on the January 17th SNL).

The performance by Sting and Stevie Wonder of Sting's song, "Brand New Day" was the closing song and climax of "The Neighborhood Ball: An Inauguration Celebration," broadcast the evening of Inauguration Day live on ABC TV (and broadcast taped on the west coast). Of all the shows on TV relating to the inauguration on Inauguration Day, this was the primary mass consumption television product (other than the Inauguration itself), and included the President, his wife, the Vice President, and his wife (among others).

My previous blog discussed how that same closing song, "Brand New Day," resulted from a song I created, "Brand New River of Love".

Is it really so difficult to figure out from whence came Obama's choice of words, "I won," at this point in time/history?

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:11 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Obama, Sting

Friday, January 23, 2009 The Illustrated Story of Sting's "BRAND NEW DAY"

In 1998 I made a little sci-fi comedy video, "Gosk, Part 2" (sequel to my 1994 Gosk, Part 1) (http://www.archive.org/details/JonathanDavidSteinhoff_3), starring someone who was Joni Mitchell's friend and artistic director of the album artwork on a number of her recordings. At this time I had long been a secret major influence on the work of a great number of major recording

artists (and others of great importance in the entertainment industry), including Paul McCartney, John Lennon, The Rolling Stones, Madonna, and many others.

Remembering an interview John Lennon had once given in which he described the creation of "Give Peace A Chance" as a deliberate effort to provide a rallying anthem, and having secretly contributed the opening to John Lennon's song, "Starting Over" ("Our life together is so precious together, etc."), I was inspired to create a song about someone trying to rally everyone, "Brand New River of Love" (copyright January 1999 as part of my music CD, "Still Around") (<http://www.soundclick.com/bands/default.cfm?bandID=366981&content=songinfo&songID=2724662>).

When the Joni Mitchell art director asked if he could have a copy of the song used for the opening credit sequence of "Gosk" (a scratchy Xavier Cugat song slowed down from 78 to 33) (<http://www.archive.org/details/JonathanDSteinhoff>), I put it on a ten-minute cassette, and for the flipside included my then work-in-progress, a (more uptempo, upbeat) version of "Brand New River of Love".

James Taylor, one-time boyfriend of Joni Mitchell and very special guest (above all other guests) at an A&E television concert of people rendering Joni Mitchell songs, appears on the 1999 Sting music CD, "Brand New Day". I surmise that it was via Taylor that Sting experienced "Brand New River of Love", however, because of my secret importance to the work of so many, it is also possible that it reached Sting in some other way. There can be no doubt that my song led to the Sting song. Nor can there be any doubt that the crying saxophone in my song inspired the crying harmonica in Stevie Wonder's accompaniment to Sting's song.

Because Joni Mitchell's art director also ran a videotape editing and copying business, and because I occasionally created music videos that I needed copied, copies of my videotapes were made by Joni Mitchell's art director. From certain Sting product that followed, it became abundantly clear that Sting continued to use me as an influence. Though some instances of usage might in and of themselves contain no such implication, the cumulative implication is plain to see (please note: the document this link takes you to begins with this same text found here, but also goes on to include samples of works to illustrate the point).

Posted by Steinhoff at 12:43 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Lennon, Sting

Monday, January 19, 2009

Traffic On The Unbeaten Path

I've got some real news here, no joke, I'm it, this is where the train makes a big stop, gather around! On second thought, what I have to report this time around may involve some reviewing of my previous blog and other stuff, trusting me on a few things, and putting lots of things together. Well, would you look at all of those people who are unaware of how intense and trustworthy things are with me heading for the door. Okay, well, you're just not ready. And now, for the rest of you, those who are still here (especially those who are still here on the first read, as opposed to those who read only so far, leave, but then are prodded into coming back by people passing the word that there really is something here):

Where to begin? I'll just rattle everything off, that'll be my style here.

In my previous blog I described where I had special reason for making a connection between Steven Spielberg's description at the Golden Globes of trains colliding, and the simultaneously broadcast "24" premier, which involved the idea of airplanes colliding, and a scene in Spielberg's "Minority Report" that came from my "Mall Man" video.

I also showed in my previous blog where the weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclip (which exist because nearly every episode of "Monk" ever made deliberately includes things that connect with things in my creative work, see some on YouTube under Zoomsteinhoff; and also to be found in a few of my other blogs) for 1-16-09 involved usage of a bicycle bell. Is there reason to connect the bicycle bell to the train and plane collision ideas, in that ringing a bicycle bell is like honking a car horn, which relates to avoiding vehicle collisions? Read on!

Background For What Happened Sunday, 1-18-09

It used to be that on the rare occasions that I sent an email to one of the stars of my "Gosk 2" video, who happens to be connected with more than one Arquette sibling, the following day someone who resembled Jennifer Aniston would drive by me (possibly Ms. Aniston herself). As many of us know, Jennifer Aniston is best friends in real life with Courteney Cox Arquette, wife of David Arquette. However, there was only one time that I could say with absolute certainty that it was Jennifer Aniston herself driving by me - and driving one of those cube-shaped cars. On that day, in response, I watched that night's "In Case Of Emergency," a TV show David Arquette starred in, expecting, from what might be described as a shorthand that's developed, that I would likely see on that night's show something related. Sure enough, that night's episode connected to Jennifer Aniston, in that it strongly referenced the movie "The Graduate", a movie which was the focus of the Jennifer Aniston movie, "Rumor Has It" (a movie centered on the family that "The Graduate" was rumored to be based on in reality). A week or two following this, I saw another cube-shaped car, this one containing a license plate that read something like, "Jen B". I do also understand that there exist in this world cube-shaped cars that can in no way be connected with Jennifer Aniston.

Sunday, 1-18-09

Now back to the present: on Saturday I sent another one of my rare emails to that same star of my "Gosk 2" video. On Sunday, it was not Jennifer Aniston but Angelina Jolie herself who unmistakably drove by me - in a cube-shaped car. When one reflects on the other thing, besides the bicycle bell, in this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, namely the cube-shaped tomato, one finds a connection. People have taken an interest in the Cubist art movement for lesser reasons.

I will leave these Spielberg-Sutherland-Shaloub-Pitt-et-al connections for you to interconnect, however, please be careful to keep your train of thought from colliding with reality.

Other Sunday, 1-18-09 News

Additionally, my previous blog made a strong pitch for my idea for the "Saturday Night Live" of 1-17-09, "Teddy Tinyfingers" (for the history of myself and SNL read some of my other blogs). We then saw how the last SNL sketch of the evening was about giving people excuses, and how in the last two minutes of that sketch one character suggested to another character that they say their arms fell off. My "Teddy Tinyfingers" sketch idea is about Tim Burton making a movie about someone who deliberately blows up his own hands. To add to this, the next day, Sunday, a Tim Burton look-alike was witnessed by me. Incidentally, Tim Burton and I both went to CalArts at the same time during the '70s. Furthermore, I have been quite the major influence on Burton's work at certain times.

Finally, the 1-19-09 "24" included a woman hiding in a Safe Room intoning her line in the same identical precise manner as occurs in my "Gosk 2" video, when Buegert says, "Vinkalert's hiding somewhere, isn't he?"

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:22 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Teddy Tinyfingers

Friday, January 16, 2009

Anybody Wanna Hire One Of The Secretly Most Important People (or keep an eye on the people who did)?

I'll begin by mentioning that something extremely ugly happened to me where I work at Kaiser Permanente, Walnut Center, Pasadena, California. Let's leave it there.

I don't know precisely how good an idea it is to detail how Spielberg did something related to me at the Golden Globe Awards last Sunday. Any intelligent person who closely followed what I've already put forward in the past, and who saw the Golden Globes and the 4-hour season premier of "24", could already have pieced it together themselves anyway. Why show favoritism to those organized in a way that permits them to figure these things out? Because by definition such people are more ethical? Might as well share it with the world, or at least, with those able to follow this. Before you read this, I should also add that Jill Clayburgh, daughter of my former NYC next-door neighbor (the late Bill Clayburgh), co-starred in "Dirty Sexy Money" with Donald Sutherland (father of Kiefer Sutherland, star of "24"). Oh, and Jill may or may not have driven by me today. So now the Steven Spielberg thing:

1. Clearly Steven Spielberg's moment about a train crash upon receiving the Cecil B. DeMille Award at the Golden Globes Sunday could be related to the "24" moment that same night about a plane crash.
2. Based on my own experience, I had reason to view the manner in which the Tony Olmedo character on "24" was filmed Sunday, surrounded in black with pretty much only his face lit, as a possible tip-off that a Steinhoff's "Mall Man" reference could be expected.
3. Monday's "24" contained a scene that struck one as resembling the scene in Spielberg's "Minority Report" that was based on "Mall Man", specifically, when Tony and Jack were escaping from the FBI while Chloe's multi-monitor vantage point allowed her to provide split-second, all-knowing guidance.
4. From what happened Sunday, I was already on the alert for something on "24" that would intertwine with both Spielberg and "Mall Man". This was confirmed Monday, and so confirms that I was on the right track.

If this provides me with any kind of "coin of the realm" (I have yet to see anything actually monetary from all these things, ever, by the way), I'd like to use it to point those that value it towards my new SNL comedy sketch idea, "Teddy Tinyfingers", published at archive.org. It's the little things that can get in there and save the world, so I am anxious to see at least particles of this idea utilized. SNL has found ways to include either my material or things related to me personally in every one of their shows for years, and this sketch idea happens to be something I particularly wish to point my finger at. I'd been kicking around for months an idea it contains, of a way to adapt to those tiny keyboards on handheld devices, but after trying to perfect a prototype (gloves with sawed down golf tees sticking out), I'm thinking this sketch idea is as far as that concept will go (unless you count last week's SNL sketch about the female air traffic controllers whose long fingernails practically deprived them of the ability to properly use their fingers).

And lastly for now, this week's Monk/Steinhoff videoclip, which, as occurs frequently with these weekly Monk/Steinhoff videoclips, draws from two of my three main live action videos:

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:43 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Clayburgh, Monk, SNL, Spielberg

Sunday, January 11, 2009

Still Around

A new season of "Monk" being upon us, a new season Monk/Steinhoff videoclips are as well. Many others can be found on YouTube (where I am "Zoomsteinhoff"), however, since the

"Simpsons" episode (by which I do not mean episode of "The Simpsons" - see my November 30th blog, "Give My Regards To Silence"), I plan to steer clear of YouTube when it comes to new postings of videoclips containing references to commercial works (in spite of the unwritten law of entitlement when one considers that these commercial works involve my material).

One thing to add to this January 9, 2009 Monk/Steinhoff videoclip posted here: This Monk episode made the word "Gosford" key; I sent an email regarding the movie "Gosford Park" in December to the former USA Network president referred to in all of my Monk/Steinhoff videoclips (my "didtheyreadit.com" email technology showed that someone did in fact open and read that email for eight minutes):

video

I recently had the opportunity to see on TV the movie, "The Darwin Awards," which includes David Arquette among its stars. Hence, this videoclip:

video

For those who read comments to postings at Huffington Post, the other day I commented (as JonathanDS2U) to an article about the celebrities scheduled to be part of Obama's inauguration. I made a statement that Sting has my permission to sing "Starting Up A Brand New Day" there. To those aware of my relationship to the creation of this song, my giving of permission might be viewed as something that could materially translate into to a more positive vibe at the actual event, which in turn could lift up the nation and so forth. No need to thank me.

Posted by Steinhoff at 5:32 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Obama

Sunday, January 4, 2009

Bits and Pieces Strike Back

Today I'm offering a few bits and pieces that cannot possibly be worthy of significance, unless you have already familiarized yourself with lots of other bits and pieces. The significance of this videoclip regarding Kevin Smith, Will Ferrell and Jason Lee is connected to several prime facts:

1. Jason Lee's first big movie, "Mallrats" (1995), which was made by Kevin Smith (aka Silent Bob) and produced by Sean Daniel, who was the first person from whom I learned of the college I attended, CalArts, was named after my video, "Mall Man" (1993). I have been pointing out well before "Mallrats" that every time Sean Daniel produces a movie one can find things derived from my work.

2. Ever since "Mallrats", Jason Lee, like Sean Daniel, always appears in projects that contain things derived from my work, or related to me in other ways. This includes "Underdog" (for which Jason Lee is the voice of Underdog) and "Alvin and the Chipmunks" (which stars Jason Lee as Dave), among other Jason Lee roles. The NBC TV sitcom in which Jason stars, "My Name Is Earl", began with my idea.

3. Will Ferrell is among a number of celebrities whose work invariably contains references to my work (though there have been a few Will Ferrell projects that do not).

video

As I said, these are mere bits and pieces, and require familiarity with other bits and pieces before they (cumulatively) contain recognizable significance in relation to me.

Another movie that includes a reference to my work, one I just had the opportunity to see yesterday for the first time when it made its premium TV channel (Showtime) premier, is "1408", which stars John Cusack and Tony Shaloub. Owing to Tony Shaloub being involved, I was immediately aware that I should be on the lookout (see the second-to-last paragraph of my 12.25.08 blog), based on my experiences. I then found this movie to make very pronounced use of the identical section of a Mozart piece that I use for the opening of Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's "Uncle's Dream" (one of my three more important live action videos). Though I would never say that anyone using this section of this Mozart piece was therefore doing so in relation to me, the Tony Shaloub connection had tipped me off in advance. Shorthand indicators are things an intelligent person appreciates. I then found this movie to share something further with this video work of mine, the recurring question of whether one is witnessing a reality or a dream. Again, I would not say that every time such a component contains significance in a work it is therefore being done in relation to my work. However, with the cumulative and shorthand aspects, I must conclude the Mozart was there for me. I should add that it often happens that John Cusack movies also include things for me. On this subject, Cusack's first big movie, "Better Off Dead," was written and directed by Steve Holland, who I knew at CalArts and who was the roommate of someone who was at that time a friend of mine.

Posted by Steinhoff at 3:40 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Jay, John Cusack, Kevin Smith, Sean Daniel, Silent Bob, Tony Shaloub

Thursday, January 1, 2009

How McCartney Can Solve The Whole iTunes Puzzle

We all know the story of King Solomon and how two women each claimed a baby to be theirs. How King Solomon, to determine the identity of the true mother, said he would therefore cut the baby in two and give each woman half. How this was intended to provoke the true mother to change her story and deny that the baby was hers. How this would reveal the true mother, who would be willing to give her baby to the other woman, if this was the only way to keep her baby from being cut in half.

This does not perfectly correlate to my solution to a problem currently faced by Paul McCartney regarding Beatles songs and iTunes, nevertheless, follow me, or Paul McCartney, follow me.

If Beatles songs become available on iTunes in the normal manner, what will happen to the artistic wholeness of Beatles albums? The songs on Beatle albums are not just packaged together as so much Beatles product; and Beatles albums are not merely artifacts of ways in which the songs were once packaged. They are artistic creations.

To strengthen the glue that holds these songs together as parts of specific Beatles albums, after the songs have been released into an iTunes song - at - a - time world, it may require more than a money incentive approach, a cheaper - by - the - dozen/ cheaper - if - you - get- all - of - the - songs - on - a - particular - Beatles - album approach.

I have an unusual plan for eliciting appropriate respect among the masses for the artistic wholeness that the Beatles albums possess. I do not know if Paul McCartney or iTunes are ready for my idea - in fact, I'm sure there are those for whom even the King Solomon story is considered profane (try pitching a movie where a major moment involves the idea of sawing a baby in half).

Sell Beatle songs on iTunes by the half-song. Each half-song would cost half as much as the whole song. From this there would emerge an ethic, a mentality of "You only bought half of that Beatles song????!! What a ___ you are!" Song samples are one thing, where you know you aren't legitimately experiencing the entire work, but the idea of Beatles half-songs will touch so deep a nerve, provoke so extreme a reaction from those who respect the artistic wholeness of the entire Beatles song, that this disposition would emerge as a basic ethic. People would inwardly rejoice

when they learn that, despite the option of purchasing half-songs, invariably the same number of both halves (i.e., whole songs) would be purchased (this is my prediction, as is the idea that this statistic would receive much attention).

I believe this new, basic ethic would have a ripple effect, reinforcing the glue holding together the sense that these songs are parts of whole Beatles albums. It could even become the foundation of a more widespread respect for artistic autonomy.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:52 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Beatles, George Harrison, Harrison, John Lennon, Lennon, McCartney, Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, Starr

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DECEMBER 2008

Thursday, December 25, 2008

I Was Somewhere Or Another And All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt

In a matter regarding one of the top five celebrities in the world, who is also among those many celebrities who have made frequent and prominent use of my material over the years (while forgetting to credit me), we were all recently provided with a very rare television appearance by one of his very close relatives. During the course of this TV appearance, a specific reference was made by this close relative of his to a particular physical location of a particular business establishment during the late 1970s, which also happens to be the identical spot where a woman I once knew was employed during the late 1970s. This same person who I once knew also knew the referred to top five celebrity, prior to being employed on this spot in the late 1970s. "Saturday Night Live", in their first post-election show this year, chose to make several inside references to things regarding myself in relation to this same woman I once knew. It was far from the first time inside references were made to myself in relation to this woman, one can even find such inside references in the work of the referenced top five celebrity.

This is all I wish to say on this subject, and have only said this much out of respect for the top five celebrity and his very close relative. Based on my extensive experience with such things, this appears to have been this individual's first attempt at making such an inside reference, and so I acknowledge it. I recognize that the inside reference is buried in deniability, being obscure even for those advanced in reading such indications as I've described, but one tends to encounter this precise level of ambiguity in those burying inside references into things for their first time. I now consider the matter close.

In a separate matter, I previously have referred to the show "Monk" making inside references to my material in just about every episode made, and have posted videoclips illustrating many of these on YouTube (where I am Zoomsteinhoff). I have also previously mentioned that in my job I was responsible this month for handling the organizing of a rebroadcast throughout Kaiser Permanente in Southern California that included a special performance by Tony Shaloub, the star of "Monk". Prior to the Tony Shaloub performance I emailed those assigned to assist me at other Kaiser Permanente Southern California locations that we were like an orchestra being led by a train conductor, and that we were a train that would stay on schedule (now and then I provide people with amusement, which is something I've been doing on a volunteer basis since I was little, and so this was meant for amusement purposes). When Tony Shaloub and several others assisting him took their positions onstage, one's initial reaction was that they were musicians performing in an orchestra, as they had things in front of them that looked like music stands for holding written music. Actually these things were there for them to place their pages on for reading, but I stand by my initial reaction as the universal one. Out of all of the presentations that were part of this broadcast, only one presentation was off-schedule: Tony Shaloub's, which ran 30 minutes long.

Though my orchestra schedule remarks may not have had anything to do with what followed, I would nevertheless be remiss not to acknowledge this as a possibility, when one sees my "Monk" videoclips on YouTube alongside my role in this Tony Shaloub performance.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:55 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: orchestra, schedule

Tuesday, December 9, 2008

I Give You

Once again, guess who is in proximity to the big news in Hollywood. That's right, yours truly has unmistakably, for those willing to check the facts, made his way somewhere or another.

Let's see if the simple presentation of evidence isn't more than you can handle, you sometimes less than smart people:

1. My little video, "Adventure At The Pasadena Batman Estate," as posted in 2005 (and indicated intransmutably at the archive.org site as having been posted three years ago) shows me drunkenly flying around ala Superman with a bottle of wine in my hand. Clearly something to point to when one sees the Will Smith movie, "Hancock" released in Summer 2008. By the way, Will Smith is often influenced by me, but let's stay focused.

2. The huge news officially announced today in Hollywood, a first in the world of mega-talk show stars, is that Jay Leno will be doing a show on NBC at 10pm every weeknight after he ceases to be host of "The Tonight Show" in 2009.

3. And now I give you a clip from last night's "The Tonight Show" (now please, be sure you first follow the link in item 1 to "Adventure At The Pasadena Batman Estate" (also at YouTube, incidentally), and second, think back on the movie "Hancock", otherwise I'm wasting my breath on you, and just what can you expect to get out this, for that matter):

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:59 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Smith

Sunday, December 7, 2008

JUST A FEW

Just a few things have happened since my December 2nd post:

The TV show, "Dirty Sexy Money" has once again incorporated into an episode (12.3.08) my Steinhoff's Dostoyevsky's "Uncle's Dream" from 1990, 1992. It being that my video stars Bill Clayburgh, and "Dirty Sexy Money" stars his daughter, Academy Award-winning actress Jill Clayburgh, you might imagine that I am not unaccustomed to finding my Dostoyevsky in her work:

video

Another example of "Dirty Sexy Money" crossing paths with my Dostoyevsky can be found in the 10.17.07 episode:

video

Perhaps it is too much to ask people to further consider that, in order for "Dirty Sexy Money" to make use of my Dostoyevsky as seen in the 12.3.08 episode, the entire multi-episode plot line had to be complicit. I would hate to believe that the announced cancellation of "Dirty Sexy Money" was affected (i.e., ratings were negatively affected) by their interest in using my Dostoyevsky.

Many others have also made reference to this video of mine, whole movies, in fact, may never have been made. Go to YouTube and look for Zoomsteinhoff's (me) "Monk" clips, and you will find references to it that I've noted on that show going back several years. Even Paul McCartney in collaboration with Elvis Costello has found it useful.

I saw a line surface on the recent "24" that I believe may have originated with a recent statement I made. Donald Sutherland, who also stars on "Dirty Sexy Money", is of course the father of Kiefer

Sutherland. Over the years I have occasionally seen indications of my influence on the show "24", and other Kiefer Sutherland product.

Regarding "Saturday Night Live", I have written only a few things this season specifically intended for them, and have watched those things lead to a substantial amount of presidential election water cooler conversation (to say the least), via channels other than SNL. Prior to the days when I would write things intended for SNL, SNL would nevertheless find out things going on in my life and work stuff into sketches that same week (I have been secretly super - important most of my life). They have reverted back to this in the absence of my writing things intended for them. I would hope that they appreciate the fact, as they have never literally used one of my sketch ideas, but instead have extracted things for use that same week, consistently almost every week for three years, that however one might characterize our "relationship", it has not been fulfilling for me as a writer. It has, however, been helpful in that it has motivated me to write a certain type of material, which in a few instances has even led to my creating videos from that material.

One last thing since my December 2nd post: I've been occasionally seeing people in traffic who may or may not be Sarah Silverman, to whom I referred in my previous post. Then again, people laughed at all of my Lennon sitings which occurred for five years after his death, preceding the ever-popular Elvis sitings others have made. A person such as myself is a likely target for people who are prone, out of boredom, to hire look-alikes, and so I do not retract my Lennon sitings. I've never asserted that they meant anything beyond the idea that I was being descended upon by look-alikes. As for Sarah Silverman, I should perhaps mention that I stopped watching her show after she did the episode condemning pot. Mind if I promote the idea that anyone who touches alcohol be incarcerated?

Posted by Steinhoff at 6:35 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Bill Clayburgh

Tuesday, December 2, 2008

Don't Open Until Halloween

Now that I have seen Stephen Colbert's Christmas special, I am compelled to whisper (so as not to disturb anybody's silent night, or various people's codes of silence, or contribute to noise pollution, or the ruckus of the malcontented, etc.) how it seems quite likely that my material played no small role.

I begin with my knowledge that my material shows up on The Colbert Report and The Daily Show now and then, sometimes in a big way, for the most part as the consequence of my sending my material to Stuart Cornfeld and Sean Daniel. I refer to two of Hollywood's biggest producers, who I met in 1975 and 1971, respectively, before they were producers.

On August 16, 2006 I emailed to both an idea for SNL, "Bullish", which can be found on a page of my website (as the second comedy sketch idea on that page). Both the Colbert special and "Bullish" give prominence to the idea of people surviving being eaten by a bear thru a hero cutting open the bear that swallowed them, followed by the expression of thanks in a manner that falls short of an awareness of how ludicrous it all is. I first give you several lines from "Bullish", should clicking the above "Bullish" link be too noisy:

STEVE

Thanks for slicing open those bears and getting us out, Ranger Dan.

WAYNE

Yeah!

RANGER DAN

Don't mention it, fellows.

I now give you a clip showing the dramatic resolution of the central dilemma of the story from Colbert's Christmas special:

video

As a final cherry on top of the Christmas tree (don't bother clicking on cherry, it won't open a link to anything - I'm just trying to make this all feel more festive), tomorrow night will be the premier of Elvis Costello's new talk show on the Sundance channel. It could just be TV history - why not? And as one more cherry for the road, yesterday Jimmy Kimmel and I looked at each other in traffic. Jimmy Kimmel, as everyone knows, is the ex-boyfriend of Sarah Silverman - in fact, last night his show was a repeat of Sarah Silverman's appearance, the only one taped after their breakup. Sarah Silverman, as everyone knows, is one of a handful of stars with their own Comedy Central TV show, Stephen Colbert being another member of that small group of people.

Disclaimer:

No part of Jimmy Kimmel has ever been pulled out of any part of a bear (in fact, Kimmel and Silverman were never actually married).

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:47 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: cherry, divorce, marriage, Wall Street

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NOVEMBER 2008

Sunday, November 30, 2008 Give My Regards To Silence

Despite this blog site's unfortunate limitation of not being able to testify as to when I post - it indicates time and date of posting, but apparently makes it my option as to what time and date are set - I will nevertheless be making this the new home of my "Monk" and other TV/movie videoclip postings.

My "Monk" videoclip postings help illustrate how almost every "Monk" episode ever made incorporates inside references to my material, possibly the result of (or initiated by) the fact that the former head of USA Networks (which makes "Monk") was the first person from whom I learned of the college I attended (CalArts). [On this subject, one may also wish to read my Oct. 26th blog, wherein I refer to how, at my 9-5, I also happen to be responsible for organizing the rebroadcast, to Kaiser Permanente employees throughout Southern California, an IHI satellite broadcast of a conference program that includes an appearance by Tony Shaloub (star of "Monk") in a comedy sketch, occurring in several weeks.]

Up until now I have been posting these TV/movie types of videoclips at YouTube rather than at archive.org where I tend to post my works of a more independent significance. YouTube is now a problem. I was notified by YouTube that, per Fox, I had violated their rules with the posting of a "Simpsons" clip (which I posted because it was related to my other "Simpsons" clips). I have subsequently removed all of my "Simpsons" clips from YouTube. In a description I had posted at YouTube that went with the posting of one of my "Simpsons" clips, I pointed out that whenever "The Simpsons" makes inside references to my material, it tends to also involve "Limbo", a CalArts student film my class made in 1973-1974 (also related: during the '70s a supervising director of "The Simpsons" used to live down the hall from me at CalArts, the two of us knowing people in common). YouTube automatically testified to/posted intransmutably the date of this "Limbo" tendency reference regarding "The Simpsons". Two weeks later a "Simpsons" episode featured Homer doing the limbo dance (while singing the limbo dance song). This tended to substantiate my statement regarding what I saw going on with "The Simpsons". The chronology of my statement was important.

Prior to the days when I would post my "Simpsons" clips on YouTube, I would email my "Simpsons" videoclips to a former CalArts classmate who had also been involved with the "Limbo" scenes referenced (I emailed these clips to at most three other people). This individual is a friend of Senator Kennedy (his father once was a famous senator with whom Kennedy co-sponsored more bills than with anyone else), and although this former classmate and I were never more than acquaintances, I felt it noteworthy, as "The Simpsons" is the only show to feature a Ted Kennedy character (the Mayor of Springfield). I also consider it noteworthy that this former classmate had years ago incorporated an inside reference to my contribution to "Limbo" on a TV show he produced, on the same exact episode that included a Senator Kennedy guest appearance. [Perhaps at some future time I will go into my various "Kennedy Connections".]

PRECISELY TWO MINUTES before YouTube sent me the email indicating I was in violation due to the "Simpsons" clip, my "Didtheyreadit.com" technology (a technology I use and inform people I use) indicated to me that this same former classmate had reopened an email I had once sent him (excluding a few Obama/Kennedy subjects, I have only sent this individual "Simpsons" related emails). The next "Simpsons" TV episode was about Lisa Simpson receiving a secret message from Homer via a crossword puzzle published in a magazine (Homer had arranged it with the people who created the crossword puzzle).

Some may expect this to leave me with the sense that inside references should not be made public. That as I point attention to the references, I nevertheless should not try to prove that I know what I'm talking about. That if people make fortunes from my ideas, this fact can be buried by (1) mixing together in one's mind these idea-usage occurrences with things that are nothing more than inside references, and (2) burying/eliminating the evidence that these idea usages and inside references are even taking place. Assassinate my character/ intelligence/ credibility, all with my willing consent by engaging my complicity in a Mafia-like code of silence.

It should be pointed out that this former classmate might have somehow been tricked into performing his "Simpsons"-related act (opening a "Simpsons"-related email exactly two minutes before I was sent the "Simpsons"-related violation notice from YouTube) when he did. It would not have been difficult for someone on the inside to have set him up to appear guilty. Yet at the same time, one might have to consider that this same former classmate is also a longtime friend of Craig Bronfman, whose family-owned Seagrams bought Universal when Spielberg was there. Spielberg would be among those with the most to gain by cajoling me into this code of silence "game" - though I also sometimes wonder why Spielberg so often chooses to be influenced by my material, which in a non-corrupt world would make him seem quite guilty to any intelligent person in possession of the easy-to-access (at least for now) facts. I see where it may all be seen as a friendly sort of thing in the end (see previous blogs for references to Cornfeld and Daniel, two Spielberg & Steinhoff-related people). Who needs money?

The following videoclip relates the November 28, 2008 "Monk" episode to my 1998 "Gosk" material (my three most referred-to works are my "Gosk", "Uncle's Dream" and "Mall Man" videos):

video

And finally, a follow-up to my previous blog of November 22nd. In that blog I made reference (and provided a link) to the music video for my song, "The Gravity". That song includes a description of waiting a ridiculous amount of time for my waitress to return with the check, yet she leaves the restaurant without bringing me my check. That very same night (11.22.08), "Saturday Night Live" performed a comedy sketch in which Fred Armisen played a character waiting a ridiculous amount of time for his pizza in a restaurant/bar, until he leaves without it. Those who have been following my blogs would not have difficulty connecting these (though those seeing my November 22nd blog for the first time after November 22nd would unfortunately have no evidence of the chronology of events just described).

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:39 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Kennedy

Saturday, November 22, 2008

The Fireman Theory, or Cheerio

In the past few weeks there has been quite a set of things hurling me into the center of it all sort of kind of, not one of which do I care to discuss at this time, and so on to other matters.

Sir Paul McCartney has an unknown (Whatever that word means: if 500 people know something that no one else knows are they outnumbered, thereby not knowing? Or if 501 people disagree, believing that the thing cannot actually be said to be known, do they win?) history of doing things of secret significance when it comes to me. The absurd/crazy sound of that has played no small part in maintaining the unknown-ness of these actions.

For me to continue from my McCartney premise, it would therefore seem that I must throw the pupils in my Beginners class to the side of the road. I will then ask the people in my Intermediate

class to keep them company, patch up their bruises (we were traveling at about 40 mph when we threw the Beginners class to the side of the road, so I expect there to be some bruises, not to mention screams of "Lunatic!" that I would rather not hear. Have you Intermediates any gags on you?). And so on this one I can only proceed with my Advanced class.

Now this is just a theory, based on tendencies and facts:

When I did the title song of my "The Gravity" CD in 2002 (not to be confused with my "Gravity" cassette from the late '80s, early '90s, different song, different stage of my musical development), and I made reference to the breakfast cereal Cheerios, ("I just want to go out into that world that I used to see on my box of Cheerios when I was young"), I knew something would be made of it by the Cheerios people. I did not include a reference to Cheerios for that reason, however, my experience informed me that there was an excellent chance it would get picked up on in some way by Cheerios. Sure enough, Cheerios shortly thereafter did a TV commercial of two trucks, one carrying Cheerios and the other carrying their new thing to combine with Cheerios. Now before the Beginners class insists there is nothing contained in this fact (I know you Beginners are still there), I hasten to describe how I had once created a thing where there was a lobster truck and a spilled truck with butter. I was sure to see in the Cheerios commercial an idea I had used, and though others might have independently come up with the same idea, how is it that it was Cheerios, which I already expected to do something. In addition to this, Cheerios did another TV commercial where a little boy refers to his heart as making a "clerp" sound. Clerp is the name of one of the central characters in my "Gosk" videos. And let us not forget the scene (though we may try) in "Ready To Rumble", where a truck carrying toilet paper collides with a truck carrying filled port-o-johns. David Arquette, the star of "Ready To Rumble", is part of a group that includes a star of my "Gosk" video, Robbie, who at one point was also going to star Rosanna Arquette in his Anita O'Day movie (he ended up doing an Anita O'Day documentary instead, starring Anita O'Day). Robbie also once introduced me to David Arquette's assistant, Whitney. Paul McCartney, it has been well publicized, is a good friend of Rosanna Arquette (particularly publicized after his split from Heather Mills, in fact, Rosanna Arquette was one of the only names associated with McCartney in the media during that period). Those who accept these facts as known may or may not feel inclined to allow me to do a tad less hastening in my explanation, yet the rest, well, they like to make me hasten. I must hasten to add this, hasten to add that, not fair, really.

Paul McCartney's newest release is "Electric Arguments" by The Fireman (a two-man group, McCartney and Youth), due out in a day or two. Based on the above-referenced unknown history of Paul McCartney, I had to see if there was anything of mine to correlate with his new CD (one can hear it on MySpace, courtesy of McCartney, and view the cover all over the place). All that I could come up with was a correlation between his "The Fireman" CD cover and my "The Gravity" CD video cover (see images above). Now anyone in the world could win the argument that for two people to each draw a circle does not imply a relationship. An intelligent person would be required to defend that, depending on the specific context, such an implication certainly could exist. Even half-circles, even quarter circles, even a one-inch line. Context is everything.

When I think of the name, "The Fireman", I hear a few possible things, one of which is what I heard repeated throughout this week's "Life On Mars" TV episode: the cliché of what a kid (Youth?) wants to be when he grows up - a fireman. On "Life On Mars" the kid wanted to be an astronaut or a policeman, but it comes to the same thing. This is the week of the new Fireman release, and in that cliché of wanting to be a fireman, I also hear the line from my "The Gravity": "I just want to go out into that world that I used to see on my box of Cheerios when I was young". A child's perspective on the world and one's future place in the world.

So this is my theory of where McCartney might be pointing. And if he is, because I am only 78% certain, it isn't something my Beginners or even my Intermediates can accept. And if you lousy Beginners and Intermediates think I leave it to you to tell me my true role in the world, you'd better finish your Wheaties.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:11 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Arquette, Cheerios, Electric Arguments, McCartney, The Fireman

Sunday, November 9, 2008

If It's Not In The News It Couldn't Have Happened

I believe my previous, November 6th blog did some stage setting for this blog.

Well, firstly, no it didn't seem that Ben Stiller had anything to say on Letterman for my benefit. Yet nevertheless I should make mention of the fact that my Stuart ("Ben Stiller's Producer Partner at Red Hour") Cornfeld video, which accompanied my August 13th blog, featured a pirate costume and a thought towards seeing it in context, while Stiller told of a pirate costume being witnessed out of its proper context. So, same discussion perhaps, though nothing pointing to me.

A few other things of general significance have happened regarding me since my last blog, however, tons of backstory would be required to zero in on the context into which I would put these particular things. One involves Karl Rove, but it's sort of a long way to go and for what? Another involves me apparently being followed around over this past weekend by people cued by a sophisticated database of information regarding me, but what else is new? So I guess a few things will get buried, at least for now.

In my last (11/6/08) blog I promised a more explicit rendering of the result from my having created the comedy sketch idea, "The Weight" (first referred to in my Oct. 26th blog). In a way, my previous, November 6th blog already said it all on this subject, for those willing to do the due diligence follow-up research on their own. Nevertheless, I've also made a videoclip, just to make things more difficult for the skeptical, and for those pretending to be skeptical for ulterior purposes:

video

And lastly, my occasionally referred to comedy sketch idea (intended for SNL), "Peek-a-Boo, ICU", first referred to in my Sept. 28th blog, a sketch idea which led to an oft-referred to occurrence during the Brokaw-moderated second presidential debate (though one doesn't hear anyone attributing it to my sketch idea), experienced another inside-reference. On the November 1st Saturday Night Live, during the second-to-last sketch of the evening (on a night when McCain himself, in person, was occasionally surfacing in comedy sketches, poised to provide a certain form of closure to the world preceding the November 4th election), one looking for my "Peek-a-Boo" would have been particularly aware of this moment:

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:34 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: CNN, Election Night, McCain, Saturday Night Live

Thursday, November 6, 2008

Things I Will Never Say Out Loud

Before the "Things I Will Never Say Out Loud" portion of this blog, I first want to express my exhilaration at Barack Obama's election. This real-life suspense can really deplete one's energy, especially when one shudders at what might have happened if McCain hadn't taken a dive by choosing Palin. At last the push for attitudinal stupidity that's been gradually insinuating itself into everything everywhere has been countered, through the election of someone who went to Harvard, the hardest school to get into in the country. That Obama graduated first in his class at

Harvard and then made President of the U.S. has to stand as a beacon for those perpetually browbeaten by the stupid, and their arrogant accusations of over-thinking whenever they see themselves in a situation with someone to whom they feel inferior.

In a couple of hours Ben Stiller is scheduled to appear as a guest on the Letterman show. As Stiller runs "Red Hour Films" with Stuart Cornfeld (see my blog of 8/13/08), I occasionally find such Stiller appearances to contain inside references for my benefit. Following my assessment of this Stiller appearance, I may or may not have something to bring to this blog.

One thing definitely upcoming for my next blog: I will put together a correlation of my comedy sketch idea, "The Weight" (see my previous blog), about CNN's then upcoming election night coverage, with CNN's actual election night coverage. In both instances, CNN contrived the gimmick of being on a spacecraft while covering the election results. In my comedy sketch, the pundits float weightlessly in a spacecraft while discussing the results. In the actual CNN coverage, they use an effect to "beam up" holograms of people reporting on the election, which is referred to as being out of the TV show, "Star Trek" (from whence comes the expression, "beam me up, Scotty"). It can be proven that my sketch "The Weight" was posted on archive.org on 10/26/08, clearly prior to CNN's actual unveiling of this election night surprise gimmick.

In the meantime I give you this, "Things I Will Never Say Out Loud", which might seem more meaningful/less absurd to those who have more closely and intelligently followed the weight that has continually been attached to my actions throughout most of my life:

1. Several days prior to McCain's May appearance on The Daily Show, I sent out a comedy sketch idea to someone who always circulates my ideas to SNL and The Daily Show. My idea was about how The Bowery Boys, now grown up, were all suing each other for defamation of character because when they were young they used to speak to and about each other in a derisive, disrespectful manner. At the end of my sketch, Slip Mahoney comes out a few dollars ahead of the others after each are made to pay some amount to each of the others. This causes Slip to call them all "JERKS", and for using this word "JERKS" he is made to pay out the few dollars he had gained. Several days later on The Daily Show, a program to which my ideas are always circulated and where they often end up, McCain told Stewart that now he had to talk to him nice and with respect, as he had become the Republican's assumed presidential nominee since his last appearance on the show. Later during that same Daily Show appearance McCain said that he suspected the Secret Service's code word for him was "JERK".
2. Several days before McCain brought up the whole "Joe The Plumber" thing (the third presidential debate, October), I sent an email to Ringo Starr, "Shining Time Ringo", relating to my having contributed to his backdrop on "Shining Time Station", a show about "Thomas The Tank Engine". Owing to my having long been a major influence on Ringo, the context of my suddenly sending this email was automatically an important one.
3. Several weeks prior to the second presidential debate, which was hosted by Tom Brokaw in October, I wrote a comedy sketch idea, "Peek-a-Boo, ICU", referred to in my 9/28/08 blog, which was about the then-upcoming second presidential debate, using Brokaw as a character in the sketch idea (as it was known he would be moderating). My comedy sketch derives humor primarily from McCain doing what he can to obstruct a view of himself. In the actual debate, at the very end, Brokaw gets annoyed at McCain for visually obstructing his view. Those seeking to derive humor from the actual debate made repeated references to this actual view obstruction on McCain's part.
4. On August 15th I sent an email regarding a video I was working on, wherein I referred to how it was influenced by British comedy legend Michael PALIN and several others with whom Palin used to work. As my video was about a wolf man and this email was sent to the producer of an upcoming movie about a wolf man (the producer being someone I have consistently been an influence on, a Spielberg and Geffen friend who was the first person who told me about the

college I attended, CalArts), the email had a built-in special significance. As my influence on this producer has led to my being a significant influence on Spielberg, this email may have been seen as containing a very, very special significance. On August 24th I posted my wolf man video. On August 29th McCain announced Sarah PALIN as his VP pick. Up until McCain's thrusting of Sarah Palin into the spotlight, many would have automatically associated the name PALIN with only one person, Michael Palin. To put it another way, a contestant on a game show, if asked for a first name to put with the name "Palin", would have automatically answered, "Michael", that is, up until August 29th, after which the answer would have become "Sarah".

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:41 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: [Obama](#) [Palin](#) [McCain](#) [CNN](#)

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OCTOBER 2008

Sunday, October 26, 2008

The Weight

1. Of relevance to my October 17th blog: On approximately October 21st (give or take a day) Billy Joel drove by me. My experience in such things, in terms of a pre-existing context, suggest the possibility of his having been dispatched by Paul McCartney to drive by me.

2. In mid-2006 I began posting videoclips on YouTube (as Zoomsteinhoff) regarding the fact that every episode made of the TV show "Monk" (give or take a few) includes inside references to my material. I attribute this to the fact that the first person who told me of the college I went to (CalArts) used to run USA Networks, which makes "Monk". "Monk" continues these references in every episode to this day. Meanwhile, where I am employed at Kaiser Permanente's Southern California regional headquarters, this is the second year I am in charge of (organizing) the providing of an opportunity, for all Southern California employees, to spend two full days in December watching a special rebroadcast of a two-day satellite broadcast of an IHI (Institute for Healthcare Improvement) event. The relevant thing here is that this year this IHI broadcast will include a play performed specially for this event by three actors: F. Murray Abraham, Tony Shaloub (star of "Monk") and Brooke Adams (Shaloub's wife).

3. Last night's "Saturday Night Live", as usual, included references to my material, though this time not in the opening (see my October 19th blog). Specifically, the "Vincent Price's Halloween Special" sketch referred in several ways to my SNL sketch idea, "Peek-a-Boo, ICU" (see my September 28th blog and the last paragraph of my October 17th blog). In my sketch idea, to improve onscreen visibility someone is asked to move something to the left but instead that just makes it worse, as in last night's SNL sketch. Furthermore, last night's SNL sketch has the Kristen Wiig character stopping in front of the camera, irritatingly blocking the view, as in my sketch and the resultant moment in the second presidential debate. To understand why I am certain on this, one might need to have experienced the long history of such things, wherein the first similarity tips one off that another similarity to the same material is on its way later in the sketch, and sure enough, without fail, there it is.

4. My new SNL sketch idea, entitled, "The Weight":

THE WEIGHT

A comedy sketch idea by Jonathan D. Steinhoff 10/26/08

This sketch is designed to be presented throughout the show in one-minute segments, in the same way that the SNL "McGruber" segments are presented throughout the show in short segments.

It is Election Night and, as we eventually hear in Wolf Blitzer's rationalization to one of the guest political pundits for all of the bruises he's receiving, CNN had to come up with a gimmick, as competition for viewers on Election Night is tremendous. With all of the mishaps, however, Wolf eventually wonders publicly if it really was such a good idea. The space capsule circling the Earth, causing the political pundits to be floating around in a weightless state while having their discussion, that was good. But maybe the trampoline floor, walls and ceiling might have been going too far. James Carville is complaining that he feels like he's a pinball in a pinball machine, and Andrea Mitchell was knocked unconscious when she was dramatically catapulted across the capsule into a sink just as she was explaining why it was the economy that was making Florida look increasingly like it was going with Barrack. Andrea Mitchell continues floating around after this, only is now unconscious for the duration. Wolf occasionally calls to her to see if she's revived yet, then says, "Nope, she's still out. I wanted to ask her.... Oh well." Periodically John King floats

by as if he has mastered the trampoline-enhanced weightlessness, coming out of the bottom left corner of the screen, floating towards the upper right corner, while simultaneously calling out a new state going for Obama with each appearance: "And CNN is now projecting Iowa for Obama." Wolf, off-camera, says, "Does it say that? Because I'm upside-down right now, but I thought it might be saying that." John King, off-camera now, says, "That's right, Wolf." For a while no one is on-camera. Wolf, whispering loudly, says, "I'm being told no one is being picked up by the camera right now. James, do you think you can fling yourself over there? How about you, Hitchens? Hitchens! Hey, has anybody seen Christopher Hitchens? I'm trying to get there myself but I keep somersaulting around, I'm not quite sure where I am, I'm a little dizzy in fact." James Carville, also speaking in a loud whisper, says, "Don't ask me, Wolf, I'm like a pinball in a pinball machine, absolutely no control where I'm going. I would, however, like very much to say something about McCain's dirty tricks backfiring during the campaign. Can I do that without being on-camera?" "Sure, go ahead. You know, I thought this would work, the space capsule idea, and then Campbell kept saying, 'And with trampolines! With trampolines!' I told them that would be overdoing it, nobody listened. Had to be a HUGE gimmick, right?" John King flies by on-camera announcing another state for Barrack. Wolf resumes, "And we all know how fierce the competition for viewers is on Election Night. I should have argued more." James Carville says, "I'm getting all bruised up here, Wolf. Maybe if they had let us practice just with trampolines before they put us here." Wolf says, "Sorry to hear about your bruises, James. Okay, well, let's return to Campbell Brown in the studio for now. We'll be returning up here a little later on in the show. And we're out. There's no way Christopher Hitchens could have accidentally floated out of the space capsule, is there? Good, no, I didn't think so, I was just checking, because nobody's seen him for a while. Look behind where?" James Carville says, "Ouch!" Wolf asks, "Are you okay, James?" "Nothing. I just banged my head again. I think it says Wisconsin went with Barrack. Of course, we all expected that." Wolf says, "Yeah, that was pretty much predicted."

Posted by Steinhoff at 3:20 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Monday, October 20, 2008

They've Got Me Surrounded They Think

Here is the story of a camp counselor I met in 1971 named Sean, who once headed the film company David Geffen had before DreamWorks. I've edited it down to focus on the part of his story that connects to me and my first 29 billion trillion dollars:

video

And of course it doesn't end here.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:45 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: David Geffen, Mall Man, Minority Report, Sean Daniel, Steven Spielberg, The Terminal, World Trade Center

Sunday, October 19, 2008

Talk Is Cheap Unless You Leverage The 5% Rate Increase On 83% Of Stuff

For those who look to me to help them keep track of Saturday Night Live's inside references to me/my material, and/or make these inside references and seek acknowledgement that I noticed them:

In my September 30th blog, I described (with checkable references) how the SNL September 27th opening (I emphasize the word "opening" because these SNL presidential campaign- related show openings all become instant repeatables, clips airing on all of the news shows as part of that week's presidential campaign news) contained something that started with me. My September 30th blog also described how, for several years, there has scarcely been an SNL

without something that started with me. How, for the most part, the things they used were pre-designated by me for the very same night's show in which they were contained.

In my October 1st blog, at the end of the second paragraph, as part of a description of something I wrote to McCartney in 1975 that contributed to a 1975 Laine/McCartney song lyric, I wrote:

"if he should ever wish to visit my school, CalArts, I would be delighted to show him around"

With the Vice Presidential Candidates Debate occurring on Thursday, October 2nd, the following SNL, October 4th, opened the show with a sketch containing the Joe Biden character saying:

"I'll show you around some time"

The following Saturday, October 11th, SNL broadcast a repeat, and so the very next new SNL was October 18th (last night). That show opened with Alec Baldwin saying to (the actual) Sarah Palin:

"let me take you for a tour of the studio"

SNL Clips, 10.04.08, 10.18.08:

video

I'm not sure what this might say to you out of context (by which I mean, the context of SNL and others regularly referencing me/my material, which serve to reinforce my conclusions regarding from whence cameth these). With the election two weeks from this Tuesday, would it sound self-centered for me to wish my 9-5 wasn't sapping my energy, diverting me from focusing on this little matter of an election that could seriously change the course of humanity and our planet?

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:47 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Alec Baldwin, Biden, Bill Gates, Denny Laine, Lorne Michaels, McCartney Obama, Palin, Saturday Night Live

Friday, October 17, 2008

I Now Pronounce This Ring Open

On October 1st my blog asked that Paul McCartney and Denny Laine (McCartney's main musical collaborator after John Lennon) reunite for Billy Joel's and Bruce Springsteen's concert for Obama on October 16th, which was to be (and was) attended by Obama. The day following my blog, October 2nd, the "What Goes On" Beatles website carried an article about an October 11th Denny Laine concert. That article offered several email addresses that might easily lead to Denny Laine, and so, being handed this the day after my Denny Laine blog, I emailed several people, under the Subject line, "Laine Help In A Specific Way," a paraphrase of the line from the title song of the Beatles movie, "Help": "I never needed anybody's Help In Any Way."

At the October 16th Billy Joel/Bruce Springsteen concert for Obama, according to an Associated Press article, Laine and McCartney did not appear. The article did not state this specifically, however, we will assume that it would have mentioned this had it occurred. Okay, I can see that.

What the article also did was to mention the fact that Billy Joel played the title song from the Beatles movie, "A Hard Days Night". The Beatles have created a substantial number of songs. I therefore find it noteworthy that from all of the Beatles material to draw from (or not), I referred to the title song of one of the two Beatles movies in my efforts to make something happen at that October 16th concert, and the title song from the other Beatles movie was in actuality performed at that same concert.

This is far from the first time I had an influence on Billy Joel, who once sat next to me on an airplane in 1978, several weeks before Paul McCartney sent me a letter, which was several weeks before I graduated from CalArts.

Changing the subject, but remaining on a related topic, some may have noticed that my September 28th blog announced a new Saturday Night Live sketch idea of mine, "Peek-A-Boo, ICU", including a link to where one could read it. This is also evidence of when I wrote it, because archive.org indicates, in a non-transmutable way, the date when things are posted there. My sketch was about the then upcoming presidential debate hosted by Tom Brokaw, and more specifically, about people's views being blocked. In the actual debate, McCain's actual blocking of Brokaw's actual view became the actual source of much actual humor. Nor was this the first time McCain helped himself to my material, his last appearance on The Daily Show being another example. Are you ready to consider that it was deliberate when McCain blocked Brokaw's view? Okay, well I can appreciate how difficult it must be to accept the idea that at times my influence, at least on a certain, secret track, should be as powerful as, say, Paul McCartney's. As for me, I've been seeing the extent of my influence in an unobstructed way for most of my life.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:14 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Billy Joel, Brokaw, Denny Laine, Lennon, McCain, McCartney Obama

Wednesday, October 1, 2008

Paul McCartney and Denny Laine: Give Barack Obama Your Vote

Let's suppose that those who have been keeping an intelligent, careful eye on American politics would not be completely convinced by the current polls, which at present indicate that the election is Barack Obama's. Things continue to change at the drop of a hat, in spite of each new configuration of the way America "feels" being initially perceived as written in stone. And so, let us suppose that, just as a McCain presidency would place Palin dangerously close to the highest office in the land, perhaps the world, so McCain is dangerously close to winning the presidency. To sit back with the sense that nothing need be done about this, were one in a position to do something, might therefore be the highest form of irresponsibility.

In 1975-76, Paul McCartney and Denny Laine did a song called, "Must Do Something About It," which was based on a communication I had sent to Paul McCartney at a time when, like now, I was of significance to Paul McCartney. My communication immediately followed a McCartney radio interview, in which he said that on his upcoming concert tour he was likely to do his songs note perfect to the version heard on the recordings, as that's what the people wanted. My communication stated that it (the communication) should be regarded as my vote, that it would be more real if he felt at liberty to change the notes, and that if he should ever wish to visit my school, CalArts, I would be delighted to show him around (i.e., "hold your coat").

When one considers that Denny Laine became Paul McCartney's main musical collaborator following John Lennon, it seems something of a contrast to, in any manner, juxtapose that song's "must do something about it.... or not" persona within proximity of Lennon's "I sure as hell will do something about stuff" outward persona.

And that brings us to the stage that has now been set. Bruce Springsteen and Billy Joel (who sat next to me on an airplane Easter Sunday 1978, the year the Pope would have wanted to be sitting next Billy Joel, owing to his recent hit about a Catholic girl hiding behind a stained glass curtain counting on her rosary; Easter Sunday 1978, three weeks before I received a letter from Paul McCartney regarding my upcoming graduation from film school; Easter Sunday 1978, six weeks before Rolling Stone Magazine's June Random Notes piece about Lennon considering a part in a movie called "Street Messiah", which I followed up on, and might have succeeded in working on had it ever been made) will be performing for Obama on October 16th, with surprise guests.

There is a great, wise expression: "It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it." I would not want McCartney publicly supporting Obama if it were to be done clumsily, in a run of the mill fashion, as a typical celebrity endorsement, or tainted by seeming like an upstaging, or as something pointedly alienating to anyone not of like mind. But what I would love to see would be if McCartney could find a good way to fuse a Beatle-like feeling (from when they suggested the group persona of a social movement) together with the kind of support for Obama that is like being part of the rising spirit of a new social movement.

The suggestion I would like to make, as simple as it may sound, would accomplish a lot, in addition to meeting the only real criteria – it feels "right": I would like to suggest a reunion of Paul McCartney and Denny Laine as part of the Billy Joel and Bruce Springsteen Obama event. It would provide the perfect proximity to present times for the "ghost" of John Lennon's activist spirit; it would contain the promise of musical chemistry yet unexplored; it is the right time, as Denny Laine's new book about Paul McCartney could be seen as implying that their famous relationship could now finally be in the right place for such a musical reunion.

Obviously, I am far outside of the real inner issues McCartney and Laine would have to address in making such a decision. So: let this opinion of mine just be seen as.... one vote.

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:49 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Billy Joel, Denny Laine, John Lennon, Lennon McCartney Obama, Only The Good Die Young, Paul McCartney, Springsteen, Wings At The Speed Of Sound

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SEPTEMBER 2008

Tuesday, September 30, 2008 Misleading Title

I was staring at the title of my previous blog (which is also the title of my comedy sketch idea), "Peek-A-Boo, ICU", for about, I don't know, an hour, and suddenly all I wanted to do was make everything simple, just like in a game of peek-a-boo.

I've many times pointed out that SNL ("Saturday Night Live") has made quite a bit of use of my ideas, using my ideas in the very same week's show the ideas were designated for. In my Sept. 28th blog I mentioned the most recent example, although admittedly, my idea in this instance "surfaced" in my September 16th blog and used on the September 27th SNL, a rather substantial 11-day interim. This, however, was a special circumstance: it followed the first two shows in two years that didn't use my ideas (as I've mentioned in previous blogs). And so it is only fair to regard this as a reunion, a special circumstance, or perhaps, an-I-don't-know-what.

I stated in my first paragraph here that suddenly I want to make everything simple. So to make good on that promise, here is where my idea originally appeared (look at the Comment by JonathanDS below the article), and here is where it wound up on SNL:

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:16 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Couric, Palin, SNL

Sunday, September 28, 2008 Peek-A-Boo, ICU

Having recently been reinstated as a secret, unacknowledged contributor to "The Daily Show", "The Colbert Report", and "Saturday Night Live", I therefore felt it as not inappropriate to come up with something. First though, a brief mention regarding the recent indications of reinstatement:

1. I've already referenced the Daily Show indications in recent blogs.
2. On SNL last night they had the joke that Sarah Palin went to see "The Bush Doctrine" movie in NYC's Times Square, and found the title misleading. In my Sept. 16th blog, I refer to my joke that Sarah Palin found misleading the title of the movie, "An Inconvenient Truth" - it was not about dismantling the idea that the stork brings babies (my implication being that she had attempted to provide a form of sex education to her one-time unpregnant daughter). Were one familiar with the consistency with which SNL has made reference to my material, one would be more likely to appreciate this as more than coincidence.
3. Several days ago when I was thanked at work during a national videoconference for organizing the videoconference, I made a muscle and pointed to it. That night at the opening of "The Colbert Report", Colbert made muscles in general reference to the greatness attributed to him. Were one familiar with my past observations that "The Colbert Report" occasionally gathers material from infiltrating my work situation (there are only several people regarding whom I consistently make this claim, Colbert being one of them), one would be more likely to appreciate this as more than coincidence.

And now my new SNL idea:

PEEK-A-BOO, ICU

A comedy sketch idea by Jonathan D. Steinhoff, 9/28/08

[Tom Brokaw is sitting alone on a stage, at a table, facing the audience. On the table are two video cell phones, perched on cell phone stands, facing each other. On one cell phone can be seen live, standing at a podium, McCain, Obama is seen live standing at a podium on the other cell phone. A clear water glass and a water glass pitcher are also on the table.]

Brokaw: Good evening everyone, and welcome to the second presidential debate. Some of you may have noticed that, instead of Senators John McCain and Barack Obama being present together onstage, there are instead video cell phones on the table, upon which each can be seen, live. You see (clears throat), we noticed at the previous presidential debate that the candidates seemed a little reluctant to speak directly to each other.

Obama: John wouldn't even look at me, Tom.

McCain: I was trying to concentrate.

Brokaw: And so what we've done here, the thing we decided to do...

Obama: I had nothing to do with this decision. Absolutely nobody checked with me first.

McCain (smiling and winking): Uh, nor, uh, me, right Tom?

Brokaw: What we're doing is, we have two video cell phones with each candidate, the video cell phones positioned to face each other. Our hope is that gradually the candidates will feel more comfortable with each other, and later on during the debate perhaps, we can remove the video cell phones and have them face each other directly.

Obama: As you wish. (muttering) Might as well be a radio debate.

McCain: We did quite well before there even was such a thing as television, or cell phones, or.... Whatever you want to do, Tom.

[Brokaw pours himself some water, has a sip, then places the water glass in between the two video cell phones.]

Brokaw: My first question is for you, Senator McCain.

Obama: Excuse me, uh, Tom, I'm sorry to interrupt, but, uh, you put your water glass on the table between the two video cell phones. So that, well, now all that I can see is the water glass, basically. I can make out a little bit of movement of colors on the other side of the water glass, but other than that....

McCain: That's perfectly okay with me, Tom, if you want to put your water glass there that's fine, I don't mind a bit.

Obama: I can just sort of make out the color of Senator McCain's clothes now with the water glass there. Is this supposed to be like some amusement park mirror debate? Because, I mean....

Brokaw: Should I move the glass to the left or the right. I'm not sure which way....

McCain: It's fine where it is, Tom. I would prefer that you leave your glass where it is.

Obama: You know, metaphorically, this all sort of reminds me of the way Senator McCain's vice presidential running mate, Sarah Palin, seems to find things to hide behind whenever she's called upon to answer a real question.

McCain: Please, we're just talking about where Tom wants to put his water glass. For goodness sake, he is the debate moderator, isn't he entitled to a glass of water?

Obama: John, is that really the issue? Tom, uh, to the left, Tom. No, that just made it worse.

Brokaw: This way then?

McCain: I'm still waiting for the first question.

Obama: It really shouldn't be so complicated to move a water glass away from two cell phones.

Brokaw: Yes, well, if you recall, in the previous debate, Senator McCain demonstrated a certain reluctance to look directly at you.

McCain: I was just trying to concentrate.

Obama: I see, so then the truth is, Tom, you deliberately placed the water glass there to block our view of each other.

Brokaw: I'm sorry John, I told you he wouldn't go along with the water glass thing.

McCain: I have no idea what you're talking about, Tom.

Obama: It's like I'm looking at an amusement park mirror.

McCain: You've said that already.

Obama: Tom, can I at least ask that you drink some more water out of the glass, I can sort of see his form better when there's less water in the glass.

McCain: Can we just wait until Tom is thirsty before we ask him to drink more water? For goodness sake.

Brokaw: That might be a good question. John, would you say the glass is half full or half empty?

Obama: Why would you ask - Tom, I just want you to drink a little more water. Now look, I've shown I'm ready to compromise on this, even more than I should, quite honestly. I didn't ask you to remove the glass altogether.

Brokaw: John? Half full, half empty. Which would you say?

McCain: I, uh....

Brokaw: Senator McCain, one last time, half-full or half-empty?

McCain: Half full or half empty?

Obama: I just sort of see this white blur. And now I know you're going to try to say that remark is racially motivated, but it's the truth, I....

McCain: Here's what Senator Obama doesn't understand.

Obama: What? What don't I understand?

McCain: Live from New York, it's Saturday Night!

THE END

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:38 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: [Brokaw](#), [Colbert](#), [Daily Show](#), [McCain](#), [Obama](#), [Saturday Night Live](#), [SNL](#)

Wednesday, September 24, 2008

Roll Over, Not Enough Time For The Beethoven

What was I thinking when I wrote my previous blog, "Not Enough Time For The Beethoven"? For those who followed-up on the Terrance Williams reference that blog contained, the phrase, "Not enough time for the Beethoven," refers to a line Terrance's character speaks in my "Gosk" video.

But I mean, what was I thinking? That just because everyone all over the place of great stature for years and years and years has valued my material, bringing pieces of it to countless works in various popular mediums, through which the public values it, that therefore I should have a position resembling in any way who I am in the world? How naive, how upsetting of ALL the apple carts, how oblivious to the complex interconnectivity of all things that would surely be convoluted by an appropriate response to me. Oh yes, I do get an appropriate response whenever (okay, sometimes when) I order a cheeseburger. But is that the extent to which we are obliged to provide appropriate responses to one another? I may not be Mr. Conventional/ Appropriate, I may have a broadminded outlook comparatively speaking, but in whose mind does this place me so far outside the world of appropriate responses?

Okay, now I'm ready to leave that blog behind. You see, I'm not making a serious complaint here, so much as I'm trying to find a way inside myself to sever my bond with that blog. I can do it now. I can post this blog and thusly make that blog part of the past. That's all it is. Leaving things behind with the amount of force necessary.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:58 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: [Beethoven](#), [Ridley Scott](#)

Sunday, September 21, 2008

Not Enough Time For The Beethoven

As a few of us know, Terrance Williams, who played the first violinist in my 1998 video, "Gosk II", used to be a key assistant to Director Ridley Scott and his director brother, Tony Scott. Another thing a few of us may have noticed is that, ever since Terrance's appearance in my video, my material has occasionally been used in significant ways (unacknowledged) in the work of Tony and Ridley (mostly Ridley). Ridley Scott's "American Gangster", which I just saw yesterday for the first time (in its HBO premier), proves to be no exception.

Specifically, I first draw your attention to the scene in my 1994 video, "Gosk I", where Clerp, noticing something while speaking to Jerp, says, "Wait a minute," gets up from his seat, dramatically (complete with dramatic music) steers the spacecraft away from a meteor, returns to his seat, then after a few nonchalant words in response to Jerp's question about what he was doing, says, "So anyway, like I was saying...."

I then draw your attention to the scene in "American Gangster", where the Denzel Washington character is in a diner speaking to a few people at his table, notices something, says, "I'll be right back," leaves the diner, exchanges a few words with someone, then shoots him, returns to the diner, sits back down, and nonchalantly says, "What was I saying?"

Ridley Scott, I once again repeat the suggestion I asked the person who answers the phone for you to pass along: As delighted as I am to be an influence, I would be even more delighted to work for you directly.

Posted by Steinhoff at 4:48 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: American Gangster, Denzel Washington, Gosk, Ridley Scott, Terrance Williams, Tony Scott

Thursday, September 18, 2008

The Opposite Of Socks

For those interested in a somewhat spelled-out version of Steven Spielberg in relation to me, I recommend reading my PDF-formatted "Mall Man, Spielberg, Steinhoff: Interesting Mall Man Facts". And yet the answers would not all leap out at one simply by doing this, one would have to go yet further, and view my "Mall Man" video. And even then the research would have to continue. You'd have to force yourself to see the Spielberg films referred to in the aforementioned PDF.

After that, I might just begin to think you're getting a little bit up to speed. But here the road gets tricky. You've come a long way (I almost hate myself for what I put you through!), but after all, the route has been clearly mapped out for you, hasn't it, and that made it pretty easy, to be honest. Found it in yourself to want to continue? Okay, go see the August 2008 "Mummy 3", produced by Sean Daniel, someone you should by now feel acquainted with, or at least introduced to. In "Mummy 3" the treasure we are looking for is a tie-in back to me in relation to Spielberg, if you've been paying attention.

Well, one thing that's clearly put before anyone who sees both the return of the Mummy ("Mummy 3: Tomb of the Dragon Emperor", released 8/1/08, after a 7-year hiatus) and the return of Indiana Jones ("Indiana Jones And The Kingdom of the Crystal Skull", released 5/22/08, approximately two months earlier, after a 19-year hiatus), is how both films emphasize father-mother-son as the fellow adventurers, the father and mother coming out of some kind of retirement. It seems highly unlikely that this is coincidence, especially because these two "serials" have always been placed side-by-side by film audiences, due to their both being sagas of the same genre and period, and both having been granted the status of being legendary due to their great popularity.

You've already read what I picked up on in the return of Indiana Jones as specifically being in continuity with Spielberg doing stuff in relation to me: the moment at the end when the hat of Indiana is picked up and returned to him (a moment to which the movie assigns special significance). And sure enough, I found something related to pick up on in the return of the Mummy – when a soldier in an army of resurrected dead (the army fighting for the good guys) picks up someone's head and returns it to him. Although the film attaches absolutely no real significance to that moment, it was time-stopping in that it was the only direct moment of humor (outside of the characters' self-aware humor contained in their banter), and as such, a knowing wink, a deliberate, momentary break in the suspension of disbelief.

Tonight was the season premier of "Smallville", written by the same writing team responsible for the third Mummy (Gough and Millar). "Smallville" from time to time has been "known" to make inside references to my work. I watched tonight in anticipation of something in continuity with what I saw done for my benefit in the third Mummy film - and there it was: the handing to Clark Kent of a jacket, a moment expanded in the dialog as something to be seen in relation to the idea of his finally having a costume/Superman identity. Thus, a hat handed to Indiana moment, a head handed to the dead soldier moment, an anti-socks left behind on the bench moment.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:32 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Labels: Indiana Jones, Mall Man, Mummy, Sean Daniel, Smallville, Spielberg

Wednesday, September 17, 2008

Sudden Change

Yesterday in my September 16th blog I discussed my September 6th comedy sketch idea, "Beaver And Wally, The Flying Invisible Time Travelers" (go to archive.org) as something referred to on the Monday, September 15th "Daily Show", which I had surmised from a set of circumstances, combined with an enormous amount of experience, and an amount of intelligence only slightly less than my experience (I'll wait while you figure that one out)....

The September 16th "Daily Show" has gone considerably further than the September 15th show, in this regard. Just as a key aspect of my comedy sketch idea is that the occurrences of sudden, dramatic transformations around Ward and June Cleaver are regarded as nothing outside the norm, so the sudden, dramatic transformations happening here in this Daily Show bit are presented by the reporter as nothing to get excited about: "People should remain calm. This is normal."

video

This is not to say that such an idea has never manifested anywhere before. No. But any intelligent person could not fail to notice that on the 15th I had a real basis for connecting their use of a particular idea with the same September 6th comedy sketch idea that can be legitimately related to the show on the 16th.

Yesterday, "The Daily Show". The day after tomorrow, the presidential election (or perhaps the day after that, who bothers to keep track?).

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:03 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Daily Show, Leave It To Beaver

Tuesday, September 16, 2008

IT'S A LAWN STORY

In my previous blog of Sept. 14th, I referred to what had once (pre-June 2008) been the result of my emails to Stuart Cornfeld (former AFI student, "Tropic Thunder" producer, "Fast Times At Ridgemont High" pirate boss): little pieces in SNL bits. In my August 28th blog I went into more detail, in that I mentioned how sometimes my emails to Stuart resulted in pieces (some not so little) in Daily Show and Colbert Report bits.

Well, I don't know if it was the Sept. 14th blog that did it, but I find that I have returned to The Daily Show, or to be more precise, I have been returned to The Daily Show. The evidence, not unlike some forensic evidence, may seem miniscule, yet experience and intelligence inform me it is genuine:

The comedy sketch idea of mine that I referred to on Sept. 14th as the first one they ignored in two years, by not making any reference to it on the Sept. 13th SNL (my Sept. 14th blog including a link to where one could read the comedy sketch idea located at archive.org), has Beaver Cleaver mowing the lawn as a task he performs on par with when he changes world history. Now look at this miniscule videoclip from the Sept. 15th Daily Show:

video

Here Vice President Cheney is discussed with relation to the idea of dividing his time between Vice Presidential duties and mowing the lawn. The day following my blog.

In addition, I occasionally find that when I post a comment on an article on Huffington Post (where I comment as JonathanDS and as JonathanDS2U), something contained in my comment can find its way elsewhere, such as on "Monk", "Real Time With Bill Maher", "The Daily Show", or "The Colbert Report". Huffington Post is set up so that one can follow/search comments posted by a particular person without having to peruse every article's every comments to locate that particular person's comments. And so I noticed something else on the Sept. 15th Daily Show. Jon Stewart did a bit where the cover of a DVD he bought was misleading to him, hence he wound up with undersea crab pornography. In the past week or two I posted a comment on someone's comedy article on Huffington, listing off various items Palin tried to sell on eBay. My contribution/comment was Palin trying to sell a DVD of "An Inconvenient Truth" on eBay, complete with her description that the title is misleading, the DVD isn't about dismantling the concept that storks bring babies into the world.

Yesterday, the Daily Show.... tomorrow.... the world! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! (Sorry, sometimes I laugh at things that aren't generally regarded as humorous.)
Posted by Steinhoff at 10:26 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Sunday, September 14, 2008

"How To Endorse Obama If You Are Paul McCartney" Instruction Guide

In my previous blog I introduced an idea that may need no real introduction: that Paul McCartney should endorse Obama as an appropriate rechanneling of the optimism about the world generated by "The Beatles Movement" (Or was the term "Beatlemania"? I recall the adult establishment back then, via the media, found the term "Beatlemania" the acceptable way of framing things, as much for its non-authenticating of the seriousness of The Beatles as for any other reason). This time, a blog in which I will provide a "How To Endorse Obama If You Are Paul McCartney" Instruction Guide. A few related things first.

It is worth making note here of the fact that I was personally responsible the last time Paul McCartney made a (surprise) appearance on Saturday Night Live. Eight days before that "surprise" sketch about poison in which Paul McCartney appeared with Martin Short and Steve Martin, I emailed my Paul McCartney intermediary that Paul should do a comedy sketch based on my "Recipe For Fun". And so, an SNL sketch about poison featuring Paul McCartney was born. Without going into too many details about what prompted me to make that suggestion, I will say that it had something to do with a matter related to John Kerry (incidentally, it was Kerry who chose Obama to deliver the keynote speech at the 2004 Democratic Convention, which was the moment credited with bringing Obama onto the national "stage").

When I made that suggestion to Paul McCartney, I seriously expected something to result, based on previous experience. In this case, however, I appreciate that I am not asking of Paul the same kind of thing, and I have never let my power to make suggestions that are given serious consideration turn me into a bossy "now stand on your head" kind of person. I do not even know if Paul McCartney knows how to stand on his head. There are innumerable photos of McCartney doing different things, yet I do not recall seeing even one in which he stands on his head. By the way, I do not believe asking him to endorse Obama is in any way like asking him to stand on his head. Yet perhaps I digress.

During last year's SNL TV season, as well as during the TV season the year before, every single Saturday Night Live included references to sketch ideas I had submitted for each show. I submitted my ideas to two very SNL-connected movie producers, who I had first met well before they were big producers, Sean Daniel and Stuart Cornfeld, and each idea found its way, in some miniscule form, to the show for which it was intended. The exception was the show for which I intended my sketch idea, "In Orders We Trust":

<http://www.angelfire.com/blog2/jonathandsteinhoff/page15.html>

I later found what I consider to be the explanation: someone later wrote a book based on that sketch idea of mine, then sold it to Stuart Cornfeld's company, Red Hour, for development as a TV show. My surmisal is that a few extra steps were taken to bury Red Hour's association with my idea, by not forwarding my idea to SNL. I also wonder if an inclination to bury this trail is responsible for their having ceased to open my emails (according to my email opening detection technology, they stopped reading my emails in May, although there are also ways to avoid detection with this particular technology).

The season premier of SNL on September 13, 2008 reinforces what is indicated by the email opening detection technology: they did not include in any form my sketch idea for a show for the first time in two years (not counting the exception I've noted here).

The comedy sketch idea I submitted for September 13th, entitled "Beaver And Wally, The Flying Invisible Time Travelers", can be read at:

<http://www.archive.org/details/BeaverAndWallyTheFlyingInvisibleTimeTravelers>

And so, now my idea for how Paul McCartney can go about making known his suport of Obama. Obama was initially going to appear on the September 13th season premier of SNL, however, he changed his mind because Hurricane Ike was going on, and so it was deemed inappropriate for him to make an appearance on SNL at this time. When he does appear on SNL, Paul McCartney can make a surprise appearance on the same show. He can play Ward Cleaver in my above-referenced sketch idea - the role would work because it is so opposite to how one sees Paul McCartney, unless one imagines that aging has transformed him into a calm, pipe-smoking, paternal figure (that reminds me of the time I provided him with something he used on the opening track on "Flaming Pie", but that's another story).

At the end of the show in which Paul and Barrack appear, as everyone who appeared that night stands together on the stage, Paul uses hand gestures we've seen him use before with perfect finesse: Paul pats Barrack on the back, smiles at the audience, and while pointing at Barrack, does a "thumbs up" and head nod. It will unmistakably communicate an endorsement; it will avoid doing so in a stiff, excessively self-important manner; it will be rebroadcast on news shows everywhere so it won't matter how many people stay up to watch the last moment of the show. The coolness of the manner of endorsement will electrify it. The only thing wrong with the idea is that it could be traced back to this blog. Well, that's life when you're trying to save the world. Posted by Steinhoff at 10:42 PM 0 comments Links to this post
Labels: Gods Behaving Badly, Lennon, Marie Phillips, McCartney, Obama, Sean Daniel, Stuart Cornfeld

Monday, September 8, 2008

An Open Letter To Paul McCartney Calling For His Public Endorsement of Obama

The title of this blog entry would seem to say it all. Yet I would like to throw a few things into the mix, things impossible to believe for some, things already known to others, things to think about for a certain number of people (how many people? I don't think I will ever devise the method for figuring out precisely how many people should think about these things!).

1. Back in 1978-1979, when Robert Rickles and I worked for an environmental company called, WAPORA, I asked Rickles what had become of John Lennon and Yoko Ono. It had been the longest period yet in Lennon's "career" (to use the most simplistic term) without music from him,

and Rickles seemed the person for me to ask. Rickles was a buddy of then-Speaker of the House of Reps Tip O'Neil; Rickles had been Bella Abzug's right hand; Rickles hung with some very well known, very left liberals. No more than one week later John and Yoko took out a full page ad in the New York Times, "An Open Letter To Those Who Ask What Became Of John And Yoko". I was extremely important in relation to John Lennon back then, even if it was through middle men.

2. Paul McCartney, I am and have been extremely important in relation to you. May I say, people sensing that you are the type who would support Obama is not the same as rendering it tangible. Palin doesn't even believe global warming is man-made. You cannot pass on taking sides when the failure to do so could mean another eight years (McCain could drop dead any minute and Palin would then be president) of matters discussed in "An Inconvenient Truth" (to reference the nightmare facing the Earth in the most abbreviated manner).

3. When I came up with the words and ideas for Lennon that were then formed by him into the opening of the song "Starting Over", my words and ideas touched on ideas contained in words from the old song, "Walking In The Sand": "Whatever happened to the life I gave to you, what will I do with it now?" Though I never said those words, I spoke of all the people who existed as a group because of something precious that Lennon possessed, and that now he had to do something with "it", what could he do with it now, the life they gave to him. Thus it was a thing, an it, that Lennon possessed in my way of putting it, a thing that he had to (or should, whatever that means or meant) do something with. Lennon put the "Walking In The Sand" phrase into an early version of "Free As A Bird", and I recognized from past experience his keying in on the thought I expressed to a middle man. I also used the word "precious" a million times in my little speech, a reference to the opening track on "Walls and Bridges". And here is where we find a fundamental, recurring difference between Lennon and yourself. In your "Beatle-ization" (excellent in almost every way) of "Free As A Bird", you essentially made the "whatever happened to" into a bemoaning of the loss of a feeling that "always made me feel so free." At some point in his life Lennon tried to give tangible substance and shape to the power given to The Beatles, a power beyond a feeling. You do this too, but to a lesser degree. I once worked for Howard Smith, who introduced Lennon to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, and others of their socio-political orientation/disposition. This almost led to Lennon's involvement in protests at the 1972 Republican Convention, but Lennon opted out, an action taken (or rather, an inaction taken) because of his not wanting to lose his fight for American citizenship. Now you took Lennon's counterpoint to the idea of being "home and dry" in "Free As A Bird", the countering undercurrent against just being a complacent animal, and you turned it into bemoaning the loss of an important feeling. An endorsement of Obama would, in my mind, help restore this thing of Lennon's that you neutralized in making (that great Beatles song) "Free As A Bird". We are not bemoaning the loss of an important feeling, we are needing a thing of tangible substance that can make a difference in people's lives. We have empowered you - now use it.

Posted by Steinhoff at 1:46 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Labels: Lennon McCartney Obama

Saturday, September 6, 2008

In Common Again

PREFACE

We all appreciate the wondrous invention known as the public bulletin board, where people post things, things that mean something to ourselves and certain others, and/or things that mean absolutely nothing to ourselves and certain others. And we all know there are things that contain secret significance, as well as things that contain significance partially unknown to us, not to mention things that are thought to contain secret significance yet don't, and things thought to contain no significance yet in fact are significant. Well, I think I've covered that one.

Amidst all of these various types of things floating, hurling and/or meandering through the universe (the public bulletin board is only one of the many stops for those things of which I speak), we stumble upon, or direct ourselves towards, the point at which such matter congregates to form common ground. Common ground for all, or sometimes only common for some, common for a few, or even ground the commonness of which is a matter for debate, discussion, thought, wars, etc. I hope I haven't left out any ground here - please let me know if I have and I will be sure to include it next time.

NAMES/WORDS SECRETLY AND INDIRECTLY ALLUDED TO FOR MY BENEFIT ON THE SEPTEMBER 5, 2008 "MONK" EPISODE ("Mr. Monk's 100th Case")

It is common knowledge, among a relatively small group of phenomenally important people, that I am a secretly phenomenally important person. Those who recognize this should accept, or at the very least be fairly willing to consider, that certain specific types of experiences find their way to me in consequence. For example, whatever the work situation I find myself in, invariably it becomes secretly infiltrated, possibly even taken over to some degree, by those involved with power, who are interested in me in relation to power (by power, I refer to the most wealthy and/or the most famous, and/or the most politically powerful people in the world). However innocent my work situations may seem, this has been true almost my entire life. It can even occur when a particular TV show includes things for my benefit - people then infiltrate those who put together the TV show.

Were one to visit YouTube and search for Zoomsteinhoff (my name there), one would find, among other videos, a number of my Steinhoff/Monk videoclips, which serve as examples of the fact that the TV show "Monk", in almost every episode, makes secret references to my material (this perhaps has something to do with Sean Daniel, a former head of USA Networks, which broadcasts "Monk"). These videoclips of mine make the most sense if seen cumulatively, just as sentences or paragraphs read to the end make the most sense. Furthermore, it is generally verifiable, by searching for Jonathan D. Steinhoff at archive.org, that the items excerpted from my material that are included in these videoclips were, in fact, first posted there by me well before the "Monk" episodes were created. Thusly I deflect the idea that I have fabricated the chronology.

So now, without very much further ado (I did leave the preface behind several paragraphs ago, didn't I?), I shall present words and names to which the September 5th "Monk" secretly alluded, while depriving these words and names of the context provided by sentences. Like the Manhattan Project, wherein those who worked on it were shielded from the vantage point of knowing the true nature of what they were involved in, I do not presume that those I name here will truly understand how they came to be associated:

Patti Boyd, Slowhand, Common, Iranian President, Brian Williams, McCartney, Thurmond, Eck, Smallville, Burton, Friday, Dove, Calistra, Jack Black

Unlike the Monk/Steinhoff videoclips on YouTube that precede this posting, I offer nothing to validate or explain why it is that I make mention of these things, these words, these names in this context.

Perhaps next week's "Monk" season finale will permit me the opportunity to once again generate a Monk/Steinhoff videoclip for the common man, as I have this entire "Monk" season.

Posted by Steinhoff at 2:35 AM 0 comments Links to this post

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AUGUST 2008

Thursday, August 28, 2008

The Wind In Our Sails

We all heard Obama's speech tonight. Eight is enough, he said. We all heard his reference to the number one movie in the country, "Tropic Thunder". For like the Robert Downey, Jr. character passionately reciting words from the theme song to the TV show, "The Jeffersons," just as if they came from him, but then caught at it, and then defending himself, "Just 'cause it comes from 'The Jeffersons' don't make it not true", so Obama spoke the words, "Eight Is Enough", the name of a TV show, and then laughed. Just 'cause it's the title of a TV show don't make it not true, that was the message I heard.

This brings me to my 1993 screenplay, "Gosk", posted July 3, 2007 on the Internet at <http://www.archive.org/details/GoskTheScreenplay> (Archive.Org shows right there, that's when I posted it). Go to page 90 of the PDF (indicated as page 88 of the screenplay), Scene 30. Here we find the characters stranded in a rowboat, each grasping a corner of a jacket in order to make a sail. Until they learn that the idea came to one of them, Clerp, from watching the TV show, "Gilligan's Island". They then each let go of their corner of the jacket. Apparently, Clerp had been unaware that the characters on "Gilligan's Island" never escaped from the island, and so had failed to see that the idea was thusly fundamentally flawed.

Another example of evaluating the seriousness of an idea based on whether it comes from a TV show and/or a movie occurs yet again in "Tropic Thunder": the Jack Black character offers as a plan an idea borrowed from a movie he (his character) was in, wherein the panties gained from a panty raid are made into a catapult (Stuart Cornfeld, "Tropic Thunder" producer, who I half-knew in 1975, and who used to read all of my emails and pass them to "SNL", "The Daily Show" and "The Colbert Report", and who I refer to in my August 13th blog: how could you have missed this opportunity to present a visualization of this?).

Yes, Obama, you have picked a very interesting week to work the name of a TV show into a speech. And yes, you are quite correct: just 'cause it comes from a TV show don't make it not true.

Posted by Steinhoff at 9:03 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Sunday, August 24, 2008

The Wolf Man Who Turned Back Normal Whenever Someone Screamed

This is my new video, "The Wolf Man Who Turned Back Normal Whenever Someone Screamed." I consider it an optimistic piece, as in reality screaming rarely serves its desired purpose. I recommend organized protest as the best means for achieving success in overcoming our enemies.

video

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:23 PM 0 comments [Links to this post](#)

Wednesday, August 13, 2008

A Piece of the Mask

video

This April 2008 Cornfeld/Steinhoff videoclip, which I will be updating once the Cornfeld- produced "Tropic Thunder" can be edited through it being broadcast on television, can already be seen in relation to "Tropic Thunder":

1. In this April 2008 videoclip, a Steinhoff-related work shows a man with a gorilla mask complaining that his mask/costume doesn't come off. In "Tropic Thunder", the Robert Downey, Jr. character undergoes a special treatment to make a change to his face/skin (he is made African American) something that cannot (easily) be altered (the special treatment is portrayed as a first that transcends the concept of theatrical makeup);

2. In the April 2008 videoclip, Jack Black in "Tenacious D" is shown beaten up and lying on the ground, opening his eyes to see Kyle standing over him - which I correlate in the videoclip to an incident in 1975 on an AFI film shoot when I was knocked unconscious by an exposed live wire, opening my eyes to see Cornfeld standing over me. In "Tropic Thunder", we again see Jack Black's character lying on the ground, opening his eyes to several of the other characters standing over him.

Though other things that surface in "Tropic Thunder" might deserve being correlated to material in relation to me, included deliberately in that movie for that reason, I would be putting myself and my credibility exceptionally far out on a limb to do so. Perhaps someday, when we're all on the same page.

Posted by Steinhoff at 8:07 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Tuesday, August 12, 2008

Talk French When Intellectuals Are Present

A recent controversy one may or may not wish to be in the middle of, the "retard" reference in the upcoming (end of this week) "Tropic Thunder", is one I actually do feel myself to be in the middle of. This has nothing to do with me being a retard. What I mean is, I am not a retard, besides which, with regard to those who are "retards", I believe in using different language, English of course, unless one isn't English, I have nothing against the French.

The person leading the protest against the use of the word "retard", Timothy Shriver, who is perhaps quite smart (a word occasionally used with a derisive inflection by the more stupid among us, who will often replace it with the insult, "intellectual"), is the brother of one of Rick Natkin's oldest friends. Rick Natkin was with me at Stuart "'Tropic Thunder' Producer" Cornfeld's house during the incident described in my "No. 1" August 10th blog about "Heard Shout-Outs".

I am long-accustomed to being some kind of news story missing link, or in direct relation to some kind of news story missing link, so this Tropic-Thunder-protest-leader's-brother-is- close-friend-of- person-I-encountered- in-relation-to-Tropic-Thunder-producer-in-1975 seems particularly un-random to me. It leads to thoughts of doing-it-to-generate-publicity-for-the- film, i.e., secret promotion. If one's mind "wanders" in this inevitable direction, one may then find of interest the fact that on Saturday, 8/9/08, I posted on YouTube my "Monk's Secret Promotion" (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3rw7PLpY_xY), the word promotion being used in the context of advertising.

Posted by Steinhoff at 11:18 AM 0 comments Links to this post

Sunday, August 10, 2008

A Few Words About My "Statement of Blog Purpose"

In re-reading my "Statement of Blog Purpose", it suddenly occurred to me that one or two people might find certain statements difficult to believe. I feel strongly about those one or two people. Life teaches most of us that there are those who tend towards making unlikely things happen, and

those who tend towards keeping things predictable, and that on a scale of 1 to 10, or better yet, 1 to a million, The Beatles and The Rolling Stones are at the top of the list of people who tend towards making unlikely things happen. This does not prove my statements true, however, it does serve as a necessary preface, as it should prepare those one or two people for the idea that my statement is fundamentally as plausible as the possibility of it raining tomorrow, as opposed to the possibility of Martians landing tomorrow.

At the time that the Beatles and the Stones were doing songs because of me, I did not consider it possible. In fact, my ego was such that when I received a letter from Paul McCartney a week after Billy Joel sat next to me on an airplane, I assumed it was a fake. At one time I would concoct some extremely absurd explanations to rationalize that The Beatles, the Stones, and others were NOT doing anything appropos of my doing something, in spite of how directly things pointed and point that way.

While I will not go into every one of the countless details that have cumulatively formed my perspective on this particular Beatles and Stones matter, I would nevertheless like to share some interesting elements "for posterity". In not sharing every one of the countless details that led to this perspective, I realize that skeptics will always be given a seat at the table. As will those claiming to be skeptics, who in reality are acting on behalf of the many important people implicated by the statement that something is due to me that I have not received. That list of important people goes well beyond the Beatles and the Stones, who are implicated the instant one accepts that I am neither a crackpot nor a con man nor a fool.

My 1965 story, "Endless Voyage", is about how the world governments, faced with the dire threat of overpopulation, devise a scientific solution: a pill that permits people to breathe underwater. Those who take it can never breathe air again. And so, dispassionately, the human race would be divided in half, and the question of what to do with all the people resolved, by sending half to live beneath the sea, to become a group of strangers to the other half of the human race. All we had was a photograph, with the instruction to write a two-page story. I wrote a 15-page story, which was treated like a thousand pages. "Eleanor Rigby", "Yellow Submarine" and "Paperback Writer" resulted from this story. "Yellow Submarine" was the flipside of the 45 rpm record containing "Eleanor Rigby". Donovan would later describe how these two songs were worked on by Paul McCartney simultaneously. "Eleanor Rigby", which raises the question of what to do with all the lonely people and where they all belong, contains a theme that can be found in the very creation of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band". When Lennon felt he had to justify that "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" was not code for LSD, he described the entire song as having originated from a single image, not a photograph, but a drawing that his son Julian made for school. An entire song from a single image.

The Rolling Stones have been known to pick up on and then change things originating from The Beatles. It is no controversy that they made "Her Satanic Majesty's Request" appropos of "Sgt. Peppers", nor is it a controversy that they made "Let It Bleed" appropos of "Let It Be". Lennon and Jagger were good friends, and when people make such clear connections no animosity against the Stones is assumed. On my tenth birthday, my best friend, Dan, picked a fight with a classmate. Dan was as much the troublemaker as I was the introvert. Yet he set up the situation such that if I didn't join with him after school to fight this kid who he'd picked a fight with, my very loyalty to my best friend would be in question. When my mother saw me with my first bloody nose ever, she grabbed the arm of the kid who had hit me and began marching him back to his house to tell his mother. In the true spirit of adding insult to injury, the kid screamed all the way there that my mother was a hag. The Rolling Stones a few months later, and a few months apart, released "Street Fighting Man" and "Jumpin' Jack Flash", the latter of which contains the lyric, "I was raised by a toothless bearded hag". Five years later, at George Harrison's "Concert For Bangladesh", Leon Russell did a medley of two songs, the Stones' "Jumpin' Jack Flash", and the Coasters song, "Young Blood", the latter of which contains the lyrics, "I met her dad, He said 'you better leave my daughter alone.'" Unfortunately, the dna sample from the song "Young Blood" gives no indication of whether its title contains blood from anyone's first bloody nose. It is also not

known whether, in spite of it having been my tenth birthday, Mick Jagger felt, with regard to my bloody nose, that everyone should have just "let it bleed".

Since then, I have made no small number of contributions to the work of Mick Jagger, the Rolling Stones, The Beatles, the ex-Beatles, and many, many others. In most cases I find it considerably more easy to demonstrate than the incidents referred to here.

Posted by Steinhoff at 7:46 PM 0 comments Links to this post

Sunday, August 10, 2008

Recently Heard Shout-Outs From The Makes-Sense-Cumulatively File, No. 1

1. "The Mummy 3" - Producer Sean Daniel, who was the first person from whom I heard of the college I attended, CalArts, is also responsible for his longtime friend Spielberg referencing/using my material (<http://www.archive.org/details/MallManSpielbergSteinhoffInterestingMallManFacts>). Because of the fact that in this round Spielberg's Steinhoff reference involved a hat being returned to its owner (in "Indiana Jones"), special significance is attached by me to the moment in "Mummy 3" when the soldier returns a head to its owner. Were one to look further, one might even consider whether "Dark Knight" and the masking/unmasking of Batman doesn't fit in there somewhere. I appreciate that there might have also been a George Lucas/Star Wars shout-out contained in the Mummy moment, however, there are no rules against shout-outs that multi-task.

2. Stuart Cornfeld's new movie, "Tropic Thunder" opens in a few days. Stuart Cornfeld movies generally make Steinhoff references. I first met Stuart in 1975. Several hours after the one time I was in Stuart's house (1975), I went with several people to a movie showing at the Century City mall, where Ann Meara with her young son walked by. Years later her young son turned into Ben Stiller, the Red Hours production partner of Stuart. Jack Black, a star of "Tropic Thunder", was on the Craig Ferguson show several days ago, where he referenced something I had said a few weeks ago at a screening of "Calistra Zipper". In the clip shown from "Tropic Thunder", one saw something resembling a scene in the Cornfeld/Black movie, "Tenacious D": Black lying on the ground unconscious, opening his eyes to people/person standing over him. This takes me back to the time I had a hole in my glove on an AFI film set, was electrocuted and knocked unconscious, opening my eyes to Stuart Cornfeld standing over me. Black recounted yet another example of a similar experience a few years ago on a talk show in describing something that happened to him in the set of "Nacho Libre".

3. This week's weekly reference to my material on "Monk" can again be found on "YouTube", where I am Zoomsteinhoff.

Posted by Steinhoff at 10:37 AM 0 comments Links to this post

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Jonathan D. Steinhoff

STATEMENT OF BLOG PURPOSE

As fate has conspired to make me one of the most fascinating individuals who ever lived, I feel it my duty to permit the world a blog-like window into the occasional outer events encountered by my strange ego. Some would say it all began when I was ten and wrote the 15-page story, "Endless Voyage", for my 5th grade class. This led to the Beatle songs, "Yellow Submarine", "Eleanor Rigby", and "Paperback Writer", which led to an interest in me by the Rolling Stones, which led to "Street Fighting Man" and "Jumping Jack Flash". You can imagine (if you can grasp all this, which perhaps someday you may) that there was enough in these events to fuel a lifelong interest in me by those let in on it. And so an ongoing aspect of my fate was sealed!